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THE PAPAL SWISS GUARDS.

THE victory of Lepanto had driven back the Mussulman to his own dreamy and enervating home in the far flung Orient. Europe had nothing to fear, for the present at least, from the swarthy followers of the camel-driver of Mecca. This contest with the Moslem had brought about what years of preaching and endeavor on the part of the Church had been unable to effect. For it is literally true to say that not since the age of the Crusades had the Catholic States of Europe stood nearer to one another in a spirit of genuine Christian solidarity. Only a really great danger of absorption by another and unknown milieu could have induced the countries of Europe to lay aside their ancient domestic quarrels in order to join hands against a civilization which was permeated throughout with the most deadly hatred of the culture that was born of the Gospel. War, it is true, broke out again among Christian nations after the battle of Lepanto; but it was not, for many a year to come, a chronic state, a normal condition, nor ever again so bloodthirsty and useless as in the days which preceded the sea fight by the Cape of Actium. Europe was exhausted by this one colossal effort—or at least tired of warring. Besides, it could not with good grace take up arms against the one man who had foreseen the danger to the Western world, and forgetting all unjust treatment he had suffered in the past, had called upon the Christian powers to repel the onward march of the foe. Furthermore, Italy was now pacified, since all that was worth fighting for had been carried off by the nations or left in a state of utter prostration by the passing of their armies. And, lastly, the countries of Europe

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had political interests of their own nearer home which caused them much concern and engaged most of their time. There was no need to go ahunting for war. Men were beginning to learn other trades and professions than those of sharpening sabres and pillaging cities. And thus it came about that for the coming two hundred years the Pope of Rome became more and more the Prince of Peace. He spent his days beneficently in the Eternal City caring for the concerns of his own little kingdom which lay about him like a wheat field which had been trampled down by the feet of the unbidden strangers who had now—thank God!—withdrawn. A dawn of political peace for the Papal kingdom seemed at last to have broken! For Europe no longer sought to quarrel with Rome, because Rome did not go out of its own geographical boundaries to play a political rôle. It did the far better work of repairing the ruin and abolishing the disorders and alleviating the poverty which centuries of warfare had made almost indigenous to the fair soil of the Patrimony of St. Peter. The Pope's voice no longer rang loud and clear above the diplomatic chatter of politicians in the council chambers of the world, for in stopping their ears against his words of infallible teaching, the nations of Northern Europe also dispensed, glady, with his counsels of an earthly import.

Switzerland had been imitating the headlong self-sufficingness of the Protestant countries by breaking with Rome. Since many a year an estrangement of affection, which the Popes had done their best to heal, petrified the loyalty of all the Swiss cantons, save seven, towards the Father of Christendom. But Rome never gave up her affection for the friend of long ago. A delegate was appointed to attend to all affairs of an ecclesiastical and political kind which might come up for treatment in Switzerland. This representative of the Holy See was charged to drive up volunteers for the Swiss Papal Guards, which were always deemed necessary to keep order in the Vatican, and to ward off the occasional riots which act as safety valves to a certain contingent of the Roman people. The line of colonel captains was never broken during the two hundred years of peace which now follow in the history of the Papacy. Every one of the heads of the Papal Guards deserves a brief mention.

Stephen Segesser de Baldegg was military instructor of the Guards in 1570, lieutenant in 1582 and succeeded his father as colonel captain in 1593. He retained this charge until his death in 1629.

Nicholas Fleckenstein, of Lucern, was ensign in 1582, lieutenant in 1593 and elected head of the Guards in 1629. He died March 10, 1640.

Jost Fleckenstein succeeded him in this capacity, but having been elected Bailiff of the Republic of Lucern, he obtained leave of absence from Urban VIII. On the expiration of his term of office as Bailiff in 1643 he hastened to Rome to take up his duties as head of the company, and died on June 26, 1652.

John Rudolf Pfyffer, grandson of the famous Louis Pfyffer, of Altishofen, was chosen as successor and died December 5, 1657. The Chapter of St. Peter at this time conceded the Church of St. Pellegrin in perpetuity to the Guards for their exclusive use. The adjoining cemetery was also set aside as the last resting place of all Guards who died in Rome. It was so used until 1870.

Louis Pfyffer, brother of the preceding and victorious leader at the battle of Vilmergen, was captain from 1657 until his death on June 13, 1686. During his term of command Rome was disturbed by factions which sympathized with the French and the Spanish crowns. A corps of Corsican soldiers in the employ of the Holy See unfortunately insulted the French Ambassador, Créqui, in 1661. France at once revenged its honor by annexing Venaissin. The Pope tried to raise a troop of sixteen hundred Swiss dragoons in 1663, but only succeeded in obtaining from the cantons of Lucern and Zoug two companies of two hundred soldiers each. The former was placed under the command of Joseph Amrhyn, the latter under Caspar de Brandenberg. When, in 1667, the relations between Rome and France became more cordial on account of the advent of Clement IX. to the Pontifical throne, Amrhyn was replaced by Placid Meyer, who was a friend of the French. This company was no longer lodged in the Vatican, but at San Salvador, in Lauro, and later on at Spoleto. Meyer, who was an excellent engineer, was charged with the construction of fortifications at Civita-Vecchia. But he also found time to hatch a plot for the supplanting of Pfyffer, who was on a furlough in Switzerland, as colonel captain of the Swiss Papal Guards. But the attempt to dislodge Pfyffer miscarried. Meyer was retained in service as military engineer. His troop of soldiers, which had dwindled to one hundred men in 1667, was disbanded in 1672. Pfyffer's company was thereupon reorganized and the number of soldiers placed at two hundred. Clement IX. organized a special Guard of Papal Swiss soldiers to attend Queen Christina of Sweden. This princess had abdicated in 1654, embraced the Catholic faith at Innsbruck in 1665 and fixed her residence in Rome, where she lived a life of great piety and charity, dying in 1689. On her death this Guard was dissolved.

Francis Pfyffer, of Altishofen, lieutenant in 1670, was elected colonel in 1676. During the reign of Pope Alexander VIII., who died in 1691, he was more than once called upon to defend the

judiciary autonomy of the company. By his calmness and firmness he succeeded in maintaining the rights which the Popes had granted the Guards. He died on March 13, 1696.

John Caspar Meyer de Baldegg was acting in the capacity of lieutenant of the company when he was commissioned by Innocent XI. to gather an army of two thousand four hundred Swiss soldiers for the service of Charles II., King of Spain. Although absent from Rome in 1696, Pope Innocent XI. conferred on him the charge of colonel captain in recognition of his distinguished services. Shortly after the treaty of peace of Ryswick, when his army was reformed and reorganized, Meyer took possession of his command at Rome. He died here in 1705 and was not replaced until 1712. During the interim the command was exercised by the lieutenant of the Guards, John Conrad Pfyffer, of Altishofen, who had acted in the same capacity during the absence of John Caspar Meyer.

John Conrad Pfyffer was finally elected colonel captain in 1712 and died at Rome on July 21, 1727.

Francis Louis Pfyffer, of Altishofen, who had been accepted as a professed Knight of Malta in 1717, and acted as under-lieutenant of the Papal Guards in 1720, was elected to the command of the Guards in 1727. He resigned the post on March 10, 1754. On June 24 of the same year he was elected conventual prefect and member of the council of the Order of Malta, filling these charges with universal satisfaction for fifteen years. On March 20, 1759, he was elected Mayor of Brandenburg, notwithstanding the intrigues of the German chapter of Heidesheim. Clement VIII. confirmed the choice on March 2, 1763. Pfyffer died at Malta on June 7, 1771. During the command of Conrad Pfyffer Innocent XIII. enlarged the barracks of the Swiss Guards on the Quirinal. Clement XII. later on demolished these to give way to a large annex of the Papal Palace, in which the Guards, together with suitable quarters for its officers, were lodged. Victor Emmanuel died in this annex in 1878, finding it uncomfortable, in his last moments, to dwell in the former apartments of the Holy Father.

Joseph Ignatius Pfyffer, of Altishofen, cousin of Francis Louis Pfyffer, was elected to the headship of the Guards in 1754 and died at Rome in 1792, just as Europe was beginning to feel the first shocks of the French Revolution.

During these two hundred years of peace the Catholic cantons of Switzerland never failed to supply the soldiers of whom the Pope stood in need. They were ever to be found in close proximity to the Father of Christendom, being lodged with him in the Quirinal Palace during the winter months and in the palace on Monte-Cavallo during the summer season. Every month a detachment of

Guards, nineteen in number, took the way to Pesaro in order to assure protection to the Governor there. In times of uprising it was the duty of the Papal Swiss Guards to guard the Papal fortresses. This corps of soldiers enjoyed the inviolable right of precedence over all other Pontifical troops. In times of peace the one charge which the Guard was bound to accept was to be in attendance upon the Pope. It assisted in body at the burials of Cardinals and other high officials of the Church. It was at the disposition of the Papal master of ceremonies for all extraordinary occasions, such as the consecration of Bishops, councils, reception of kings and the like. The Swiss Guards were recruited from amongst the best Catholic families in Switzerland. Hence we scarcely ever find amongst them any moral disorders to complain of, and we shall see, in the revolutionary days to follow, that they remained faithful to their oaths of fealty to the Pope. Many of these strong warriors were models of Christian piety. Thus we find that it was not an uncommon thing for the Swiss Guards on furlough to undertake a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Nicholas Reymann, of Einsiedeln, and John Joseph Ackermann, of Lucern, published an account of their pilgrimage to the sacred places of Palestine in 1702. Others devoted their leisure hours to the cultivation of the arts. John Gross, of Lucern, won an enviable name for his engravings in 1641, entitled "Splendore della antica et moderna Roma." Those who distinguished themselves in painting are James Bodmer, of Rothenburg; Hunkeler, of Altishofen; Peter Herzog, of Munster; Ignatius Pfyffer and Jost Schiffmann, of Lucern, and also Bolzern and Zimmermann, of the same canton.

These two hundred years of peace—a peaceful and undisturbed siesta in an historical career torn from without and swept from within by storms of all kinds—came to an end with the accession of Cardinal John Braschi to the Pontifical throne in October, 1774. Pius VI., as the new Pope chose to be known, was often forced by the sad vicissitudes of his reign to deal with the Papal Guards and depend upon their loyalty and courage for his bodily safety. In 1792 he appointed Francis Louis Pfyffer, of Altishofen, to the post of colonel captain, as we have already seen. Four years later the French army of Napoleon setting out from Nice marched from victory to victory. The several petty States of Italy, feeling their utter incapacity to deal with such an army as Napoleon's, sought shelter under the strong wings of Austria. But after the battles of Lodi and Borghetto they sued for mercy from the Corsican. In accordance with the stipulations of a treaty of June 23, 1796, the Pope abandoned Bologna and Ferrara, which had been in revolt against him, to their own fate. He agreed to furnish the French

with eight hundred horses and to hand over any hundred objects of art which the Ambassadors of the French, Morge, Berthelot and the brothers Thonin, might choose and select. The Papal soldiers, which numbered between seven or eight thousand, were beaten at Senio, fled in disorder to Faenza, but were intercepted on the way, at Ancona, where great numbers were mercilessly cut down by the French. The Pope was forced to come to terms with Bonaparte at Tolentino on February 13, 1797. He agreed to pay thirty million francs to the Corsican, who was in need of money, to revoke all former alliances of the Holy See with France, to recognize the Republic, to abandon Venaissinois, Bologna, Ferrara and Romagna to him, to furnish eight hundred horses for the French cavalry and another eight hundred, together with harness and fodder, for the French commissariat. In the following June the marches of Ancona recognized the Republic and declared themselves ready to share its fate. On December 27, 1797, the democrats of Rome, abetted by the French, stirred up an insurrection. Dispersed by the Papal grenadeos, these rioters betook themselves for shelter to the Corsini Palace, where Joseph Bonaparte, as Ambassador, enjoyed the protection of his country. In the fray General Duphot was shot down. This furnished the French with a plausible pretext for war. Joseph Bonaparte asked for his passport; General Berthier marched on Rome, where he arrived on February 10, 1798. He sent the Pope the terms of capitulation if war was to be avoided. These asked for the immediate handing over of the Castle of San Angelo to the French, the payment of six million francs and the furnishing of three thousand horses, with provisions for three months. In article eight we read: "His Holiness will keep his Guard of five hundred men. All other military troops in his service will be dismissed forthwith and their arms, stored up in the Castle of San Angelo, will become French property." The Pope, who was now without resources of any kind, accepted the terms, and on February 5 the Roman Republic was proclaimed from the Capitoline, near to the lion cage where Rienzi had met his fate. During these sad days the Swiss Guards shared the bitter sorrow of the Pope. On February 11 they had been expelled from the Quirinal by the French soldiers, but found their way to the side of the Holy Father, where they pledged themselves to die for him; on February 15, contrary to article eight of the capitulation, they were disbanded and discharged from service; on February 16 the French took possession, by force of arms and crowbars, of the passages leading to the Vatican, where they hoisted their flags. The Swiss Guards gave way to the oncoming cohorts, not by fleeing from the Eternal City, but by withdrawing to the private apartments

of the Pope. With him they finally surrendered themselves as captives of war. Again on February 17 the Swiss Guards were declared discharged—these valiant men having paid no attention whatsoever to the discharge two days before. The Pope's person was simply and by force snatched from their strong, willing hands and handed over to a guard composed of the French soldiers. Cardinal Doria Pamphili, seeing the danger of the situation, advised the Pope to leave Rome for Tuscany. On the misty night of February 20, 1798, the Holy Father, accompanied by Colonel Pfyffer and several others, took the sorrowful road of exile. Pfyffer, four days later, wrote to the Government officials of Lucern informing them of the fate of the Father of Christendom. On the thirteenth day of the following month the Lucern authorities offered their sympathy to the Pope in a letter to Pfyffer. He was charged to take in his own hands and settle without recourse to the officials at Lucern all business of a nature that called for their approval. Most of the Swiss soldiers, seeing that it was useless for them to linger longer at Rome or its environs, took their way, with heavy heart, to Switzerland. Pius VI. died on August 29, 1729, at Valence, his last thought being of the City of the Peters. His successor, Pius VII.—who took this name out of reverence for his predecessor and readiness to bear his cross—concluded peace with Napoleon in July, 1801. The Corsican was glad to come to terms with the Pope, for he was too wise not to see that the quickest, surest and cheapest way to realize his vast schemes was to enjoy, at least exteriorly, the moral support or approval of the spiritual king of the world. After all, Napoleon knew, with the intuition of genius, that he could take care himself of the political part of the game of world-subjugation. For the present, however, he must simulate friendship for him whom he would be as willing to sacrifice for his own ends as any other petty ruler who opposed his plans. The Pope, on the morrow of the treaty of July 15, 1801, confided the task of reorganizing the Papal Swiss Guards to the Lieutenant Amryhn, who was still in Rome. He at once gathered together in a regularly constituted military corps the three officers and thirty-six privates who had refused downright to leave the Eternal City during these stormy days. In 1803 Charles Pfyffer, of Altishofen, was elected colonel captain of the Guards, who now numbered sixty-four. In 1804 he made a report to the cantonal authorities of Lucern on the state of the Papal Guards. The officials in Switzerland answered by a letter, which was surcharged with expressions of joy at the reorganization of the Guards, and the consequent protection which these latter could assure the Holy Father. In August of the same year the Pope had published a

brief fixing the salary of the soldiers. But Napoleon soon found it to his own advantage to break with the Pope, and on February 21, 1808, sent General Miollis to Rome to occupy the forts. This man was no mean, ordinary jailer, and tried to bend the Pope to his own ends by slippery overtures of all kinds. But failing in this, the Corsican decreed that it was necessary for the peace of Italy—in truth for his own ends—to annex the Papal States. In his turn the Pope excommunicated Napoleon. In rage, not at the excommunication, but at the moral blow given to his plans, the Emperor ordered his satellites to lead off the Pope as a prisoner. Cardinal Pacca, who was one of the best politicians of the day, learned of this proposed course of action of Napoleon, and at once ordered the Papal Guards to keep all the approaches to the apartments of the Pope carefully closed and barricaded. On July 6 the French grenadiers, under the command of Radet, broke into the Papal Palace. The Pope, wishing to avoid the spilling of useless blood, handed himself over freely to the French. And he was led away to Fontainbleau. The Swiss Guards were discharged and disbanded because they refused to be assimilated with the French army. When Pius VII. made his entry into Rome after the fall of the Empire, the Swiss Guards were immediately reorganized under the command of Colonel Pfyffer. They acted as escort to the Pope on November 22 when he took solemn possession of his church of St. John Lateran.

The Swiss Guards numbered one hundred and two men on July 18, 1823. Of these sixty came from the Canton of Lucern, twelve from Fribourg, ten from Soleure, seven from Tessin, five from Argovie and eight from the other cantons. The officers were all natives of the Canton of Lucern. Owing to the continuous riots of the Carbonnari in Italy, the Pope wished to increase the number of his Guards. Later on, Leo XII. charged Pfyffer to enter into negotiations with the Canton of Lucern on the subject. On September 6, 1824, Edward Pfyffer, of Altishofen, and Joseph Schumacher, both members of the Great Council of Lucern, concluded an agreement with Colonel Pfyffer regarding the Guards. By the terms of this agreement the cantons agreed to furnish us more than two hundred men for the Papal corps of soldiers. All of these volunteers must be natives of one of the Catholic cantons, between the ages of eighteen to twenty-five. They allowed the opening of a recruiting office at Lucern. They reserved to themselves the right, which had been granted them by Pius IV., of proposing three candidates for the post of colonel captain. The pay of the Guards was fixed as follows:

Colonel captain, 840 Roman talers per year; lieutenant captain,

336; lieutenant, 264; quartermaster, 192; grand judge, 168; adjutant, 144; sergeant major, 144; chaplain, 144; sergeant, 144; corporal, 84; swordsman, 72; fife and drum, 84; porter, 72.

The pay was to be augmented daily when the Guards were in actual service or attendance upon the Pope. Lodgings were provided for the soldiers in the Vatican. Each soldier received a halbert, sabre and uniform every year. The colonel captain could grant furlough for a period of six months with full pay. Pensions were granted at the rate of one-half pay after twenty years of service, three-fourths after thirty years and full pay after forty years. The colonel captain must make an annual report and send the financial status of the company to the authorities in Switzerland. All other privileges and immunities were to be left untouched. Leo XII. on September 6, 1824, ratified the agreement, and the Government of Lucern did the same January 6, 1825.

The choice of the Camaldolese monk Capellari as successor to Leo XII. gave the signal for revolt in Bologna, Perugia, Foligno, Narni, Urbino, Pesaro, Tano, Sinigaglia and some other smaller towns. The Austrians quelled the revolt very quickly, feeling themselves called upon to do so by the decisions of the Congress of Layback of January, 1821. The French did the same in the Province of Romagna, which had followed the example of the other Italian rebellious towns. Now, Gregory XVI. desired to free himself of the necessity of depending for protection upon foreign help. He concluded very wisely that fresh and greater complications of a political kind must result from the presence of troops in Italy, which, though one in their desire to protect the person and prerogatives of the Vicar of Christ, were united on no other point. The Pope could not expect much assistance from the Swiss Confederation, because the newly evoked spirit of democracy had overturned the Government of the Restoration there. In 1832, however, he was rejoiced to hear that Generals Courten, of Valais, and Salis-Zizers, of the Grison district, contemplated raising an army of two thousand men and an artillery battery of one hundred and sixty men to support the just claims of the successor of St. Peter. These regiments were quickly got together, since Switzerland was filled with warriors who had but recently been discharged from the service of France, Spain and Holland. The new Pontifical army marched to Romagna, where they soon established order and tranquillity. The French and Austrians took the hint and withdrew to their respective countries. These Pontifical troops guaranteed peace abroad, whilst the Papal Guards sufficed for Rome. Colonel Pfyffer died in the City of the Popes on October 9, 1834. He was replaced by Martin Pfyffer, of Altishofen, who was the ninth and

last member of the family to hold this post of honor and responsibility.

Count John Mastai Ferretti, who had been called to govern the Church as Pius IX., gave full play to the generosity of his heart by declaring a general amnesty and promising a new civil constitution for the Papal States. Shortly afterwards all Southern Europe took revolutionary spark at the revolt of Paris in February, 1847. Milan and Venice sought to oust the Austrians, and Charles Albert, seeing the direction of the wind, gathered an army in Piedmont, which was swelled by soldiers from the other Italian States. On March 21 he declared war on Austria, and beginning in good earnest to put his threats into execution, he won the glorious victory of Goïto on May 31, 1848. The Pope had not immersed himself in these troubles, as the situation for him was delicate and complicated. But the national feeling was aroused, and the Italian, who is religious in war if nowhere else, sought to obtain the blessing of the Vicar of Christ upon his arms.

On March 23 a small body of men, on their own initiative and responsibility, had presented themselves at the door of the Papal Palace to ask for the benediction of the Pope on their enterprise. Lieutenant Gebisdorf, of Lucern, who was in command of the Guards since the resignation of Pfyffer in 1847, refused them entrance to the Quirinal. Finally, on the express desire of the Holy Father, five persons, at the head of whom was Sopranzi as spokesman, were admitted into his presence. On their repeated solicitations and entreaties the Pope at last consented to bless the standard which they had smuggled into the palace. He dismissed them with the words: "Go—defend the frontier!" At once the report was spread throughout Rome that the Pope not only countenanced, but also blessed the uprising of the populace. Neapolitan and Roman soldiers at once began military movements. The auxiliary troops of the Pontifical States soon numbered seventeen thousand men. General Durando was put at the head of all the troops. The foreign regiments were under the command of Caspar de La Tour, a native of the Grison district. The first regiment was composed of the battalions of Gut and Balettaz. The second regiment was commanded by Colonel Philip Schaller, and was made up of the battalions of Quartery and Kaiser. The artillery was under the command of the Captains Lentulus, of Bern, and Xavier Meyer de Schauensee. The Swiss victoriously drove back the Austrians on May 24. On June 8 Radetzky left Verona with three divisions of the army to attack Vicenza. The battle which followed two days later was bloody to a degree, and four hundred Swiss were left behind on the field. Vicenza had to raise the white flag,

and Radetzky refused to treat with the Italians. Hence Colonels de La Tour, Schaller and Balettaz, at 11 o'clock in the night, went to the Austrian camp to draw up the terms of capitulation. Peace was made on the most favorable terms for the vanquished. The remainder of the army moved on to Rome, and the Senate, by a decree of June 20, 1848, gave to every Swiss soldier who had fought at Vicenza the rights and privileges of Roman citizens, whilst General La Tour received papers of Roman nobility. The Austrians followed up their first success. But the Pope withdrew from the fray. Schaller and other officers took the way to their homes in the hope of thus putting an honorable end to the trouble. The troops, however, remained behind, shortly to become the target for the French Revolutionaries. On September 3 of the following year Xavier Meyer de Schauensee was, on the triple recommendation of the Canton of Lucern, named colonel captain of the Papal Swiss Guards.

Now it happened on November 15 of the same year of 1848 that Count Rossi, chief minister and adviser of Pius IX., was shot down in cold blood as he was awaiting the opening session of the Chamber. The following day Rome was in the throes of war. No one could assign a ready reason for the insurrection that was sufficient. But the ordinary man, the Christian man above all, was not supposed to be able to give a reason for things that were taking place every day on every side. The reasons were known to a select few men who depended for support on those powers of Europe which were inimical to the Holy See, and whose statesmen had banded together in a powerful secret society to gain their ends. The Roman agitators, under the leadership of Charles Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, betook themselves in haste and disorder to the Quirinal to submit to the Pope a new list of ministers of state whom they had chosen to rule Rome on other than Papal lines. The Pope, as was his right and duty, calmly refused to recognize the choice which had been made. He made appeal to a principle which these men knew nothing of—conscience. The storm was breaking, and every one in Rome knew it. Colonel Meyer de Schauensee, on the hint of Cardinal Antonelli, Secretary of State, distributed arms and ammunition to the seventy-four Swiss Guards who were in the palace. The Cardinal promised to join the soldiers himself, if he was needed, to defend the Pope. He uttered the very significant words: "We will be there to die with you"—words which have been variously interpreted by historical exegetes. The Swiss bravely drove back the first storming of the gates by the mob which surged—it knew not why—in the plaza before the palace. Every soldier who ventured too far away from the small

corps inside became the object for the mob to wreak its anger upon. The sergeant major, Martin Grùtter, addressed the mob with words of reason, but mobs, especially Roman mobs, know not reason. He received a sharp blow on his arm from a club, which tore his uniform. And the assembled men cried out deliriously: "Death to the Swiss! Down with the Croats of the Palace!" And then all the gates of the palace were bolted! And the mob heard a volley of shots which was discharged in the courtyard in the hope of intimidating the crowd outside. Then they cried out, in loud tones: "They are murdering our own inside!" It was the cry of a Roman mob. And then the fifteen civic guards who had been stationed in the courtyard were asked to retire. But the mob on beholding them leave the palace, safe and sound, would not believe its eyes. Meyer volunteered to accompany them if they would but promise to see that no wanton harm befell him on their account. Near the fountain of waters on Monte Cavallo the men deserted Meyer, who was at once surrounded by a crowd of men, who asked him this question: "Who are you for—the people or the Pope?" Meyer answered: "I am for my duty. Put hands, if you dare, on an officer who fought for Italian liberties at Vicenza." They allowed him to go his way. Soon, however, he was again taken in charge by another band of rioters and placed before the muzzle of a loaded cannon. Before the leaders of the mob had time to ask him any questions, Meyer said: "I recognize this piece of artillery. It is called 'San Pietro.' If you fire it, history will always relate that on November 16 the Romans put an officer to death with a cannon which he and twenty-five of his men captured at Vicenza!" The rioters did not put him to death. But they only released him after night had fallen.

Some time in the afternoon the door of the palace facing the Via Pia took fire for some unknown, but not unsuspected reason. The Swiss Guards hastened to put out the blaze. Then it was that shots were heard, and when the smoke had cleared away it was found that Mgr. Palma had been shot down in his own apartments while looking out of his window on the mob. The ruffians then stormed into the palace with clubs and crowbars and other such like arms. Pius IX., wishing to avoid further bloodshed, made known his determination to hand himself over to the revolutionaries. But an unforeseen difficulty stood in the way. For the Swiss soldiers were in holiest rebellion. They refused to let their master go. "We will fight for you, Holy Father, until not a single one of us remains. We are willing to die rather than yield up our arms. Only if you ask us to lay aside our weapons will we agree to put them at your feet." The Pope did beg them to hand over

their arms to the civil guards. The Pope was allowed to have his soldiers with him for another three months. The names of these brave and legal soldiers, whose devotion touched the saddened heart of the great Pontiff to the inmost, deserve eternal remembrance. They are as follows:

Xavier Leodegard Meyer de Schauensee, colonel captain.

James Gebisdorf, first lieutenant.

Alexander Pfyffer, quartermaster.

Peter Herzog, grand judge.

Grütter, of Lucern, sergeant major.

James Sturny, of Fribourg; Schmidt, of Lucern; Burkert, of Soleure; Tosetti, of Tessin, sergeants.

In the troop there were twenty men from the Canton of Lucern, eleven from Soleure, eight from Fribourg, nine from the small cantons, six from Argovie, four from Valais, two from St. Gall, two from Tessin, two from the Grison district and one from Thurgovie.

Through the assistance and good offices of the Countess Spaur, Pius IX., on November 24, 1848, took refuge at Gaeta, in the kingdom of Naples. Here he remained in voluntary exile till April 12, 1850, when, owing to the invasion of Rome by the French army, he was allowed to return to his capital city. The Pope no longer treated officially with the Swiss cantons, since, according to the Federal Constitution of 1848, the disbanding of the Guards was looked upon as a grievance. Meyer de Schauensee, however, on the desire of the Pope, set to the task of reorganizing the Swiss Guards. A Papal decree of 1858 confirming the clauses of capitulation of 1824 fixed the status of the Guards for the future. The Guards were thereafter to be composed of a body of picked men, one hundred and seventeen in number. This arrangement must have taken place before the Pope's return to Rome, for on that occasion we find the Guards acting as hereditary and rightful escort to the Holy Father. The Pope's first public act, after his exile was over, was the solemn blessing of the arms and standards of the Swiss Guards. He also organized two divisions of Guards in the Legations, which were put under the command of Generals Schmidt, of Ury, and De Courten, of Valais. Italy once more enjoyed a breathing space of peace. The Pope, to show his affection for his people and win their loyalty, set out on a visit of the provinces. During the journey, which lasted four months, he was accompanied by his Guards. Everywhere he was received with enthusiasm and affection.

In July, 1858, Cavour and Napoleon III., began to conspire between themselves to disturb the peace of Italy. War was de-

clared on Austria on April 26, 1859. France promised to deliver Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic. The battles of Magenta and Solferino prepared the way for the treaty of peace of Villafranca (July 11, 1859). Austria received Venice and thought of making way for an Italian Confederation under the honorary presidency of the Pope. On May 3, 1859, Pius IX. in a short note to the powers of Europe declared the neutrality of the Papal States. Hardly had the Austrians departed from Ravenna, Bologna and Ferrara when the Legations declared Victor Emmanuel dictator. The Pope protested in an encyclical of June 18, 1859, and asked the French for protection, which they did not vouchsafe to give, as they were already beginning to bargain with Piedmont for Nice and Savoy. Perugia took occasion of the general confusion to rise in revolt. Colonel Schmidt, at the head of the Papal troops, hastened thither to put down the popular insurrection. In seven days he had restored complete order. The Pope raised Schmidt to the rank of general for the good service he had rendered with such expedition.

The idea of Italian unity was making rapid progress among all classes of the people of the north of Italy. The secret propaganda which was responsible for this was carried on with consummate dexterity. It was an idea which was all too seductive to the perfervid Italian imagination. Men did not stop to reason or think —they were carried off their feet by the popular cause. Pius IX., therefore, reading well the signs of the time and feeling certain that little help was to be looked for from Italians, made an appeal for soldiers to the Catholic countries of Europe, just as Urban II. at Clermont had lifted his voice against the Moslem Orient and had been answered by the tramp of soldiers' feet throughout Christendom. The Catholic world was roused to enthusiasm by this petition for help from a Father and Pontiff whose cup of sorrows nothing seemed able to fill. Germans, Austrians, Belgians, Irish and Canadians came from all sides to take their stand under the banner of the Pope. In 1860 there were at Rome six thousand two hundred Italian soldiers, with five thousand more from the provinces; five battalions of German and Austrian bersagliere; seven or eight hundred Irishmen; a battalion of miscellaneous soldiers from all parts, of whom two-thirds were Swiss, under the command of Jeannerat, a native of the Bernois Jura; a regiment of French and Belgian troops, under the command of Bec de Lievre; a Swiss regiment composed of the battalions of Alet and Cropt; several batteries of artillery and one squadron of cavalry—a total of nearly eighteen thousand men. The army was divided into three divisions; the first, under General Schmidt, was stationed at Foligno; the second, under General Pimodan, of Fribourg, was stationed at

Spoleto; the third, under Lieutenant de Courten, was stationed at Macerata. The other remaining troops were posted at Ancona and strong points along the frontier. The commander-in-chief of the Pontifical army, who had been chosen by Mgr. Merode, Minister of War, was General Lamoriciere, whose life has been so beautifully told by Mgr. Baunard. He was a well-tried warrior, having gone through eighteen campaigns. His valor obtained for him the Governorship of Algiers. He took command of the forces on April 6, 1860, but had no time, before the outbreak of hostilities, to dispose of his heterogeneous army to the best advantage. Piedmont took instant advantage of this by beginning a series of small engagements on the frontier. On March 14, 1860, the people of Romagna, of the Duchy of Modena and Parma ("Parma, that constant thorn in the side of the Papal States") and of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany were incorporated into Piedmont on their own earnest request. Garibaldi, in September, won many soldiers to his side in Sicily and Naples. A Piedmontese army, under the command of General Fanti, took up position on the frontier of the Papal States in order to maintain peace and order, it was alleged. General Sonnaz penetrated with his troops into Umbria and Tuscany. Schmidt, having long withstood the assaults of the enemy at a dozen points, was forced at last to capitulate at Perugia on September 13 with seventeen hundred men. Lamoriciere, whose troops were dispersed over a wide area for purposes of defense, appeared at Loretto on September 16, where he was joined by the forces of Pimodan. The following day Pimodan attacked two fortresses, but was driven back with great losses to the French and Belgian contingent of his men. He fought bravely, though wounded thrice, until struck down by a traitor, Brambilal, who had stolen into the ranks. Three hours the slaughter went on. But the Pontifical troops lost the day and escaped to Ancona with forty-five horses and a few remaining soldiers. Here little protection could be looked for, as the fortifications were still in the first stages of construction. After several skirmishes, such as those of Monte Pelago and San Stefano, Mole and Lanterno, the army surrendered. General Fanti, in utter disregard of the laws of military conduct, continued to bombard the fort for twelve hours after the white flag had been hoisted. On the last day of the month three hundred and forty-eight officers and seven thousand men were allowed to withdraw on the promise of abstaining from military operations against Piedmont for the space of one year.

Umbria, the Marches and the Two Sicilies now expressed a desire to cast their lot with Piedmont. On February 18, 1861, Victor Emmanuel was proclaimed King of Italy. In 1864 he transferred

his court to Florence from Turin. In vain had the Pope protested against these flagrant usurpations. All the Papal cities, except Rome, Civita-Vecchia, Comarca and Viterbo, were now abandoned to the Piedmontese by the Pontifical troops on the advice of Count de La None, who insisted that every effort should be made to preserve these cities at least for the Pope.

Colonel Meyer de Schauensee died at Rome in 1859. The Pope did not appoint a successor immediately, owing to the unsettled state of affairs. Only in the year 1861 was Alfred Sonnenberg appointed as head of the Papal Swiss Guards. He was a valiant warrior who had fought in many campaigns abroad. General Kanzler was named Minister of Arms and De Courten and Zappi commanders. The Swiss Guard, the Noble Guard and the Guard Palatine were attached exclusively to the service of the Pope and his household. The Holy Father often conferred with Sonnenberg concerning the reorganization of the Pontifical army. This was necessary at the moment, for every one could see that the revolution would throw itself, sooner or later, with all its force, on the City of the Popes. Napoleon III. had promised Victor Emmanuel to withdraw his troops from Rome if he would guarantee to maintain the independence of the Pope. The last of the French troops left Rome on December 6, 1866. Immediately the club of Garibaldians at Bologna let loose the cry: "Rome the Capital City of United Italy!" Preparations of war were begun everywhere with the tacit approbation and connivance of the Government. The Pontifical troops, in an incredibly short space of time, were attacked at twenty-four different places by the men whose aim it was to take Rome at the proper moment. For the present it was the tactics of Italy to withdraw the attention of the Papal troops from the city of Rome. At Porta Salara forty Swiss soldiers dispersed a small band of Garibaldians who had come down the Tiber for the purpose of vexing the small forces guarding the city. Captain Julius Meyer, of Algovie, on December 23, with forty-two men, had an engagement at close quarters with another detachment of Garibaldians at Aqua Acetosa, Cairoli, of Pavia, the leader of the band, which was entirely made up of the élite of the Masonic lodges, after having inflicted three wounds from his musket and six others with his bayonet on Meyer, fell under the blows of Hofstetter, a valiant Swiss private, who hastened to the rescue.

These and various other incidents were noised abroad throughout Europe. Napoleon, in order to save appearances and his own honor, sent a troop of soldiers to Rome on October 29. Cialdini, with forty thousand men, had already drawn up a line of barricade on the frontier of the Papal States. Garibaldi saw that it was the

hour to strike a bold stroke. On October 26 he attacked Monte Rotondo with forty-five hundred men, and kept up fire for forty-eight hours. On November 3 his troops took position at Mentana, but after a long struggle were forced to retreat. Garibaldi, with his two daughters, had to flee for safety. The Pontifical troops reported only thirty-two dead and one hundred and thirty-nine wounded. The victorious troops entered Rome amid shouts of enthusiasm on the following day. Pius IX. granted pardon to all prisoners of war except Monti and Tognetti. Rome was quiet for some months to come. It was the lull before the breaking of the storm!

The foreign troops in the employ of the Holy See were now organized into a separate company. The list of officers was as follows: Jeannerat, commander, with Castella and Meyer, lieutenants; Louis de Courten, adjutant major; Wasescha, of the Grison district, major; Peter Esseiva, of Fribourg, auditor; Schroeder, treasurer; Henry Gauthier, captain.

When war broke out between France and Prussia in 1870 Napoleon III. took the opportunity to recall his troops from Rome. On August 4 and 6, the last French soldiers embarking from Civita-Vecchia, left Rome to the mercy of the Italians. On September 10 General Ponza di San Martino handed an ultimatum from Victor Emmanuel to the Pope. Pius IX. was given his choice between handing over the Papal States to the King or meeting an invading army of forty thousand men—"patriots" the ultimatum called them. The Pope instantly refused the alternative of surrender. On the 12th the Italian soldiers set foot on the soil of St. Peter's Patrimony. Two days later they stood before the gates of Rome. On the morning of the 20th of September firing began. The invaders were kept at bay at each of the three Roman gates. Whilst the Swiss Guards kept ever close to the Pope to defend his person, a regiment of foreign soldiers in the Pope's employ defended the approaches to the city, especially the Porta Pia. The Piedmontese lost heavily, for they stood under the clean fire of the Pontifical troops. Then a bayonet charge was made. The Pope's soldiers stood firm and dealt out death in terrible earnest. Then a French officer hoisted the white flag. The Papal soldiers obeyed instantly but reluctantly. But they had been betrayed! For the Italians rushed upon the defenseless Papal soldiers—and thus gained entrance into the city. It was a black, vile, dastardly piece of treason. The Pope protested in vigorous terms to the diplomatic corps which gathered in the Vatican to draw up the terms of surrender and capitulation. But these men did not see fit to take their stand on the side of righteousness, and we need not wonder at this, for some, as Count

Arnim, of Prussia, were in collusion with the Piedmontese. The capitulation was signed at the Villa Albani by Cadorna and Kauzler. The following day the Pontifical troops were discharged from service. On October 2, 1870, a fictitious plebiscite, engineered by the invaders, voted for the union of Rome and the Patrimony of St. Peter to the United Kingdom of Italy. The annexation was ratified six days later. Iniquity had done its worst! And so we cannot wonder that Pius IX. washed his hands clean of the "Law of Guarantees" (March 13, 1871), by which the Italians tried to chloroform their consciences and rehabilitate themselves before the decent and respectable part of the world. The Pope became a voluntary prisoner in the Vatican, where a band of Swiss Guards persisted in staying in order to maintain order amongst the crowds of pilgrims who came from the entire world to see the White Father of Christendom, who never appeared more white and heavenly and lamb-like than now when he was surrounded by a people that proved itself treacherous and a Government that meant to follow the devious ways of crooked and unscrupulous politics. The Papal Prisoner became the only powerful man in Italy, because he was recognized as the only honest political figure. The recent jubilee exhibitions, commemorative of this colossal piece of nineteenth century brigandage, have not been able to allure the tourist and curious sightseer to Italy. Even the Italians grew little enthusiastic at the pyrotechnic exhibition which was intended to arouse a spirit of patriotism and national solidarity in a land where these have vanished. The Italian war in the East may yet open the eyes of Italy to the futility of fighting against manifest justice as represented in the claims of the successor of St. Peter.

It is true to say that never before has the Papacy been looked upon so universally by the world as the one pure political spot in Italy. Leo XIII. ravished the world with his wisdom and statesmanship, whilst the Italian Parliament could not preserve itself from becoming more and more, every day, the theatre of burlesque statecraft. We have grown accustomed to expect anything from Italian politics but truth and honest dealing. Leo XIII. loved his Swiss Guard and appointed Louis de Courten, glorious with the scars of more than one campaign for the Papal prerogatives upon him, successor to Sonnenberg as colonel captain (November 11, 1878). The Holy Father also supplied his soldiers with Remington rifles to be carried when on duty, reserving the use of halberts for parade at the Porta di Bronza and the Porta della Zecca. He also ordered that the "Four Great Swords," which the Swiss had sent to Rome as an ex voto offering after the battle of Morat in 1476, be carried beside the sedia gestatoria of the

Pope in all public functions in St. Peter's. Henceforth, on either side of the Pope, these trophies of the Swiss over the forces of Bourgoyne are brought forth to show, by symbolic representation, that the Catholic cantons have ever stood out as the champions of the temporal power of the Popes. The "Spadoni," as they are called, take us back over four hundred years of history—a long period of time in which more than one nation has fallen away from its high estate as friend and supporter of the just claims of the Fisherman King.

The story of the Swiss Papal Guards, which has been briefly told here after the monographs of Schaller and Lütolf, is one to encourage and inspirit every Catholic heart. The Swiss Guards, by the mere fact of their survival to this day, repeat the words which a great French statesman, whom we cannot suspect of sympathy for the Holy See, repeated on three separate occasions: "As to the Papacy, there can be no independence for it but absolute sovereignty. Here lies a concern of the first order before which all private interests of nations must give way; just as in a state the public good must be preferred to the good of individuals."

EUSTACE HAMPOOLE, O. P.

JUSTIN McCARTHY.

A PATRIARCHAL personality among penmen was the late Justin McCarthy, whose death at Folkestone, on April 24, has been chronicled with the widespread regret it evoked, although it was not unexpected, considering his advanced age and long-enfeebled health.

Born on the southern side of Cork city, where Windmill road adjoins Evergreen street, on November 22, 1830, he was about midway in his eighty-second year. Journalist, novelist, historian and politician, as a London editor, when the leading journals of the British metropolis, perhaps, exercised more direct influence over public opinion than they do now, since the spread of education and the possession of power has taught the people to do their own thinking; as a writer of fiction, the products of whose fertile fancy have attracted and fascinated countless readers in both hemispheres; as the chronicler of the events of times past and present —of reigns so diverse in interest as those of Queen Anne, the Georges, Victoria and Edward II.; as a patriotic parliamentarian who bravely and courageously plants the flag of Irish nationality on the walls of Derry—that stronghold of the Williamites defended

by Walker—and as chairman of the Irish party at a critical epoch in the struggle for regaining Ireland's autonomy, he won distinction in every sphere of the domains of literature and politics in which he figured during his long and well-filled life.

There was something striking in the passing of Justin McCarthy on the morrow of the day which witnessed the assembling in Dublin of a national convention on such an historic occasion as the introduction into the Imperial Parliament of a third measure of Home Rule, expounded by the man upon whom the mantle of Parnell had fallen to delegates from all parts of the island, who gave it their unanimous approval. It marked the parting of the ways, the passing of the old order and the advent of the new. If Justin McCarthy did not live to see the full noon of legislative freedom shed its light over the land he loved and served, he saw the dawning of the brighter day illumining the political horizon.

He was a self-exiled Irishman who never forgot the land that gave him birth. He always cherished an abiding fondness for his native city. Lecturing there several years ago, he applied to himself the words of another distinguished Irishman, Oliver Goldsmith:

> Wher'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
> My heart, untraveled, fondly turns to thee.

It has been called "the beautiful city;" though it is not the city itself that is beautiful, but its environs. In his "Story of an Irishman," which is his autobiography, he writes: "My earliest memories of life are associated with river and sea and low-lying hills, with meadows and gardens and distant views of bolder heights crowned with some ancient ruin." Of Cork harbor, which competes with Sydney for the prize of beauty as an ideal haven, he says: "I have seen many rivers and harbors in foreign countries on this side of the Atlantic and the other, but I have seldom looked upon a scene more fascinating to the eye and the mind than that which was so familiar to my boyhood. The hero of that really great Irish novel, *The Collegians,* when contemplating in a moment of melancholy retrospection the delights of his boyish days, dwells with special rapture on 'my boat, the broad river, the rough west wind, the broken waves and the heart at rest.' I think I may allow these words to sum up the principle joys of life as they presented themselves to the minds and the senses of the young men with whom I was best acquainted in the years before the great Irish famine of '46 and '47 had spread its desolation over the land."

His father was conducting clerk to the Messrs. Exham, a respectable firm of solicitors still represented in the city, and he was himself for a time in their offices with a view to ultimately joining the legal profession, if fortune favored. Fortune did not favor,

and literature, not law, claimed him as its own. His father and mother (née Ellen Canty) and his schoolmaster, John Goolding, of whom he has drawn an admirable pen-portrait in the book just quoted, gave him a literary bent, or rather helped to develop the literary gift which was latent. His father, Michael Francis McCarthy—the son of a hairdresser in Blackpool, a northern suburb of the city—was a man of literary culture, with a special attraction for Irish archæology, and, after filling for a time the position of chief clerk at the Cork Petty Sessions Court, also drifted into journalism.[1] Of him his son writes: "He was a man of much reading, with a thorouogh love of books and, as I believe, a distinct literary gift which might, under other conditions, have enabled him to win some position as a writer. He wrote many poems and essays which, I still think, gave promise for a literary career; but he only wrote occasionally and never gave himself up or had the means to give himself up to the writer's calling. He had had the honor of conversing with Sir Walter Scott when the great novelist paid his visit to Ireland; he had met Thomas Moore and had some personal acquaintanceship with Lady Morgan, Gerald Griffin and the Rev. Francis Mahony. My father was well acquainted with Latin and Greek, more especially with Greek, a language for which he had an intense affection, and he was familiar with most of the great classical authors." He was one of a convivial literary coterie who dubbed themselves "The Mowers," because they drank nothing but the "barley mow,"[2] and used to foregather of nights in a tavern in Fishamble lane, a narrow passage long since improved away by the widening out of Liberty street.

The first half of the last century was an epoch when writers of the highest mark in prose and verse gave it a special literary tone, and though far removed from the great centre of literary activity, Cork was not slow to assimilate the prevailing taste for letters, so much so that Thackeray, though he "skitted" at Dublin, in his *Irish Sketch Book,* spoke of Cork citizens as "the most book-loving people" he ever met." Books were not then so easily procurable. The presses of Great Britain did not yet pour out such a flood of fictional literature as now deluges the reading world; writers did not write nor publishers print so fast. More thought and time were devoted to the production and reading of books. Young men were not mentally nurtured on snippets journalism and sensational novels. John Windele, the antiquary; John

[1] He died in Cork late in the fifties of the last century, and is buried in St. Joseph's Cemetery. His wife (the novelist's mother) died in London, and is buried in Kensal Green. The novelist himself now rests in Hampstead Cemetery.

[2] Fermented malt.

Augustus Shea, a local poet who early emigrated to America, drifted into journalism, became one of the sub-editors of the *New York Tribune* under Horace Greeley, and whose son became Chief Justice of New York; Joseph Snow and Joseph O'Leary, who became London journalists, were among "The Mowers" in the elder McCarthy's time. His daughter, Ella (the novelist's sister), was an accomplished linguist and published in the "Cork Magazine," edited by her father, translations from Georges Sand, Petrarch and Alfieri; while the novelist's mother, who was an assiduous reader of novels of the old school, may be credited with some share in transmitting to her son an attraction towards fiction, which he turned to such profitable account. His sister was born early in 1829, which circumstance occasioned his mother to remark that while Ella was born a slave, Justin was born a free man, having come into the world the year after Emancipation.

One who had no inconsiderate share in developing Justin McCarthy's literary talent was John Goolding, a well-known classical teacher, whom he calls "my own schoolmaster" and of whom he draws a fancy portrait under the fictional disguise of "Mr. Conrad" in his novel "Mononia." "The great result of his system of teaching," he says, "was that it filled us with a desire to understand and appreciate every author we read and to extend our field of knowledge. I do not believe that I should ever have gained, in the same short time under a different system of teaching, such a love for the best in literature as Mr. Goolding's education awakened in my own mind. It was, in truth, literary rather than scholastic instruction, but as such it suited me and most of my comrades quite well enough, which, I think, was something which did high credit to a small school in an Irish provincial city. I took leave of Mr. Goolding and his school with the deepest regret. I saw him often afterwards. He was a frequent visitor at our home, and his friendship was never lessened by any of the worldly troubles which soon came upon us. He passed away from life[3] not many years after our separation, but he never passed out of my recollection, and it is no excess of words to say that his memory and his influence are with me still. I think John Goolding was, in his quiet and honest way, one of the most remarkable men I have ever known. He was certainly the most remarkable man I have ever known who actually came to nothing so far as worldly success was concerned. I have not met any man who, on the whole, could give evidence of a large amount of intellectual accomplishments. . . . It seemed to be that there was ever a prevailing tone of melancholy in his life, and I have often been led to the

[3] November, 1867.

belief that some profound disappointment must have come upon his earlier career. . . . There are few men with whom I have ever been brought into companionship to whom I owe a higher debt of gratitude than that which I acknowledge to my one schoolmaster, and can only thus repay." The "melancholy" which Mr. McCarthy noted and the "profound disaappointment" which he surmised were traceable to his abrupt departure from Maynooth, where he spent about three years, and where among his fellow-students were the future Archbishop of Tuam, Dr. McHale; the late Bishop of Down and Connor, Dr. Denvir; Dean Meyler, of Dublin; Archdeacon O'Keeffe, of Cork, and Father Croke, P. P., of Charleville, uncle of the late Archbishop Croke, of Cashel. He left for no unworthy reason, without reaching any orders, and doubtless often regretted it as a false step. He was afterwards the private tutor of Edmund O'Reilly, the distinguished Irish Jesuit, quoted by "Cardinal Newman as "a great authority" in his famous reply to Gladstone's anti-Vatican pamphlet. Mr. McCarthy says he "spent some years in Rome;" but this is an error. He was never out of Ireland.[4]

He had barely entered on his seventeenth years when home troubles threw upon him the responsibility of being the chief breadwinner of the family. Through the friendly offices of the genial and gifted John Francis Maguire, then proprietor and editor, he was engaged on the reporting staff of the *Cork Examiner,* for which he received the munificent remuneration of a pound a week, being soon after joined by his lifelong friend, Thomas Crosbie. "The set to which I belonged in those younger days of mine," he recalls, "was especially and often intensely literary and artistic. We were nearly all poor, but we all belonged to families in which education counted for much and where scholarly studies always found encouragement. There was little chance then of university education for the Catholic youths who made up the rising generation of Ireland. The education of young fellows whose parents could not afford to pay for their schooling was chiefly conducted by monks of the various orders, and these seem to have done their work of teaching marvelously well. I can positively affirm that among the young fellows who were my closest companions, and whose parents almost all belonged to what I may describe as a struggling class, there was not one who could only read the English language. We could read our Latin and make something of our

[4] See a biographical sketch of this interesting character which I wrote for the *Ecclesiastical Review* (June, 1908), under the heading "The Late Archbishop Murphy and His Irish Schoolmaster," based on a manuscript diary by Mr. Goolding and given to me by himself when I was his pupil.

Greek; most of us could read French, some few Italian, and many of us were taking to the study of German."

There were at that time two well-organized literary societies in the city—the Literary and Scientific, which still flourishes as a centre of intellectual culture and where he first practiced speaking in public, and Father Mathew's Temperance Institute, the library and reading room of which were opened to all creeds and of which Dr. Kenealy, then a young barrister destined to earn notoriety as the advocate of the Tichborne claimant, was president. "My memory," records Mr. McCarthy, "does not go back to a time when I did not love to get a book into my hands and turn over its pages, and I can safely say that this inclination of mine was in working force even before I was quite able to read the printed words on the pages. We were a reading family and we lived among a reading set. I have never been in any social circle on this side of the Atlantic or the other where a greater love for literature and art prevailed than was to be found among those with whom I chiefly associated during the twenty years or so of my unbroken residence in Cork city."

Among his companions of those days who later forged their way to the front in public life by sheer dint of ability, was the late Sir John Pope Hennessy, a protégé of Disraeli, who, like his patron, pursued politics like a profession and became that political *rara avis,* an Irish Catholic Conservative. Another contemporary was Maxwell Sullivan, who emigrated to the United States and fought and fell in the great Civil War; a cousin of McCarthy's, named Tom Walker, who, impelled by the Irish love of military adventure, obtained a commission in the British army and was one of the first victims of the fatal fire at Cawnpore; and one whom he calls his "oldest and dearest friend," the late Mr. Thomas Crosbie, the accomplished editor of the *Cork Examiner.*

When Justin McCarthy was a reporter on that paper—then a tri-weekly—the Young Ireland movement was in full swing, and *The Nation* newspaper, founded by Gavan Duffy and John Blake Dillon, and written with striking ability, was making history and literature. It appealed with fervor and force to the sentiments of a distinctive nationality which is unchanged and indestructible. Like all young Irishmen of generous sympathies and high ideals, he was rapidly drawn into the whirl and current of the movement, which, though it ended ingloriously in a scuffle in a cabbage garden at Ballingarry, breathed a soul and a spirit into the Ireland of its time. He was one of the three reporters sent by the *Examiner* to report the famous state trial of Smith, O'Brien, Thomas Francis Meagher and others at the Special Commission in Clonmel, ren-

dered memorable by Whiteside's brilliant forensic eloquence. Yielding to an impulse of hero worship, born of the contagious enthusiasm of the epoch, he had a volume of Moore's poetical works sent into the dock with a request for Meagher's autograph. It came back to him with the lines—

> Oh! for a tongue to curse the slave
> Whose treason, like a withering blight,
> Hung o'er the counsels of the brave
> To blast them in their hour of might.

written by O'Connell's great protagonist, whose championship of physical versus moral force earned for him the name of "Meagher of the sword." It was on this occasion also he first came into personal contact with Sir William Howard Russell, the famous war correspondent of the *Times*.

Notwithstanding his nationalism and the fine frenzy of '48, the young Irish journalist looked to England for a wider and more remunerative sphere for the exercise of his talents. London, even more then than now, had a kind of lodestone attraction for provincial journalists. Thither he made his way early in 1852. After an unsuccessful attempt to obtain a place on some London paper, he returned to Cork. This visit was followed by another for the purpose of reporting the proceedings of a committee of the House of Commons for the *Examiner*. His next employment was as special reporter of a commission of inquiry into the state of the fairs and markets of Ireland conducted by Captain Hercules Robinson. At length he was enabled to break fresh ground by securing his first newspaper engagement on the English side of the Channel. This was on the *Northern Daily Times* of Liverpool. During his sojourn in the great seaport on the Mersey he reported Dr. Newman's famous lectures on the Turkish dominion in Europe, delivered at the Catholic Institute in Hope street, one of the many useful institutions founded by the late Monsignor Nugent. There also he launched out as a public lecturer, selecting Goethe as his subject, and began to contribute to magazines, enlivening the pages of the *Porcupine,* a Liverpool counterpart of *Punch*. An article on the Schiller centenary, written for the *London Quarterly,* so pleased the chairman of the committee that they presented him with an exquisite medallion of Schiller's head modeled in clay. He had already received a fee of nine guineas from the same magazine for another article.

This measure of success in literature, apart from jonrnalism, encouraged him to set his face once more towards London. This last effort to obtain a foothold in the metropolis after failing to get on the *Daily News,* to the editor of which he was introduced by Miss Martineau, was crowned with success. In 1859, on the

nivitation of the editor, Samuel Lucas, he joined the *Morning Star,* the organ of Cobden and Bright, with whom he was afterwards, when promoted to the editorship, brought into frequent and intimate relations. From the reporters' gallery in the House of Commons he was advanced to the post of foreign sub-editor, and, as special correspondent, described the coronation at Königsberg of William I., King of Prussia, afterwards proclaimed Emperor of Germany at Versailles, after the close of the war with France in 1870.

If intrinsic merit would secure the continuance of a paper, the *Star* deserved to live, for it was ably served. As writers on its staff or among its contributors it had William Black, the novelist; Archibald Forbes, Edmund Yates, Leicester Buckingham, Richard Whiteing, author of *No. 5 John Street*; Charles Cooper, who became editor of the *Scotsman*; E. D. J. Wilson, a fellow-Corkman, one of the *Times'* leader writers, and E. R. Russell. After Lucas' death Justin McCarthy succeeded him as editor-in-chief. The editor of a London daily is an important personality in the political, literary and social world, and occupying such a position, Mr. McCarthy came often into personal relations with Browning, Tennyson, Carlyle, Dickens and Thackeray. Still, he did not allow his journalistic work, exacting as it was, to debar him from pursuing literature properly so called. An article on Voltaire in the *Westminster Review* attracted the notice of John Stuart Mill, who expressed a wish to know the writer, which was the beginning of an acquaintance that ripened into friendship. Another article on Buckle's *History of Civilization* also won that philosophical radical's approval.

A new phase of his career was opened when he published his first novel. This was a highly sensational novel, which he subsequently withdrew from circulation and suppressed altogether. It was written at the prompting of a publisher with the view of pushing the sale of another book the author was more anxious to bring out, but which the astute bibliopole thought would "catch on" better if it had the name of the writer of a sensational work on its title page. It was followed by *The Waterdale Neighbors* and *My Enemy's Daughter,* the latter title, which is somewhat inconsequential, having been suggested by Miss Braddon. About the same time he republished his magazine articles in a volume bearing the title *Con Amore.*

The next phase of his diversified life was consequent on his severance of his connection with the *Star.* Bright had a strong conviction that it was not right for a member of an Administration to have anything to do with the control of a newspaper, and, when he joined the Liberal Government, withdrew from the proprietary

of the *Morning Star*. This led to Mr. McCarthy resigning the editorship. "No memories of my life," he writes, "are more sacred to me than the recollections of my long intercourse with John Bright. I felt that when he should cease to have anything to do with the *Star* my principal motive for holding my laborious position would be gone."

Lalor Sheil in one of his speeches spoke of "the patient drudgery of the Forum;" but the labor of the Law Courts is recreation compared to the unrelaxed drudgery of editing a daily morning paper. Self-liberated from this drudgery, Mr. McCarthy visited the United States at the instance of Cyrus Field, who gave him letters of introduction to distinguished Americans. In September, 1868, he crossed the Atlantic for the first time, to be greeted, on landing at Hoboken, by his brother Frank, who, a naturalized citizen of the great Republic of the West, had served in the American war. Among the prominent people whom he met were W. C. Bryant, who gave him his first introduction to social life in New York city; Horace Greeley, then editor and chief owner of the *New York Tribune*, who attracted him by "his homespun simplicity and curious felicity of ideas and language;" Charles Sumner, the great orator of Negro emancipation; Wendell Phillips, the anti-slavery advocate, one of the greatest orators whom he ever heard and whom he ranks as a speaker with Gladstone and Bright; William Lloyd Garrison, another famous leader of the abolition movement; George William Curtis, author, journalist and lecturer, whom he eulogizes as "one of the most charming writers and fascinating speakers in the United States;" Bayard Taylor, poet, novelist and traveler, and Whitelaw Reid, then attached to the literary staff of the *Tribune* and afterwards United States Minister in London. Settling down for a time in America, where he made many friends, he devoted himself to literature and journalism, forming a connection with the New York *Independent* and the publishing house of Harper Brothers, for whose monthly magazine he wrote several short stories and with whom he made a contract to supply a hundred of such, a contract which, in due time, he fulfilled. Touring the States from New York to San Francisco, he visited Minneapolis and New Orleans, met Brigham Young in Salt Lake City, and lectured in the Cooper Institute on the manner in which public opinion in England had manifested itself during the Civil War—a ticklish subject, which he dexterously handled, as English opinion, so far as it was reflected or directed by the London press, the clubs and "society," blunderingly sided with the South against the North. Mr. McCarthy, who was an ideal lecturer, spoke without preparation, being full of his subject. It invested his spoken

words with that spontaneity and *entrain* which makes his prose writings so readable.

In 1870, during a flying visit to England, he began his connection with the *Daily News*, then edited by Frank Harrison Hill and managed by John R. Robinson, whom he regards as "the ideal of a successful newspaper manager." Nothing, Victor Hugo says, succeeds like success, and the successful way in which Robinson exploited the Franco-German War in the interests of his paper floated it and its manager into transient popularity and profit.

America greatly impressed and attracted Mr. McCarthy. "I had always felt myself strongly drawn towards the United States and its people," he writes," partly because of America's splendid irruption into history and partly because it had been for so long a time teh chosen home of every Irishman who suffered from unjust laws and disheartening conditions in his native land. Everywhere I went I met some Irishman and woman, whom I had known in the old country, and who did not regard themselves as foreigners in America, but were heart and soul in sympathy with its institutions, its people and its progress. For a time I often regarded it as an open question whether I should or should not follow the example of my brother and make my home in the United States, and this consideration in itself made me feel a quicker and deeper interest in every illustration of American life and growth. I received many kindly and pressing invitations to remain in America and to continue my connection with literature and journalism, and the invitations had much to recommend them and seemed to promise a satisfactory career. I remember that one warm-hearted American friend offered to present me with a new house and a large piece of ground in the near neighborhood of New York as a gift to me and my heirs forever, if I would settle down there and become a naturalized citizen of the United States.'"

But America was not to be his abiding place. He dreamed such a dream as O'Connell dreamt when Ireland wanted him. The call of the desert was not more alluring to Orientalists than the call of the homeland to othe self-exiled Irishman. Butt had started the Home Rule movement, but though he placed the Irish demand on a lower plane than Grattan or O'Connell—as some think unwisely abandoning the strong constitutional vantage ground of the Repealers—he revived the still unsolved question of Irish autonomy and brought it within the domain of practical politics. It decided Justin McCarthy to return, in the belief that the period was coming when an Irishman devoted to the maintenance of

Ireland's national claims could probably serve his country better in London than in New York.

Back in London, while engaged in the gallery as writer of the Parliamentary leader for the *Daily News*, and working assiduously as a novelist—a denizen of what he describes as the Bohemia of Fitzroy Square—a quarter inhabited by literary men, artists and rising politicians—he began to take a closer and deeper interest in politics, speaking at political meetings and taking part in associations for the promotion of the Irish national cause. One of his near neighbors at that time was a young man whose name became famous throughout the civilized world—Charles Stuart Parnell. "I first came to know him," he relates, "because we were both members of an association of London Irishmen, banded together for the spread of the Irish national cause. My home was then in Gower street,[5] and Parnell lived in one of the streets leading out of it. He used to come to my house very often, and we had long talks over political affairs. One of Parnell's sisters was greatly devoted to painting, and Parnell, though not much of an artist in the ordinary sense, took a kindly interest in my daughter's early studies at the Slade School. He was a very young man then, and indeed his whole life did not last beyond middle age. He was very tall, very handsome, with finely moulded delicate features. His eyes were especially remarkable. I have not seen others like them. Their light was peculiarly penetrating, and, to use a somewhat phrase, magnetic. His manners in private life were singularly sweet and winning, and in the company of his friends he was both humorous and witty. His influence over me and his advice began to give, more and more, a distinctly political turn to my career. He had already begun to make himself a most conspicuous figure in the House of Commons; but as yet there were very few who could foresee the high and unique position which he was destined to hold as a political leader."

Meanwhile this political train of thought found a literary outlet in his *History of Our Own Times,* a book which, written in a popular style, has attained wide circulation and earned for its author the reputation and rank of an historian. It grew out of the idea of writing a history of the English Radical party, a plan expanded, at the suggestion of a London publisher, into a *History of the Reign of Queen Victoria.* While he was writing it the publishers became alarmed for the success of the undertaking, when it became known that he had been invited to join the Irish party. The contract was by mutual consent annulled, and Chatto & Windus became the publishers of what was farther developed into a *History of Our Own*

[5] 48 Gower street.

Times. The publication of the first and second volumes marked a distinct epoch in his literary career. He says in passing that his career as journalist, novelist and historian, depending for success upon the English public, might well have been regarded as hampered from the beginning by the fact that he was an Irishman, a Catholic and a Home Ruler; "but," he adds, "I have never found these facts interfere in the slightest degree with the fair reception of my books by English critics and English readers." The *History of Our Own Times* is, to use an Americanism, a little too previous. That history still remains to be written. It has been well said that the history of which we know least is the history of the times in which we live; and readers of another generation will have to wait until some future investigator, working on the lines laid by the late W. J. Fitzpatrick, gives to the world *Secret Service Under Victoria* and some other gossiping Greville lifts the official veil that hides the deliberations of the Privy Council from the knowledge of outsiders. Pending the publication of a history based on first-hand acquaintance with the secret springs which set in motion the complex machinery of statecraft, it is well to have an interesting compilation from the papers of the period, with a more or less illuminative running commentary by a journalist and politician of ripe experience. The best thing he has done in the way of historical writing is, perhaps, his admirable monograph on *Leo XIII.*, a study of the leading events of that momentous pontificate.

In 1879 he plunged boldly into the political current, became M. P. for Longford, and made his maiden speech in the House on a motion by Shaw Lefevre calling for some reform in the oppressive system of land tenure in Ireland. He amusingly describes how he felt "miserably and abjectly nervous" while waiting for his opportunity to rise and catch the speaker's eye. He says: "It is not too much to say that I positively did not know what I was saying and derived my main courage from my knowledge that I could somehow manage to make an extemporaneous speech of moderate length without committing myself to any utter absurdity."

It should be noted here that Justin McCarthy first entered Parliament as a Liberal; *à fond,* he was a Liberal all through and to the end. He made a certain sacrifice in joining the Irish party, but he made it willingly. At that time Irish nationalism was tabooed in London society, in the clubs, in every political and social circle where dominant unionism held sway. It meant social ostracism for a man of any standing in the political or literary world to touch it. Justin McCarthy not only touched it, but he clasped it to his bosom as the only thing that held forth any hope or prospect of

Ireland's regeneration. He lived to see a great change; to see the tables turned; to see nationalism recognized as an organized political force; to see unionism lose its hold and nationalism become the prime factor in the estimation of British statesmen like Gladstone, Campbell-Bannerman and Asquith.

Looking back over the busy years inside and outside Parliament that have lapsed since then, he says: "I always loved the life of the House of Commons. I went through years and years of the most exacting and the most exhaustive Parliamentary struggles. I took part in all the obstruction movements which spread through so many sessions. I had often during the session to turn night into day and day into night; to go home after the sun had risen over that Westminster scene which Wordsworth has depicted. I can remember once having had to spend three days in the House without ever leaving its precincts; and I can honestly say that I found enjoyment in the life of the House of Commons. Moreover, while I was thus striving to discharge my Parliamentary duties, I had all the time to work for a living by the writing of books and newspaper articles."

His wife's[6] death in 1881 caused a break in this strenuous life. It led to his making a protracted tour through Holland, Germany, Bohemia, Hungary, Austria, Greece, Constantinople, Egypt, the Holy Land and Italy. It bore literary fruit in a novel entitled *Maid of Athens.* He projected two other novels dealing with the East, but they never saw the light. Upon his return to London he settled down for several years in a house in Cheyne Gardens, Chelsea, not far from Carlyle's house in Cheyne row. His growing reputation brought him more and more into association with men who bore names eminent in politics, science, literature and art. In politics Mr. McCarthy has always managed to steer an even keel. A level-headed Irishman who does not talk sunburstery or *raimeis*- he has made himself *persona grata* to men of various views, even views diametrically opposite to his. He thus defines his political creed: "Unlike many of my colleagues, I had always felt a profound respect for the constitution and the history of the House of Commons. To some of my friends in the Irish party the House of Commons was merely one of the weapons of tyrannical oppression by which England was enabled to keep Ireland in servitude. It seemed to them only a part of the enemy's war machinery, and every course of action which could enfeeble it and render it helpless and even ridiculous was to them always deserving of sympathy and applause. I could not look at things from this point of view. I had always regarded the House of Commons, whatever might

[6] Née Charlotte Allman, a member of a well-known Cork family.

have been its defects and its shortcomings, as a powerful agency in the development of constitutional and religious equality, and my main desire in public life was to see the establishment of such an institution in Ireland for the government of the Irish people by the Irish people. The possibility of Ireland becoming a thoroughly independent State and self-ruling republic, let us say, lying close to the shores of Great Britain, seemed to me to be so far outside the range of human vision as not to call for serious consideration in days like ours. If the world ever becomes so enlightened and civilized that small countries like Ireland are allowed, without let or hindrance from great and powerful neighboring States, then indeed I admit that patriotic Irishmen might well give themselves hope of the effort for Ireland's absolute independence. But I could not see any prospect of such a condition in human affairs, and I should have been content with a compromise which should give Ireland the entire management and control of her own legislation, while she yet remains a member of the British Imperial system."

Ireland was in the throes of a revolution after Mr. McCarthy returned to London. Poulet Scrope once described the country in the state of chronic unrest produced by the operation of a land code, enacted in the interests of a class and not of the people at large, as being in a condition of "suppressed civil war." It was no longer suppressed. The land war which has destroyed feudalism in Ireland had broken out, to end in the transference of the soil from the landlords to the tenantry by process of law, a process for the moment arrested by the hanging up of land purchase. By a strange freak of fate this scholarly, thoughtful journalist and man of letters was thrown into the thick of the fight. The duty was imposed on him of attending large public meetings in Ireland in support of the Nationalist candidates at bye-elections and assisting in the formation of new branches of the National League, addressing audiences in his native city of Cork, Waterford, Belfast and Derry. He was present at the unveiling of the O'Connell monument in Dublin, an incident which recalled to his memory the one occasion upon which he had heard the Liberator speak, namely, when, seated, owing to the already enfeebled state of his health, he addressed the pupils of the Catholic schools in Cork. Mr. McCarthy, in his cheery way, calls this busy time a holiday. "I have always looked back upon that holiday spent in my native country," he says, "as one of the bright chapters of my life." Another holiday, a long-contemplated visit to Spain, was cut short by his urgent recall to Ireland where more meetings were being held and where, at a convention, he was to lend his voice in deciding upon the course

the Irish party was to pursue with regard to the land question generally and certain land measures before Parliament. This was the last of what he calls his "holiday trips."

He was now in the front rank of the fighting force that Parnell had marshaled under the Home Rule banner. In the general election of 1885 he made an unsuccessful effort to win the blue ribbon of the Irish party, the representation of Londonderry, or, as it is usually called, Derry, which he twice contested. Defeated first by a majority of 29 and secondly by a majority of 3, he was on his way to America in 1886, when he received the gladdening news that he was at last the Nationalist member for the Maiden City. Simultaneously reëlected for Longford, he elected to sit for Derry. Some years later he stood again for Derry, but was defeated, when his Longford constituents reëlected him.

They were stirring and stormy times. Ireland was a seething sea of agitation; but he kept his head cool in the midst of all the feverish ferments. When the Phœnix Park murders threatened to wreck the whole movement and anti-Irish feeling in England was stirred to its deepest depths by the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, the permanent Under Secretary, Justin McCarthy and Parnell called on Mr. Chamberlain to consult him as to the best steps which the Irish party should take to repudiate in the most effective manner on behalf of Ireland any national sympathy with that utterly detestable crime, which was the deadliest blow ever aimed at the Irish cause or at the conciliatory policy of the great English Minister who then held office. But by a strong fatality, not without its parallel in Irish history, it was destined to receive another blow, not from the hand of an enemy, but from one who was himself the greatest personification of the Irish National Idea since Owen Roe O'Neill.

After a lecturing tour in the United States, Mr. McCarthy once more returned to London on the eve of the Parnell Commission. Of the sinister figure in that legal drama whose self-destruction in Madrid, whither he fled, a fugitive from justice, was to invest it with such a tragic interest, Justin McCarthy says: "I never, to my knowledge, saw Richard Pigott, the man who concocted the forged letters, although in his evidence before the Special Commission he deposed that he had one secret interview with me." During the earlier months of its progress he daily attended the commission, being then vice chairman of the Irish party. His attendance was interrupted by an interval of several weeks, during which he made a trip to Algeria, to which his son, who had been elected M. P. for Newry, was ordered by the doctors for the benefit of his health.

Upon the death of John Bright on March 26, 1889, it fell to Mr. McCarthy's lot to voice the feelings of those who sat upon the Irish benches towards one who had formerly pleaded so eloquently the cause of Ireland, but who subsequently sided with those dissentient Liberals who opposed Gladstone's Home Rule policy. He acquitted himself of the task with his habitual tact and paid a well-merited tribute to the distinguished statesman, of whom he could speak from personal knowledge, having been so closely associated with him during his editorship of the *Star*.

Of the climax of the Parnell Commission, when the great Irishman, upon whom the eyes of the political world were riveted, passed through the fiery ordeal unscathed and came forth the man and the hero of the hour, and the anti-climax when the nation's idol was, by his own act, displaced from the lofty pedestal he occupied, Justin McCarthy rightly says: "If the career of Charles Stuart Parnell had come to a close after the memorable scene in the House of Commons when Libertls and Conservatives and Irish members sprang to their feet to welcome him, it would have been better for his own fame and for the cause of his country."

When the stormy debate took place in committee room 15 it was Justin McCarthy who headed the secessionists, whose abandonment of "the Chief" split the party into two sections—Parnellites and Anti-Parnellites. It was a fateful parting of the ways. The "split" broke up the unity which was the party's source of strength, and many a day was to pass and many conflicts were to be waged before the open wound, which sapped the vitality and vigor of the national movement, was healed. After the abortive Boulogne negotiations Mr. McCarthy reluctantly accepted the chairmanship. "To hold such a position at such a time," he says, "threatened a most serious inroad on that literary work which was my chief enjoyment and my only means of making a living. It was a cruel stroke of fate which compelled me to stand forth as the political opponent of Parnell, to whom, as a leader, I had long been most sincerely devoted, and with whom I had had many years of intimate and steady friendship." It placed him in a self-contradictory position, for at the Leinster Hall meeting in Dublin, followed by the hasty and unanimous reëlection of Parnell, he had spoken of the danger of changing horses when crossing a stream, and even Mr. T. M. Healy, who, in the sequel, became so virulent an opponent of the man who had discovered and found a sphere for his political genius, warned them not to interfere with "the man at the wheel." But consistency and gratitude are negligible quantities in politics, and Parnell had to pay the penalty for a social offense which made him impossible as the representative of a Catholic nation and an

embarrassment to politicians who could not dispense with the English Liberal party, dominated by Gladstone, "the greatest Parliamentary figure since the history of Parliament," as Mr. A. J. Balfour declared.

The anti-Parnellites made what they fondly hoped would be their first great demonstration in the city of Cork. The time and place were ill chosen. It only showed what a grasp Parnell"s powerful personalty had on the country. It fell to Justin McCarthy to revisit his native place under strangely altered conditions. His heart sank at the thought of having to become an object of dislike and hostility to so many of his fellow-citizens, for Cork, he admits, harbored a very strong contingent of Parnellites. It would be more correct to say that the majority of the warm-hearted and impulsive people of the chief city of Munster were Parnellites to a man. When he reached the Cork terminus he was groaned at and hooted and a shower of stones fell on the omnibus which conveyed him to his hotel. One of the priest who accompanied him earnestly urged him to wrap a large cloak or plaid round his head. "I could not," he says, "reconcile my mind to the idea of the new leader of the Irish National party making his undignified way through the streets with a protecting cloak wrapped round his head and shoulders. The Spartan borne on his shield might be regarded as a picturesque and heroic spectacle, but the Spartan with his head muffled in a cloak would be but a sorry and grotesque sight." At a packed public meeting a well-known Corkman was making a speech, and in the course of it expressed his regret at having to oppose Parnell, as he much admired him and had known him for many years. "I knew him," he said, "since he was in petticoats." "Ah!" whispered a ready-witted colleague to a friend on the platform, "it would have been well if he let them alone after that." On his departure the railway platform was practically in police occupation, the approaches to the terminus being strongly guarded by constabulary. Notwithstanding this clash of parties in hot conflict, Justin McCarthy and Parnell remained firm friends, and some astonishment was created in Palace Yard when they both drove up in the same hansom to the members' entrance to the House of Commons. It was the talk of the lobby for hours. By a singular coincidence he read of Parnell's death on the same day that he learned that Sir John Pope Hennessy, his friend from boyhood's days, was no more.

After the general election of 1892 Mr. McCarthy le da party of seventy-two, while the Parnellites only numbered nine, figures which at present tally with the relative numerical strength of the party now led by Mr. John Redmond and the followers of Mr. William O'Brien. He had accepted the leadership because he

thought that, under all the conditions, there was nothing better to be done for the interests of the party and the cause, but had made up his mind from the beginning not to retain it after the party should settle down and there should seem to be good hopes of a complete reunion and reconstruction. It so happened that he became involved in large pecuniary liabilities through the financial failure of an exhibition of Irish industrial products in London, which cade it incumbent on him to devote more attention to his literary work. He therefore resigned the chairmanship of the party in favor of Mr. John Dillon, without, however, vacating his seat or ceasing to give his regular attendance at the House of Commons.

About this time he received a very pressing invitation and tempting off to lecture in Australia, but was unable to enter into such a long engagement as it would necessitate.

On the 1st of March Gladstone delivered his last speech in the House of Commons, and four days afterwards, on March 5, Mr. McCarthy had his last interview with the great English statesman, who, solely by his personal prestige and influence, revolutionized the policy of Great Britain towards Ireland. He assured the quondam leader of the Irish party, with all the emphasis so characteristic of him when he felt deeply on any question, that he was thoroughly devoted to the cause of Home Rule for Ireland and perfectly satisfied in his own mind that the Home Rule cause was destined to come, and before long, to a triumphant issue. He spoke of Parnell in language of generous appreciation, and expressed his profound regret that so really great a career should have come to so sudden and disastrous an end.

The last speech Mr. McCarthy himself made in Parliament on any subject of importance was when it was proposed to erect a statue to Oliver Cromwell within the precincts of Westminster Palace, against which he raised his voice in opposition. He felt as most Irishmen feel. Ireland suffered too much from the ruthless rigor of Cromwell's rule, to which the massacres of Drogheda and Wexford bear witness, for Irishmen, who have long memories, to take an impartial view of the Protector's place and part in history; to recognize that, apart from his ferocious fanaticism, he was the first in modern times to successfully resist the arbitrary exercise of the royal prerogative and to maintain the sovereignty of Parliament.

After bringing out in April, 1897, the fifth volume of his *History of Our Own Times,* Mr. McCarthy was stricken with a serious illness through the strain of overwork. He lay for a long time wholly unconscious, and even when the worst was over was still for some weeks not quite sure of his own identity or of those who came around him. In July of that year he moved to Westgate-

on-Sea. From his earliest years he suffered extremely from short sight, and during his working years as author, journalist and politician he remorselessly overtaxed his vision, to the extent that he had to undergo some critical operations. But before long the healthful qualities of the bracing atmosphere of the seaside resort had such an invigorating effect that he was able to resume his literary work with the aid of a professional typewriter. One of the first products of his returning health was the publication of his *Reminiscences.* Soon afterwards he contributed two volumes to Fisher Unwin's *Story of the Nations* series: *Modern England Before the Reform Bill* and *Modern England From the Reform Bill to the Present Time* (1899). He worked under peculiar difficulties. He could read nothing himself, and whatever he wished to learn from books or newspapers had to be read to him. He felt rather proud of the fact that he was able, once he began to recover health, to keep in touch with the passing story of the world. Needless to say that he continued to follow with close and unfailing attention, from day to day, every phase of the Irish national movement. Some of his quondam political colleagues and London journalists would come down occasionally and help to enliven his retreat, to keep him *au courant* of passing events. The quiet seaside village, which he first looked upon as a temporary refuge, became his abiding place for the rest of his days.

An indefatigable penman, his pen was never idle. Even advancing years and failing health and eyesight, which would have impressed on many the need of well-earned repose, after a hard working life, did not cause him to lay his work aside. He may be said to have died in literary harness, for within a few months before his death he revised his *Irish Reminiscences,* to which he had just time to put the final finishing touches. It must have been a sort of sad pleasure to him to recall the vanished past and, as it were, bask in the light of other days, "the days that are no more." It was characteristic of one who cherished a love of the old land, of old places, old times and old friends, as evident from those *Reminiscences,* where the personal note is obvious without being obtrusive, where it gives a realistic vividness to the narrative without revealing any trace of the egotistic.

It was at Westgate he finished his *History of the Four Georges* (1884-1891) and wrote three novels in collaboration with Mrs. Campbell-Praed, the only volumes produced by literary coöperation. His *Reign of Queen Anne* came out in 1902, and a small volume, *Ireland and Her Story* for the Story of the Empire Series. Then was issued *British Political Leaders,* a collection in book form of a number of articles which had originally appeared in *The Outlook,*

a New York publication. His later works included *Portraits of the Sixties,* to illustrate Fisher Unwin's valuable collection of photographs, and an Irish novel, *Mononia,* a Munster story, the plot of which was laid in his native Cork, and which first ran through the *Weekly Freeman.* This novel, he frankly admits, never became popular, although it was grounded on the stirring events of '48 and the Young Ireland Movement, which, one would imagine, should have ensured it a good reception at the hands of Irish readers; but it has often hitherto been noted that Ireland is a nation *incuriosa suorum.* Let us hope that Home Rule will change all that and stimulate an intelligent interest in everything Irish, particularly the Irish language, music, art and literature. Into *Mononia* (the ancient name of Munster), *My Enemy's Daughter* and *Dear Lady Disdain* he put a good deal of his early life and its local associations. Of the first named he says: "I felt in writing it as I were offering a tribute to the memory of the dead and a message of encouragement to the living national cause." Novel followed novel in rapid succession from his prolific pen, while to the leading reviews he frequently contributed articles on various topics. A complete bibliography of his writings would fill sevefral pages of this magazine.

A consensus of opinion amongst the most discerning has assigned to Justin McCarthy a position among novelists of the Victorian epoch next to and not far below Anthony Trollope, Mrs. Henry Wood and other writers of that school who sought to faithfully depict the social life of the nineteenth century. It is not to be expected that one who writes very much and very frequently will endow literature with a classic. The output of novels from the presses of Great Britain during the last half a century has been enormous and bewildering. It may safely be averred that very few of them will live in English literature as standard works fit to take their places alongside those of Thackeray, Dickens and George Eliot. Perhaps some of those by Blackmore, George Meredith and a few others may be found among the survival of the fittest, which shall have escaped the oblivion that inevitably awaits the too ready writer.

Justin McCarthy's writing, lucid, limpid and fluent, free from any *enflure* or those meretricious tricks of style or what passes for it, mannerism, affected by inferior authors, has been much admired by all who relish good English. It is a well-poised style which, if it never soars high, seldom sinks low, and, though familiar and conversational, is not commonplace. If it does not captivate us by its brilliancy, impress us with the sense of strength, of something vigorous and virile, it never suggests bathos or*banalité.* The

influence of Cobden and Bright, consummate masters of homely English, pure and undefiled by foreign neologisms, with whom he was so much brought in contact when he edited the *Morning? Star,* is clearly traceable therein.

Journalism was his first literary love; early wedded to it, he never divorced himself from it. Except during the months of his complete breakdown, for a long time he never ceased to contribute a monthly article to the *New York Independent.* "My dealings with American publishers," he says, "have always been most satisfactory, and I have none but the most genial memories of the lengthened visits which I was happily able to pass to the great city on the Hudson River where so many bright days of my life were passed."

His Parliamentary career came to a nend with the general election of 1890, when he did not seek reëlection for Longford. "I hope I am not to be considered too egotistical," he writes, "when I say that it must ever be to me the brightest memory of my working lifetime that I was able to give twenty-one years of continuous service, such as it was, to the cause of Ireland, that I feel a pride in having been so long a member of the House of Commons, and that my feeling of personal pride was not lessened by the fact that I had gained nothing in the worldly sense, but, on the contrary, had lost much by turning from the quiet paths of literature into the excitement and exhaustion of political and Parliamentary warfare."

In 1903 he was made the recipient of a civil list pension for his services to English literature. His long residence in England, where he was as much esteemed as among his own countrymen, never caused his sound and enlightened patriotism to moult a feather. He never degenerated into that hybrid, that mentally self-expatriated Irishman, a West Briton. From his retreat on the southern coast of England he wrote: "I remain a quiet observer of the active world and its movements. From this uneventful place of observation I have seen with intense satisfaction the Irish National party becoming more and more thoroughly united in the maintenance of the Irish cause and its methods of action towards that end. I feel, too, an increasing pride and pleasure in the spread of the national spirit throughout Ireland, and in that one of its later developments which strives, with a continually growing success, for the revival of that ancient language and literature which seemed to belong to the very atmosphere of Ireland and to be as much a part of her characteristic life as her mountains, her lakes, her green valleys and her rushing rivers."

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THE OBLIGATION AND THE SANCTION OF THE MORAL LAW.

IN THE fullest sense of the word, the sanction of the law would be the inner sacredness of its character which makes it good, obligatory,[1] imperative, self-vindicating in its consequences and demanding vindication from its guardian. As a matter of usage, sanction often stands only for the externally added rewards and punishments—especially the latter; and to some extent this limitation is a pity, for it is easily mutilated into a doctrine supporting the view which sees virtue subordinated as a means to gain pleasure and escape pain. Even Christian writers incline at times to speak imprudently on this point, when they really mean nothing injurious, as when Dr. Gutberlet lays it down, in his "Christian Ethics," that the worth of a moral act is estimated in reference to the infinite good, but obligation in reference to happiness: "Der Wert in Beziehung zum unendlichen Gute, die Verpflichtung in die Beziehung zur Glückseligkeit."[2] More accurately, worth is also estimated in its own immediate character and its own power, apart from retribution, to found an obligation, while happiness as such is not primary in imposing obligation. Paley also lays too much stress upon obligation as a kind of "violence" which "is ultimately reducible to the expectation of being rewarded or punished as a result of the divine command. This solution goes to the bottom of the subject, as no further question can reasonably be asked."[3] Here the writer ignores the constraint of virtue for virtue's sake, when its exercise becomes imperative as a matter of rational conduct.

More naturally in an empiricist like Bain, whose view is quite intra-mundane, we expect his language to have resemblance to the illustrations just adduced. He says: "I have given it as my deliberate opinion that authority or punishment is the commencement of the state of mind recognized under the various names of conscience, moral sense, the sentiment of obligation."[4] And again:

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[1] Given the recognition of right and wrong and given that God always forbids wrong and often enjoins right, we have a rational account of obligation which disproves the elaborate contention of M. Charmon in his "Renaissance de Droit Naturel," that only by a faith can we be assured that obligation is a reality. Moral good beyond obligation, when denied by determinists, has little meaning, for they hold that each character inevitably acts up to its own best in given circumstances, and so practically cannot come across the question of supererogation.

[2] "Ethick und Religion," s. 221.

[3] "Moral Philosophy," Book II. *in initio:* "To be obliged is to be urged by a violent motive resulting from the command of another who, in case of disobedience, can disturb our happiness."

[4] "The Emotions and the Will," Chap. X., n. 7.

"Whenever an action is associated with disapprobation and punishment, there grows up in reference to it a state of mind undistinguished from the moral sentiment."[5] Bain, speaking from the legal standpoint, naturally tends to identify responsibility with punishability, for the civil law rather punishes than rewards: "Morality is not prudence, nor benevolence in their primitive spontaneous manifestations; it is the systematic codification of prudential and benevolent actions rendered obligatory by what is termed penalties or punishment; an entirely distinct motive, artificially formed by human society, but made so familiar to every member of society as to be a second nature."[6] For the agnostic writer, of course, human society furnishes by its retributions the highest sanction that he recognizes, as utility for human welfare is his highest ethical standard.

We could not argue exclusively from the fact of insistence being laid by the same author chiefly on punishment that by him no higher consideration was admitted. Cardinal Newman in his earlier writings had greatly emphasized the terrors of conscience as witnessing to the existence of that stern monitor, and the fact was alleged against him, especially by Mr. Edwin Abbott in his hostile "Philomythus," as showing much unloveliness in Newman's ideas of the religious mind. It is likely that early training of a Puritan sort had given a severe tone to Newman's character. But in the "Grammar of Assent" he took occasion to refute the not wholly gratuitous charge against him by adding a fuller account of the witness which conscience bears as well for as against man. He was no Horace to say, "We believe Jupiter when he thunders," but not when his heavens are serene. Certainly he had full sympathy for a free service of God apart from outer constraints, and it was in this spirit that he liked St. Philip's oratory, which kept its members together without vows, while he would not have denied the worth of the religious vows from its own point of view. Strict rules as to fast-days and their manner of observance are good; some in the freedom of their spirit may do more when left to their own generosity. Newman had a mind wide enough to see the value of law, penalty and terror without being blind to spontaniety, virtue for virtue's sake and love.

II.

Bain's idea that obligation means liability to punishment is not wholly untrue to the method by which children are slowly educated into moral perceptiveness: "Go, nurse, and see what Tommy is

[5] "Moral Science," Chap. II., n. 8.
[6] "Ethics," Part I., Chap. III., n. 10.

doing, and tell him not to do it," is the caricature. As a plain fact, children find that good things are given to them for being what is called good and bad things for being what is called bad, and it is the latter treatment that specially impresses them with a sense of obligation. They are little utilitarians, as they must be to start with, before they can apprehend right and wrong in the moral sense. Even Rousseau could not have hoped to start his rational education at the stage of infancy; he could not have given to the baby the reasons for proper conduct. Mere drill precedes as a sort of mechanical introduction to truly ethical instruction and habituation. The life which at first is largely on the sensitive level must gradually rise to the spiritual. Aristotle insists much on habituation before rational explanation, at least upon the philosophic level, can profitably be given. But it is a mistaken doctrine of evolution that sees in the higher man only a more elaborate development of the lower animal; the description which stands more or less in common to the puppy dog and to the small child neglects the underlying difference which is one of kind and not simply of degree. M. Solomon Reinach in his introduction to "Cultes, Mythes et Religions," denies that among rude peoples obligation is merely imposed from without; even among these there is, he maintains, an inner constraint of morality and religion arising in man's rational nature and issuing in certain prohibitions and commands. If he allows the term "sanction" to go over to the meaning of enforcement by penalties and rewards, he would keep the term "obligation" for a more intrinsic significance, even among what are called "primitive peoples." "Assui loin que nous remontions dans le cours des âges, l'homme subit, a côté des contraintes extérieures, une contrainte intérieure. Il n'éprouve pas seulement des resistances, mais il s'en crée a lui-même, sous la forme de craintes et des scrupules. Ces craintes et ces scrupules ont pris, avec le temps, des noms différents; ce sont les lois morales, les lois politiques, les lois religieuses. Aujourd'hui ces trois sortes de lois subsistent et exercent leur action restrictive sur l'énergie humaine; elles existent de même chez les sauvages des temps les plus reculés, mais a l'état confus et pour ainsi dire, indivis."[7] Not all taboos are moral, but some of them

[7] Naturalists say of bodily organisms that wonderful as is the complexity of the highest over the lowest, yet that close inspection shows the main principles to be in common. So it is in the morality of men at different stages of culture. Westermarck is not singular in his conclusion "that when we examine the moral rules of uncivilized people we find that in a very large measure they resemble those prevalent among cultured nations" as to homicide, theft, mutual aid, truthfulness, property, etc., not, of course, without important differences. The like is the testimony of Mr. L. T. Hobhouse: "The comparative study of ethics, which is apt at earlier stages to impress the student with a bewilderment, ends rather by impressing him with a more fundamental and far-reaching uniformity." ("Morals in Evolution," Vol. I., p. 32.) Another analogy between organic and moral development is that many low types are traceable to degeneration.

distinctly are so and have come from a conscientious perception that the objects were ethically bad. There is possible a reasoned classified account of these moral taboos which reaches above Mr. Hobhouse's account of them as being generally resolvable into the more precise question: What will befall a man if he ignore the obligation?[8] It is quite unfair in theorists to limit the mind of uncultivated races by their self-willed analysis of what they call primitive ideas.

III.

Having from one aspect regretted that so sacred a term as sanction has been often limited to rewards and punishments and has been supposed on this interpretation to carry with it the special force of obligation, we may next with safety make some defense of these outer constraints which in its narrower sense it signifies, while we protest against certain theories of an opposite tendency. It is not true that virtue is spoilt by any regard to consequences in the shape of awards made to it on the score of desert. Such recompense, being eminently in the rational order, should be approved. It is generous at times to forego the rewards; it is always noble to esteem virtue for virtue's sake. Moreover, we must not forget that some of the sanctions have intrinsically an ethical value of their own. The belief in the continuance of the good life hereafter is very distinctly a moralizing element, because it declares that the exercise of good conduct is not ephemeral, not a mere flux of admirable events that have no lasting excellence, but vanish at death like a show of fireworks. It is a great slur on human dignity if no noble character is individually to have permanence beyond the few years of mortal life. This truth is to some extent acknowledged by one whose own beliefs are confessedly not assured. He says:[9] "I can lay claim to no religious convictions; I am not aware of any strong desire for any continuance of my personality, and I could accept with equanimity a thoroughgoing materialism, if that seemed to me the inevitable outcome of a dispassionate and critical reflection. Nevertheless, I am in sympathy with the religious attitude towards life, and I should welcome the establishment, on sure empirical foundation, of the belief that human personality is not wholly destroyed by death." After this he adds a remark specially valuable for our present purpose: "Apart from any hope of reward or fear of punishments, the belief in future life must have, it seems to me, a moralizing influence upon our thought and conduct which we can

[8] "Morals in Evolution," Vol. II., 220.

[9] "Body and Mind," by G. McDougall, Preface, p. xiii.

ill afford to dispense with."[10] Really we could not have a very grand idea of human morality if we were convinced that it had not in it any individual duration longer than the material health of the brain, if it were perishable as is the earthly organism. It is only by exaggerating one general aspect—the aspect of self-sacrifice—that the contrary can be pretended. Self-sacrifice is noble, but only in a limited way; it cannot stand as all-in-all, nor is it present in every good action; it must give way before a higher aspect. In God as such it is impossible; in man it must never do away with marked love of self. How could we be urged to the perfection of charity in loving our neighbors as ourselves if it were best to have no desire for all conservation of self?

Therefore, the professors of independent ethics are apt to leave solid truth for rhetoric or for the purpose of making the best of a bad job in their own philosophy, in which happiness beyond the grave has been despaired of because of the personal extinction expected after death. Then they were as eloquent as they can find words to be over yielding up life in a good cause without prospect of reaping any advantage to themselves. Here is an example: "Let me say distinctly at the outset that the ideal view of morality with which I am now concerned does not rest upon idealism in philosophy. There is no reason why the philosophical materialist should not join me in what I shall say of morality. As a matter of fact, there seems to be as much moral idealism among those who call themselves materialists as among any other class of people. Think for a moment of the revolutionists in Russia, most of them young men and women, of whom it is said that you could not offer them a greater affront than to call them idealists. They are materialists; they do not believe in God or a future life; the world of the senses is alone real for them. Yet where do they place their hope? In something they do not see, in something that has never been, for Russia—an era of freedom, an era of democracy, an era of brotherhood. And for that possibility, for that idea, they leave sometimes high rank and station, become ascetics in their mode of life and are ready to go to Siberia or the scaffold."[11]

No doubt here there is in its own order some brave spirit of self-sacrifice; but we must remember that this rhetorician also depreciates scornfully the personal self to exalt an impersonal ideal of morality, for which not even a God is given as the approver;

[10] In a Persian story we read that an official said to a Sultan in Egypt: "Night and day I am occupied in the service of my master, hoping reward from his liberality and dreading punishment from his displeasure." The Sultan wept and said: "If I had been to Allah as thou to thy master, by this time I should have been high among the elect."

[11] "Ethical Religion," by W. M. Salter, p. 20.

it is a mere ideal, with no claim to foundation in any personal divinity. It is cut off from all personal interests as such; morality in ultimate analysis is not for persons, but persons for morality. The question is whether men are first capable, and then rightly capable of such utterly unselfish admiration; also whether theists can love God utterly unmoved by personal fears and hopes, because it is good and has an intense charm for them;[12] and, furthermore, whether a rational self-interest, if it is possible and even permissible, is, at any rate, a diminution of virtue and deserving of the name which has been fixed upon it, "unmasculine."

As regards the incidental difficulty against the personality of the legislator, if this term essentially included shape, and limit, and body and similar characters found in all persons known to our experience as earthly, then to rest the ideal law of morality on such a person would seem to subordinate the law to the law-bound observer who is not a law to himself, but is subordinable under a nondescript superself. Such superself cannot be. Morality must look for its origin to God, with the result of personal immortality in blissfulness for men who keep His ordinances. To make the ultimate basis an impersonal rule based upon no concrete reality gives opportunity for rhetorical flights about personal self-sacrifice, but argues no solid ground for heroism. The ultimate good in ethics cannot be an abstraction. One more specimen we will add of the turgid rhetoric which refutes itself by its visible flabbiness: "Self, purged of egoism, seeks its own best through dedication. We do not ask for crowns and thrones in the next world; we do not ask for compensation which will make earth's trials insignificant. Face to face with death, even the death of those whose love was unspeakably precious, we do not passionately demand again our darlings or cling with tremulous persistence to a promise of immortality. Now, as formerly, the continuance of the individual after death remains a matter for hope and faith. Science as yet can neither affirm nor deny life beyond the grave."[13]

IV.

To the consideration that the sanction hereafter attached as reward to a good life on earth is a state which has, in the wider sense of the term, moral[14] worth of its own, being the service of

[12] *L. c.*, p. 16.

[13] "Essays, Speculative and Suggestive," by J. Addington Symonds.

[14] By a narrower definition the moral is what is free and meritorious, during the probationary course only. And as another matter of definition some call sanction what is added over and above the natural outcome of an act, such as ill health of the glutton and good health of the temperate man.

God in a higher order, we may now add that even the penal sanction for a bad life is also moral as a deserved continuance of that life kept up by the obdurated spirit. Thus a good life on earth has its sanctioning reward in the same life lived on a higher and a blissful plane, whilst a base life on earth has its sanctioning punishment in the same life on a lower and painful plane, where the chief suffering is the *poena damni,* or loss of God's friendship and communion. The reprobate has died with his back resolutely turned upon God, and his chief punishment is to remain, under added aggravated conditions in his chosen situation of aversion from his last and beatific end. To prove that this condition can never be set right does not belong to natural ethics; for what knowledge we have of it we must depend upon revelation. The light of mere reason shows the need of penalty after death, but not the impossibility of a second probation which would be rendered practically safe by the terrible memory of the past experience. Reason does defend the justice of a punishment which is vindictive, not in the mean sense of malicious delight in another's woe,[15] but in the sense that wickedness as naturally calls for a sanction in pain as does virtue for a sanction in happiness. The two diametrically opposed courses ought not in reason to lead to one and the same result, as though there were no irreconcilable difference between them. Among men penalty as vindictive—if it be supposed to exist at all—would belong to the civil state; but nowadays states mostly repudiate the intention of being more than corrective and deterrent in their punishments. God as supreme Remunerator of right and wrong cannot take up that attitude. All ages in His

[15] The canonist Schmalsgrueber uses the apt phrase "justitia vindictiva ex amore recti ordinis"—a great contrast to the fatalistic and immoral visitation of the Athenian deities. As addressed to God, the verse is to be taken from Psalm xxvii., 9: "Give to them according as they have done, and according to the wickedness of their deeds render to them." When we express a truth by saying, God has no delight in punishing, we must avoid a modern apologetic which says that God so sympathizes with His imperfect world as positively and in His divine nature to suffer along with it, because His limited power cannot make it better. Another bad form of apologetic is to deny the real distinction between God and the suffering sinner. Of the pantheistic Schopenhauer Sir A. Lyall writes in his "Second Series of Asiatic Studies," p. 39: "Christianity, whatever may be its philosophic basis, does at least assert with an imperative mandate that is totally wanting in Brahmanism: 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and I will repay it.' This is just the kind of bold, authoritative declaration that I wish the fine-drawing Hindu brain could ever be got to accept without argument or analysis. It is therefore saddening, if not maddening, to find that Schopenhauer, who is drugged with all the drowsy syrups of the East, explains this text as delivered out of the deep knowledge which allows eternal justice to proceed in the sphere of the thing-in-itself, which is different from that of the phenomenon."

regard have given some recognition to expiatory suffering for crime. Plato thinks that the wrongdoer should desire thus to suffer (Repub. x., 613), and other Greek writers, for instance the tragedians, add the need of turning aside divine wrath. In more recent times Kant, who thinks it good for a culprit to receive a thrashing, even though he is not thereby amended, has gone so far as to say that if a state were on the point of dissolution its duty would be to execute its criminals lying under capital sentence in its jails. Always he refers punishment to the recoil of reason upon contradictor or to the vindication of law. The mention of jails would give an excellent opportunity for remonstrative argument from the side of the school most opposed to all idea of expiatory punishment in any instance whatever, for it would lead them to sound the praises of all that criminal treatment is now trying to do by way of improving upon the old brutality which aimed at heaping up pains on an ascending scale of classified offenses without regard to individual needs of regeneration. Nowadays, while it is recognized that prison life will be ineffective unless it is made disagreeable, still palliations are admitted and diseased condition of organism is distinguished from wilful perversity, so far as we can make such distinctions.

Account, too, is taken of human improvability in its complex nature. Even horses cannot indiscriminately be whipped into good behavior; still less can more highly strung or lowly strung men as regards nerves. The movement for a humane treatment of the offending members of the race is one with that which no longer allows officials in an asylum to have a Sunday's rest by going off after tying the patients in bed and putting some food within their reach; or, again, officials in hospitals to put four or five patients with different illnesses in one bed, as we read to have been done in the France of the seventeenth century, whose civilization was not below the average in Europe. To the argument drawn from all these recent ameliorations against us and in favor of those who contend for a changed doctrine as regards our expectation of divine punishments, we must oppose the different position held by God as supreme vindicator of right and wrong. St. Paul, in reference to Deuteronomy xxxii., 31, "To Me belongeth vengeance and recompense," argues (Rom. xii., 19; cf. Heb. x., 30) that his hearers should not usurp the divine office as having no right to it, and as not being able to imitate the unimpassionedness of God, who is above all vindictiveness in the malicious sense of an ill will, while he terribly avenges the cause of the poor oppressed by brutal tyrants. (Psalms ix. and x.)

What revelation thus declares corresponds to a generally diffused

belief of the natural reason which is so important in moral questions and which comes out when a bad philosophy does not keep it back. That representative of the worldly point of view, the weekly edition of the *Times* for December 8, 1911, says: "It is important to remember that there is no effective legislation that is not in advance of the public conscience. Argue as we will in the abstract, there lurks hidden deep in the soul of every one an instinct for retributive punishment. Even the humanitarian who inveighs loudly against our penal system will, when moved by a tale of brutal cruelty to a defenseless woman or child, thank Providence that the brute who committed the act will meet his deserts." The thought appears in the balance of the Pythagorean *antipeponthos* and in the conviction of the Greek tragedians that ill deeds ought to bring ill experience to the doer. Much error in detail may appear, but there is a sound root at the bottom of this retributive idea, at least when God is conceived as the Avenger.[16]

The *Times* is one typical supporter; another is Harnack, who represents a different sphere: "No reflection of the reason, no deliberation of the intelligence will ever be able to expunge from the moral ideas of mankind the conviction that injustice and sin deserve to be punished, and that wherever the just man suffers an atonement is made which puts us to shame and puzzles us. It is a conviction which is impenetrable because it comes out of those depths in which we feel ourselves to be a unity and out of the world which lies beyond the world of phenomena. Mocked and denied as though it had long perished, this truth is indestructibly preserved in the moral experience of mankind."[17]

To return now to obligation apart from retributive sanction, we find some writers trying to get rid of the term. M. Guyan has devised an "Esquisse d'Une Moralité sans obligation." Cotter Morison in his "Service of Man" wrote in favor of abolishing the word "responsibility." Bentham said that "ought" is a term that ought to be abolished; and especially of Aristotle the view

[16] The Roman name for law without an enforcing sanction was an unperfect law. The Greek tragedians said man must meet his deserts and suffer ill for his ill deeds. The error was to exaggerate destiny and blood taint in posterity. The Christian tradition has purified the doctrine, and may properly be counted among those inheritances which Mr. and Mrs. Whetham regret to see lost in our more artificial education: "Those whose experience in life has been of simpler, more primitive type, and who, having accepted many things originally on authority, have seen no reason, as life has lengthened and experience has ripened, to question the accuracy of the empirical knowledge they received. These most valuable teachers are often shut out from office, with their accumulation of traditional wisdom and strength of intuitive morality in its simplest and most impressive forms." ("Heredity and Society," pp. 106-107.)

[17] "What Is Christianity?" Chap. IX.

has been upheld that his "Ethics" are without the idea of obligation. His *to deon* is by some commentators asserted not to carry the sense of the word "duty" as we nowadays understand and glorify that term, making it our motto that "England expects every man to do his duty" and to seek it before glory or pay. It is quite true that Aristotle's analysis was defective, or we may say not definitely attempted. His want of Theism would have prevented a perfect account.

Professor J. A. Stewart, in his notes on the "Nicomachian Ethics" (I., 2, 2; III., 7, 2), quoting Grant's opinion that Aristotelian duty means what we ought to do from any motive, not necessarily a moral motive, and that often it may be æsthetic, opposes this with the assertion that *deon* was a received term with reference to moral subjects and was distinguished from *ophelimon, lusiteloun, kerdaleon, sumpheron.*[18] Stewart, however, as to fulness of definition, allows to Grant that "the exact import of the term was not fixed, inasmuch as controversies were raised about it, as they still are to-day, one of the commonplace discussions being "whether *deon* was *sumpheron* or *kalon.*" (II., 3, 4.)

It is then shown by Stewart that Aristotle grasps the idea of the moral as the conformable to the demands of man's rational nature, and as concerned with the specific good of man which is his last end. This pagan appreciation is immeasurably above that given by the French determinist, M. Bayer, when he attacks the doctrines of intention, merit, responsibility, sanction or of a-t-il de plus puerile que de rendre un individu, quel qu'il soit, responsible de ses actes, que de blamer l'arbre chetif et de feliciter l'arbre vigoureux.

In regard to Aristotle, then, his repeated phrases in their combination attain to the idea of duty and justify the decision given by L. J. Hobhouse[19] that the denial in him of the idea of duty is "an inference extremely unfair." The case seems like that of free will. Mediæval interpreters assumed that Aristotle taught this, but when determinism came to be explicitly discussed, it was found that determinists could read the Greek in their own sense, against which the author could have made no precise provision, because the exact question had not been suggested to his mind—least of all the refinement of "soft determinism" which has been devised to escape, through a phrase, the horror of a fatalistic theory which does not allow that any single man could ever have done better or worse throughout his whole career than he has done.

It is fair to suppose that Aristotle, whose philosophy was one

[18] Plato, Repub., 336 D; Charmides, 164 B; Xen. Mem. I., 2, 22.
[19] "Morals in Evolution," p. 80.

of keen observation, understood well enough the condition of struggling virtue among men to know that it was not a spontaneous output of a spontaneously good nature, but a labored effort to form a second nature of habit under the constraint of moral sanctions, in a double sense of the phrase as supposing the obligation arising from right order and the obligation arising from rewards and punishments, which are added to enforce right order. And thus the moral law is doubly sanctioned, first in itself as prescribing the good and proscribing the evil; secondly, in its adjuncts of prizes for the observant and penalties for the non-observant.

That obligation is imposed primarily by the nature of the virtuous act, and secondarily by pains and penalties. Ethics therefore clearly explains and establishes obligation. But note that it does so only as a *general science,* not as an *all-comprehensive science* dealing with every concrete case in complex life. As it is the error of Dr. Schiller to throw upon logic all the burden of all knowledge, so it is the error of Mr. Pritchard in a confusedly argued paper[20] to attack Ethics for not solving obscure cases of conscience. Ethics looks to clearly recognized duties and thence derives the generic definition of obligation. In this it succeeds. It and Logic are successful accounts of their respective spheres, but only for those who would intrude all sorts of irrelevant questions, forgetful of the maxim, "Divide et impera." Generalized philosophies are not prescriptions.

Many modern writers are working mischief by failure to recognize that of course we cannot make exact divisions between science and science, as the syllabus for an examination cannot absolutely delimit the matter to the learned. In the last case much will depend on custom; much, too, upon the *epilikia* or sweet reasonableness of examiners. Pure logic as such assumes a large area of naturally acquired acquaintance with real truth and takes its rules and its examples from the source of data. Critical or applied logic deals with the skeptically raised question about the reality of knowledge, but only in general, leaving special departments to special research, which may be indefinitely multiplied. A man may specialize on butterflies and find his work very large. So Ethics assumes certain recognized obligations to work upon for a general outline; casuistry becomes more precise; concrete conduct is still more complex. It is absurd to confuse the first with the third department.

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[20] *Mind*, January, 1912.

THE LAY VETO IN PAPAL ELECTIONS.

VERY few constitutional struggles in modern times have excited such world-wide interest as did the contest in England which was brought to a close last summer by the curtailing of the Lords' veto. For two years the struggle had raged fiercely in England, Scotland, Wales and one province of Ireland, while, as we may expect, wild things were often said and wild things sometimes done at the many stormy meetings held in the various constituencies. The scenes which took place at the close of the struggle must have brought a blush of shame to the brow of any one interested in the good name of the English nation. Within the Parliament itself—that sacred institution called by its admirers the mother of Parliaments—the Prime Minister was shouted down and his voice smothered by some leading members of the party which every one hitherto believed to consist entirely of "real English gentlemen."

Still, there is no denying that all over Europe the struggle was watched with the keenest interest. The other countries were anxious to know how far England, the most conservative among nations, would unbend to the rising spirit of democracy. Even in distant America keen interest was taken in England's little domestic storm. The millions of Irish emigrants were naturally anxious to know what would be the end of the struggle on which, as every one admitted, the liberation or continued enslavement of their mother country eventually depended.

And yet what a small fraction of those onlookers were personally affected by the English House of Lords. Over four-fifths of the British Empire itself—over Australia, Canada, South Africa and the other colonies—the Lords did not possess an iota of jurisdiction. To the people of these countries it did not matter three straws if the Lords, instead of having their power curtailed, were accorded the same power in the British Isles as the Czar possesses in Russia. Giving the contest its utmost importance, it cannot be said that more than forty-five or fifty millions of people would be in any way disturbed by its result. The world at large was only interested in the same way as a man is often intensely interested by a good football match, though he does not care a jot which side wins.

But how many, we wonder, of these spectators were aware that a few short years ago, without any angry philippics, without any election brawls, without disturbing in any way the peace of a single individual, another veto, touching vitally the religious interests of three hundred million people, was completely and finally abolished after an existence of more than three hundred years?

Yet such an event actually did take place when in January, 1909, Pope Pius X. promulgated the Pontifical Decree *Commissum nobis,* in which he abolished completely and for ever the right of veto formerly possessed by the crowns of Austria, France and Spain in the election of the Supreme Pontiff. This veto of exclusion possessed by the above-mentioned powers—although in itself "a most odious institution," as Cardinal De Bernis very properly called it—played, nevertheless, a most important part in several conclaves, and a short inquiry into its origin and working will not be devoid of interest as well as of advantage to the Catholic reader.

Writers of ecclesiastical history when treating of this subject are accustomed to distinguish the indirect veto from the direct. With the indirect or material veto we are not now concerned. It consisted merely in secret instructions given by some sovereign to one of the Cardinals composing the conclave, by which instructions he was requested to use all his personal influence to prevent the election of this or that candidate. All that was required, of course, was that he should induce more than a third of the electors to refuse their votes to the debarred candidate. This indirect veto never played an important part in Papal elections, and is only known to have been used occasionally during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The direct or formal veto, however—the one of which we are treating—did not depend on the numerical strength of its upholders, but entirely upon the authentic and expressed wish of the sovereign whose exercise of it had been tolerated. The usual method of exercising the direct veto was as follows: The three rulers in whose power it was to use the veto had each an official representative among the Cardinals. Whenever, therefore, one of these rulers wished to have a certain candidate debarred from the Papacy, he issued orders to that effect and had them transmitted to the Cardinal who was to represent him at the conclave. This Cardinal then, taking up his position at the door of the chapel where the voting was to take place, announced to each of the Cardinals as they filed in the name of the candidate whose election would be highly offensive to his sovereign. This was the usual, though not the invariable way in which the veto was exercised. Sometimes, instead of this method, the Cardinal went in person to the cells of the electors and announced to them that he had received instructions from his sovereign to veto the election of a certain candidate. A third method had begun to be used in more recent times. It consisted in notifying the wishes of the sovereign to the Cardinals when they were actually assembled for the voting. This, as we shall see later, was the method adopted at the conclave of 1903.

The question as to what rulers actually did possess this power is one on which writers are not unanimous. Every one agrees that this power was possessed by the rulers of Austria, France and Spain. Differences of opinion arise, however, as to whether the power was restricted to these three crowns. Many eminent authorities think that the power of veto was possessed also by the King of Portugal. Thus, for example, Monsignor Solieri, one of the foremost canonists in Rome and professor of canon law at the Propaganda University, in his article on the method of electing the Pope has the following words:

"It must also be borne in mind that when the Holy See became vacant the Emperors of Austria and France as well as the Kings of Portugal and Spain exercised for some centuries past a veto of exclusion, that is, they made known their unwillingness to accept the election if some specified Cardinal were elected Supreme Pontiff."

This same view is endorsed by other writers of note. Still, the view does not appear to be a correct one. Apart from the fact that there is no case recorded in history in which the King of Portugal used or attempted to use the direct veto, the Bull by which such power is supposed to have been vested in the Portuguese monarch is very generally admitted to be spurious.

Other writers—not very many, it is true—have held that the King of Naples must be numbered among the rulers possessing this power. If their contention were true, it seems only natural to suppose that the King of Naples would be aware that he possessed such power. Yet in 1823 the King of Naples was certainly unaware of it. In the August of that year King Ferdinand of Naples in a letter to Cardinal Ruffo, who was just setting out to the conclave which followed the death of Pius VII., writes as follows: "Since the monarch of the two Sicilies does not possess the right of exercising the direct veto, that right being reserved to the Courts of France, Spain and Austria, we rely on your sagacity to put into force all the means suggested by your great ability, that thus, through the medium of your adherents and friends, you may bring about an indirect exclusion." From a consideration of these facts we may safely say that to urge such a claim for the King of Naples is absurd, while the claim of the King of Portugal is highly improbable.

The precise time at which this veto originated is another subject that has called forth widely divergent views. Some declare it is to date back as far as the year 1059. In that year a synod was held in the Lateran Palace in Rome, during the course of which the following Decree was drawn up concerning the election of the Supreme Pontiff:

"If a fit person be found in the Roman Church, he is to be taken; if not, one may be sought elsewhere (provided always that the honor and reverence due to our beloved son Henry at present reigning or to any future emperor who shall have personally obtained this privilege from the Holy See shall in no way be impaired)."

This, according to some, is the first authentic instance we have of the existence of the veto which, after the break-up of the Holy Roman Empire passed into the hands of Austria, France and Spain. But such a notion is entirely erroneous. In the first place, many deny the authenticity of the clause in parenthesis, alleging that it was a subsequent interpolation of the imperialist party and is not to be found in the trustworthy acts of the synod. But passing over this and granting for the moment the authenticity of the clause, we must still dissent from the conclusion drawn from it. For indeed the mediæval emperors possessed no power whatsoever to interfere in Pontifical elections. The right which they did possess and which was officially confirmed to them in the Decree we have cited consisted merely in having the name of the Pope-elect notified to them after the election and before his consecration and by no means gave the emperor any right to suspend, even for a time, the Pope's consecration. And this was conceded to the emperors not at all as acknowledging any jurisdiction of the civil power in ecclesiastical matters, but as an act of courtesy to the rulers who were universally recognized as the protectors of the Catholic Church.

Other writers date the origin of the veto to the conclave held in the year 1305, at which Clement V. was elected. In that conclave, indeed, Philip the Fair, King of France, exerted all his influence to obtain the election of some Cardinal who would take his part in the noble work he was engaged in, namely, endeavoring to load with infamy the memory of the defunct Pope Boniface. To aid him in the conclave, he secured the services of Cardinal Pietro Colonna, whose terms with Pope Boniface had not been of the most cordial. But King Philip could not for a moment be said to have exercised a tolerated veto. What he did—or rather what he attempted to do—was to bribe all who were willing to be bribed and to frighten into submission all who were not. It is a consoling reflection to know that all his plotting was in vain, for Clement V., though a man of a very mild disposition, from the very beginning offered a brave and in the end a successful resistance to the unchristian designs of the arrogant monarch.

It was not until the early part of the sixteenth century that the veto began to take shape and form, though it did not develop fully

for more than a hundred years afterwards. When Pope Alexander VI. died in 1500 Rome was the camping ground of both the French and Spanish armies. So embarrassing was the situation that the Cardinals postponed the conclave until the troops were withdrawn. When the conclave finally did take place, Ferdinand, King of Spain, and Louis XII. manifested their preference for certain candidates. Of the two Cardinals supported by the King of France—Cardinals Vera and Piccolomini—the latter was elected. There is very little reason, however, to suppose that his election was in any way due to the wishes of King Louis. This action of the French and Spanish monarchs may be said to have dimly foreshadowed the veto. It was, in fact, a use of what was afterwards known as the *veto pro*; what we are directly treating of is known as the *veto contra.* At any rate, from that time on political influence became a thing which had to be reckoned with in Pontifical elections. We shall notice later on that the Church never ceased to protest against this odious yoke and extended merely a bare toleration to it in the hope of avoiding even greater evils.

Into any details of the great storm, commonly known as the Reformation, which swept over Europe during the sixteenth century, there is no necessity to enter, as the main features of the case are familiar to all. As regards the relations between the Church and the several States of Europe, it need only be said that while some broke into open rebellion against her, others, on the contrary, grew more and more closely allied to her. Prominent among the latter were France, Spain and the remnants of the old Roman Empire. After a while, however, it became quite evident that, as far as States were concerned, their enmity was almost preferable to their friendship. In return for the protection extended to the Church and guaranteed to Catholic worship, secular princes began to impose a most intolerable yoke in the exercise of her spiritual functions. Throughout the whole of the sixteenth and the early part of the seventeenth century the Church, persecuted and harassed by her enemies, was compelled to tolerate the extortions of her friends. During this period and under these circumstances the veto matured into fullness. All through the conclaves of the sixteenth century kings and emperors vetoed one candidate, supported another. Sometimes Spain and Austria would form an alliance against France; then that alliance would be broken up and another formed, and so on until the damage done internally to the Church by her friends became much more serious than the external wounds inflicted on her by her enemies.

What strikes us most forcibly in this veto is the utterly absurd grounds on which, through the veto, candidates were debarred from

the Papacy. Possibly the chief—if not the sole—reasons why a man should be vetoed would be either because of some serious irregularity of life or a complete lack of the power to govern. Yet such were never the grounds on which the monarchs objected to any Cardinal. Sometimes a candidate was opposed by France for no other reason than that he was supported by Spain. At the conclave held in 1550 Cardinal Pole was objected to by the French King, whose sole objection to him was that he was an Englishman!

By some happy design of Providence the influence of both French and German Cardinals was, during the sixteenth century, almost entirely destroyed at the very time that its existence seemed to be most disastrous to the Church. Internal discord took away the attention of France, while the restless activity of Turkey caused the people of Austria and Hungary to concentrate all their activities on that nation. With the election of St. Pius V. in 1566 began what is known as the era of "Spanish predominance." The only opposition which Spain received during this period came from the Cardinals of Venice as well as from the adherents of a few old Italian families.

In the seventeenth century, however, French influence revived again and Austria, having laid Turkey in the dust, was enabled to return once more to the turmoil of European affairs. At the conclave held after the death of Pope Gregory XV. in 1623 the veto practically assumed the shape and form in which it existed at the time of its abolition. Just at the end of the century its form underwent another very small change, but we may say that substantially the veto abolished in 1909 was first used in 1623. It is interesting to note that one of the candidates vetoed on that occasion was Cardinal Borromeo, nephew of the great St. Charles. Throughout most of this century it is noticeable that the veto was very rare exercised by Austria, but very often by France and Spain. The reason is not hard to find. The veto from beginning to end was used as a political weapon and was employed against a candidate, not for unorthodoxy in religion, but in politics. Now, during most of this century there existed a tacit alliance between France and Austria, the object of the alliance being to overthrow the Spanish predominance of which we have already made mention. It followed naturally that any Cardinal hostile to Austria was hostile also to France, while, on the other hand, any one favored by France could confidently rely on the support of Austria. But even this strong partnership could not always effect its end. In the conclave held after the death of Urban VIII., in 1643, France vetoed Cardinal Pamphili, who was supposed to be extremely pro-Spanish in sentiment and had held for many years the post of Nuncio to

the court of King Philip. In spite, however, of the wishes of both France and Austria, Cardinal Theodoli managed to get the lodging of the veto suspended, and Cardinal Pamphili actually was chosen as Pope. At practically every conclave between the years 1650 and 1700 the veto was used. At the last conclave of the century, held in 1691, the veto went through its last evolution and assumed the form in which it reached us in the twentieth century.

This final change in the veto may best be inferred from the words of Cardinal Medici, who, writing to the Emperor Leopold I., says "that the simple manifestation of your royal wish would be obeyed by all." It simply meant, then, that any candidate vetoed by one of the three sovereigns would be considered as "out of the running" by the Cardinals. Just about this time, also, the custom began of lodging the veto not before the conclave, but during it, when the candidate to be vetoed seemed likely to obtain the necessary number of votes. This idea is set forth by the Emperor Leopold I. in a letter which he sent to his representative at the conclave of 1700: "If it should come to pass," wrote the Emperor, "that Cardinal Panciatici seems likely to be elected Pope and that this cannot be prevented by any other means, you will make it known to the assembled conclave that I lodge against him the veto of exclusion, for the doing of which I have most just reasons." Fortunately, however, Cardinal Panciatici never for a moment did seem likely to be elected Pope, so the Emperor's representative was spared all trouble.

Through the course of this century another external change took place, for now Spain more or less dropped out, leaving France and Austria in almost undisputed possession of the veto. Times, of course, must change, and political alliances with them. In 1700 a fierce war—commonly known as the "War of the Spanish Succession"—broke out, and for many years kept Europe in a ferment. It is interesting to notice how uniformly unfortunate France has been whenever she tried to act the part of king-maker for the Spanish throne. She tried it in 1700, but was completely beaten; she tried it once more under Napoleon, but her candidate was thrown out after a brief and most unhappy reign. She tried it for the third time in 1870, and received for her pains a knockout blow from which she will not recover as quickly as many people expect. One of the effects of the war of 1700 was the close union of the crowns of Austria and Spain, which union was responsible for the fact that, as a general rule, they opposed and supported the same candidates at conclaves. The use of the veto, however, during this century was much less frequent than during the previous one.

During the first half of the nineteenth century the veto was

scarcely used at all. At almost every conclave, it is true, the three great powers had lodged their veto against some Cardinal or other, but luckily these vetoed candidates never ran such a chance of being elected as to need the introduction of the veto to exclude them. One exception occurred in the conclave held in 1823. At that conclave Cardinal Severoli was getting more and more votes as the scrutinies went on, till finally Cardinal Albani made it known to the Dean of the Sacred College that he had been entrusted by his royal master to veto him. At the conclave of 1846 Austria had intended to veto Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti. But the Emperor's orders were delayed or miscarried, and when finally they did arrive Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti had already been elected Pope. From that year may be dated the decline of the veto. It was only used once again, and on that occasion its victory, if any, was a pyrrhic one.

It will be useful for us to branch aside here, that we may inspect this veto under the light of Catholic theology and also that we may find out how it was, during its existence, regarded by the Roman Pontiffs themselves, whom it so intimately concerned. The consideration of these two questions will make more evident to us the naturalness of that spirit of opposition to the veto which grew more and more pronounced after 1846 and which eventually culminated in the Decree of January, 1909. The question to be decided is, "What precisely was this veto?" Some consider it to have been a right, others a privilege; the vast majority of Catholic writers claim that it was neither one nor the other. The question is one over which non-Catholic writers do not, of course, waste words. As the majority of them seem to regard the Pope as an individual who does as much harm as he can in this world and is consigned to the bottomest pit of the Inferno in the next, they cannot be expected to consider calmly whether it is more expedient that the future occupant of that sultry resting place should be selected with the help of the civil power or without it. We must therefore let them out of consideration, while we go on to discuss the various theories which are put forward to explain the nature of the veto.

Some writers are of opinion that this power of interfering in Papal elections by means of a veto is an inherent right of every civil power. The reason by which they sustain this extreme opinion is that a bad Pope is a source of the greatest danger to the common welfare. Since, then, the State is obliged to safeguard the common welfare, it follows that it possesses the right to prevent the election of the Papacy of any man likely to be a source of danger. This extreme opinion, however, is not held by many. Far more numerous

are those who hold that the right of veto does not belong to each and every civil power, but solely to the Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, who enjoyed the title of "Protector of the Roman Church." Others again, while agreeing that the mere fact of being the civil power does not give the right of veto, think that this right pertains to the rulers of Austria, France and Spain, inasmuch as these three are, under different aspects, the successors of Charlemagne.

We cannot attempt, within the space of a short article, to enter into a prolonged discussion in refuting such opinions. As regards the first, we need only say that its admission would destroy entirely the notion of the Church being a perfect society. Though the Church has always taught that her Divine Founder laid down no hard and fast rules as to who should or who should not take part in the election of the Supreme Pontiff, yet it is equally true that she holds and defends from Scripture and tradition that Christ never conceded any jurisdiction whatsoever to the civil authority in spiritual matters. No one will attempt to deny that to decide who is or who is not to be her head is a matter which cannot be taken out of the hands of the Church without making her subservient and inferior to the State. Why, the right to elect its own chairman would be conceded without hesitation by all to an assembly of chimney-sweeps, yet few people would think of placing such an assembly on a level with the Catholic Church. Consequently, it is ridiculous to assert that each and every civil power can lawfully interfere in Papal elections. Very little more need be said about the second opinion. In the first place, the Holy Roman Empire does not exist to-day, but, even if it did, the fact of being its ruler would confer no right of vetoing in Papal elections. Such a right was never claimed by Constantine, nor, had he claimed it, would it ever have been willingly conceded to him.

Whatever about the truth or untruth of the supposition on which the third opinion is based, namely, that the rulers of Austria, France and Spain are, under different aspects, the successors of Charlemagne, the opinion itself is entirely untenable. Nothing is more natural than that the successors of a mighty Christian ruler should be treated with the utmost courtesy by the Court of Rome. But as far as obtaining a right to interfere in spiritual matters is concerned, they might just as well have been successors of "Old King Cole." At the same time it may be said that the resemblance between Charlemagne and some of the present rulers of France is—to say the least—not very striking.

The veto, then, cannot be regarded as belonging by right to any of the powers exercising it, but we must now consider whether

it is what is known as a *consuetudo juris,* that is to say, a right to do something acquired by the very fact of doing it frequently without hurt or hindrance. To many this would seem to meet the case of the veto. There is no doubt that for centuries the rulers of Austria, France and Spain manifested their likes and dislikes to the assembled Cardinals, while it is equally undeniable that, so far from being thrown out, this advice was, in the vast majority of cases, complied with. Many would therefore put the veto down as being just an "unwritten right." But the conclusion is entirely false. A little probing beneath the surface will soon reveal the fact that the veto fails absolutely to fulfill the conditions required for a *consuetudo juris.* In order that the fact of doing a thing may eventually establish a right to do it, four conditions are necessary. The thing done or the custom introduced must be reasonable or in accordance with the principles of common sense; it must be acknowledged, it must be lawfully prescribed and it must be approved. If the custom introduced fails in any one of those four conditions, it cannot be held to establish a right. We must therefore see whether the veto fulfills all these conditions, and to do so we must pass for a few moments into the plains of history.

If we wish to know whether the veto was in accordance with the principles of common sense, we have only to read history. Nothing could be more degrading or humiliating to the Catholic student than the perusal of the ridiculous pretexts under which, by means of this odious veto, good, saintly and learned prelates were excluded from the Papacy. Thus, for example, Cardinal Pole was excluded because he was an Englishman; Cardinal Borromeo was excluded because his uncle was a great reformer, and it was feared that he, if elected Pope, would "go and do likewise," and on pretexts of a like nature were excluded countless others. Now, when we consider that the only thing which should be taken into account was the candidate's fitness to rule the Universal Church, we can soon come to a conclusion as to whether the veto was in accordance with the principles of common sense. If a man who applied for a post as engine-driver were rejected on the grounds that he could not play the piano or the violin, what would the world at large say? Yet such a proceeding is infinitely more sensible than rejecting a man from the Papacy on the sole ground of his being an Englishman.

But from the fact that any custom does not fulfill the first condition, it follows that it cannot fulfill the third, or that it can never be lawfully proscribed. Until such time as the world shall have become one large lunatic asylum, no length of time can proscribe a custom which is contrary to reason.

The second condition is perhaps the least important of all. It regards the manner in which a custom must juridically be introduced. Canonists say that there must exist full knowledge, liberty, the intention of binding and uninterrupted continuity of exercise. Some of these conditions were not verified, or at least were not verified fully in the case of the veto. As a matter of fact, one of the powers frequently objected to another attempting to exercise the right of veto. At the conclave of 1691 Cardinal de Forbin-Janson, the representative of the French king, declared "that France and Spain alone possessed the right of exclusion, and that France would on no account tolerate such interference on the part of Austria."

The principal condition, however, which a custom requires is the approval of a legitimate superior. Approval may be of three kinds—it may be express, tacit or presumed. We must therefore consider whether the Roman Pontiffs—who are the legitimate superiors in this case—can be said to have ever given either express or tacit or presumed consent to the veto.

An express sanction of the veto would be any authentic act or document of a Roman Pontiff approving of this custom or recognizing it as a right of the three Catholic States. Needless to say, no such document exists or ever did exist. No Pontiff has been so unmindful of the exalted dignity of his office as to reduce it to the level of a political job.

Nor was there any silent consent about the veto. As far as was possible, the Roman Pontiffs have ever tried to keep Papal elections regulated as strictly ecclesiastical affairs. Time and again succeeding Popes have raised their voices against secular influence; they exhorted the electors to consider only the welfare of God's Church and to lay aside all political considerations. It will be sufficient to notice while passing the various Pontifical acts in which the Roman Pontiff openly and strongly condemned the veto. It was condemned by Pius IV. in the Bull *In eligendis,* by Gregory XV. in the Bull *Æterni Patris,* by Clement XII. in the Bull *Apostolatus officium.* As we have not yet begun to treat of the overthrow of the veto, which became more and more of a necessity from the time of Pius IX. onwards, we will omit for the present that Pontiff's condemnations of it.

It may be very fairly objected by non-Catholics that there was no sincerity in these condemnations. If they were sincere, we will be told, how can we account for the fact that the Pontifical injunctions were not carried out, but, on the contrary, Austria, France and Spain were left in undisturbed possession of their veto for centuries after? And, they will continue, if the instructions of Pius

IV., Gregory XV. and Clement XII. were not acted upon, how do we know that the Decree of Pius X. will not be treated in the same way? We must be excused for treating the second question first. Since the question as to how the Decree of Pius X. will be treated regards the future, we will not undertake to answer it. One thing, however, is certain, that any one who violates it will incur the penalty of excommunication, so that perhaps its violations will not be quite so numerous as some people imagine.

To compare the condemnation of Pius X. with that of the other Pontiffs is stupid and ridiculous. The Decree of Pius X. was imperative, and its violation, for any cause whatsoever, is followed by the penalty of excommunication; the injunctions of the other Pontiffs were exhortations and their violation, for a just reason, was followed by no penalty at all. Now as regards the first question, which amounts to this, "Were those condemnations of Pius IV. and the other Popes merely bluff?" we answer that most decidedly they were not, but were quite as sincere, though not quite as drastic, as the condemnation of Pius X. But the reason of their not being acted upon is very simple. The Papal policy—if we may use such an expression—has always been to maintain peace with the various powers with which it is brought into contact. Now, though the Papacy is brought into contact with every power under the sun, it was brought into contact in a special manner with Austria, France and Spain during the period in which the veto was tolerated. For while other powers—England, for example—rejected the Papacy, burned its places of worship, put its priests to the sword, Austria, France and Spain came forward to protect Catholicity and, as far as was in their power, obtain its free exercise all the world over. These States thus became, in a certain manner, the guardians of the Papal policy. Consequently the Papacy, through motives of prudence, was willing to tolerate that in the selection of the Pope, the personification, as it were, of the Papal policy, the rulers of such States as helped to defend and expand that policy should have their say.

It must not, however, be concluded from what we have said that the veto was an explicit or even an implicit bilateral contract between the Church and the Catholic powers. There never was any contract at all; so that, as far as strict justice was concerned, what was done by Pius X. a few years ago could have been done by any other Pontiff during the past three hundred years.

Neither can it be said that the Pontiff's approbation could be presumed. Presumed consent must rest on two suppositions. In the first place, the superior whose consent is presumed must be

ignorant of the custom which is being introduced, and, secondly, the custom itself must be a rational one. The first supposition certainly was absent in the case of the veto. No one could suppose for a moment that the Popes were ignorant of a custom practiced under their eyes. That the second supposition also was not verified, or that the veto was entirely out of harmony with common sense, we have already endeavored to show.

The veto, then, was nothing more or less than an abuse, an encroachment, the principle of which was always bitterly resented by the Catholic Church. It was, we may say, the price unjustly extorted by secular princes for protection, which the love of truth and zeal for the welfare of God's Church should have made a duty and not a task. And for centuries the Church consented to pay this heavy penalty rather than damage any further the interests of religion. And now we must go on to consider why it was that even the exercise of this veto could no longer be permitted, but was explicitly condemned by the reigning Pontiff.

Into any particulars of the revolutions which convulsed Europe about the middle of the last century it is unnecessary to enter, as they are well known to all. Though the revolutions were marked by different tendencies in different countries, yet in one particular respect they all agreed, namely, in implacable opposition to the doctrines of the Catholic Church. Ever since that eventful period the legislation of most European countries has steadily progressed on lines which every one knows the Catholic Church will and must oppose. To the smoldering flames additional fuel was added by the action of the Vatican Council in 1870. To the average Protestant mind the definition of Papal Infallibility has never been anything but a move on a political chessboard. It was, in their opinion, the last throw of a desperate gambler. The Pope, they argued, seeing that he had irretrievably lost all power in the political world, attempted to regain it by spiritual arms. It mattered nothing that Infallibility was believed as universally in 1770 as it was in 1870; it mattered nothing that Infallibility is confined to the domain of faith and morals; all that mattered was that men like Bismarck in Germany and Gladstone in England proclaimed the definition to be a political stroke, and for the non-Catholic masses the question was settled.

In the midst of all this strife and turmoil we may be quite sure the authorities of the Church were more than ever vigilant. The conviction was borne in on them that the day had gone when they could, even in the smallest degree, "put their trust in princes," and in consequence they carefully took their bearings. To any mind it must be evident that the veto, giving as it did the civil authority

considerable influence in an ecclesiastical matter of the highest importance, should have been regarded at once with the greatest suspicion and dislike.

What we may regard as the first move towards the abolition of the veto was made by Pius IX. in 1871 when he touched on the question of Papal elections in the Bull *In hac sublimi.* The Pontiff warned the electors that a candidate should be selected: "Any intervention on the part of the civil power of whatsoever grade or condition having been entirely prevented and removed." This and similar pronouncements from the head of the Church gave considerable annoyance to the statesmen who had made up their minds that the only way in which the Church could be tolerated at all was by making her a little dependency of the State. They were especially annoying to the great German Chancellor, Bismarck, who was just then in the zenith of his glory and was simply bubbling over with Pan-Germanism—a natural result of the whipping to which he had just treated France. In May, 1872, Bismarck sent round a note to his diplomatic agents in which he stated that, considering the revolution which had been wrought in the Church by the definition of the Vatican Council, the civil power had undoubtedly acquired the right to take a part in future conclaves. "Before the civil governments admit the election of any Pope whatsoever," wrote the Chancellor, "and authorize him to make use of these powers, they are justified in demanding that his election and his person offer such guarantees as must of necessity be demanded, lest such power should be abused." The idea of the Pope being "authorized" by the civil authority to use his spiritual powers was a characteristic Bismarckism.

Just about this same time—possibly, indeed, as a natural result of this and similar expressions of opinion—a rumor was spread around that Pius IX. was contemplating the abolition of the veto. The Pontiff had, as we have seen, spoken pretty forcibly on the subject in his Bull of the previous year. Concerning the rumor of the Pope's intention, one of the Roman papers—the *Osservatore Romano,* a Vatican organ—on the 29th of June, 1872, has the following comment:

"If it were true, the Church would only be protecting herself against the insidious plots of some of her adversaries. Austria, France and Spain, at the time when their veto was taken into consideration by the electors, were States preëminently Catholic, where heresy and free thought were not placed on an equal footing with Catholic belief. How can it be supposed that the Holy See would be willing to entrust, even indirectly, its most vital interests to an Andrassy, to a Thiers or to a Torilla or to any worse un-

believer whom the ups and downs of politics may place at the head of a government?"

To this very truthful statement we can only say that it could have been repeated every day from 1872 to 1909. What kind of a Pope would we be likely to have if, for example, the present-day rulers of France had anything to say to his election? The ups and downs of politics in that country have certainly succeeded in bringing some very extraordinary individuals to the surface.

Once more did Pius IX. raise his voice against this cruel yoke. In his Bull *Licet per Apostolicas,* promulgated on September 8, 1874, the saintly Pontiff, referring to future conclaves, wrote as follows:

"We beseech the Cardinals that they proceed to the election without any prejudice of mind, swayed by the wishes of no one, unmoved by the pleadings of powerful secular princes; but, intent solely upon the glory of God and the utility of the Church, that they strive to elect as quickly as possible him who, in their judgment, will be, more than any other, a worthy and vigilant pastor of Christ's universal flock." This same admonition the Pope reiterated in the Bull *Consulturi,* promulgated five months before his death.

Meanwhile the anti-Catholic press of Europe continued to beat the drum of aggression against the Papacy. In 1875 the *Post*—a German paper and an enthusiastic supporter of Bismarck's ecclesiastical policy, expressed the opinion that the time was now ripe for all the powers "to hold a general conference for the purpose of determining the conditions of a conclave and of defining under what circumstances Pontifical acts would be regarded as valid in the eyes of the powers." Such was the state of affairs when Pope Pius IX. died in 1878.

The conclave which followed the death of Pius IX. was watched with intense interest by Catholics and non-Catholics all the world over. When the aged Pontiff was dying several papers had openly suggested that after his death the Italian Government should complete the work of 1870 by forcing its way into the Vatican and refusing to allow the election of any Cardinal who would not recognize the new order of things and renounce for ever the Papal claims to temporal sovereignty. And unquestionably there were many prominent men in Italy who would be only too happy if such a suggestion were complied with. Fortunately no such drastic measure was adopted, and the conclave—which proved to be a very short one—was held without disturbance or hindrance of any kind. In this conclave the veto was not used at all. It is said—though the authenticity of the tale is very doubtful—that France would, as a matter of fact, have lodged a veto against a certain prominent

Cardinal had he at any time seemed likely to be elected. The objection to him was that when French pride was humbled to the dust by the capitulation of Napoleon III. at Sedan this prelate had given a banquet to some of his friends to celebrate the event. However, the veto was not required, as the Cardinal in question got no vote at all at the conclave.

Throughout the long and eventful pontificate of Pope Leo XIII. Catholic opinion grew stronger and stronger against the veto. One theological writer in an article on the veto of exclusion, written during this period, asks very pertinently: "What is the meaning of this right of exclusion exercised even at present by the Emperor of Austria as well as by the rulers of France and Spain, if these sovereigns are no longer in reality the protectors of the Church? They have evidently no pretext for upholding their pretension." These words give the key to the situation. The rulers of these countries had ceased to be in any way whatsoever the protectors of the Church, and thus they had withdrawn the only pretext on which even a *tolerari potest* could be extended to their meddling in ecclesiastical affairs.

But the trend of political events during this period succeeded in making the further existence of the veto not merely undesirable, but positively ridiculous. For while France on the one hand entered upon that furious campaign against Catholicity, which is not yet ended, and set itself, in the forcible language of one of its politicians, "to extinguish the star that shone over the stable of Bethlehem," Austria on the other entered with Germany and Italy into that political league known as the Triple Alliance, and by so doing undertook to secure to the House of Savoy its unjust possession of Rome. Could anything be more ridiculous than to expect that France, if it were going to war to-morrow with Germany, should first send a polite message to the Emperor William at Berlin to ask him if he had any objection to this or that general being put in command of the French troops or to inform him that France objected to some general or other of his and demanded that he should receive no post of authority during the campaign? We can quite imagine the reception which such a message would receive at the Prussian Court. Yet this absurd policy many think the Catholic Church should tolerate, for that is just about what the veto would amount to in the world of to-day.

There seems every reason to believe that the Triple Alliance intended making use of the veto for purposes far other than the glory of God and the utility of the Church. A leading German newspaper—the *Frankfort Gazzette*—made no secret at all of this fact. Towards the close of the last century, when the advanced years

and failing health of Pope Leo XIII. made it evident that another conclave would very soon take place, the *Gazzette* in an article on the subject contained this significant passage: "The Triple Alliance is making preparations even now for the future conclave. England, Italy and Germany have brought pressure to bear on the Emperor of Austria to make him use his right of veto. The Pope remains, as ever, a great political power, which must be taken into account, and of this the States of the Triple Alliance are well aware. If Austria resolves to make use of its right of veto, it will take care that the Cardinal to whom this task is entrusted does not arrive too late."

The Catholic standpoint at the same period was very concisely expressed by Monsignor Giobbio, one of the professors of the University of Milan, in a little work on the veto, published in 1897. After having shown the hostility displayed by France and Austria towards the Church in their modern legislation and having called attention to the insignificant part which Spain plays in the Europe of to-day, the learned professor concludes: "These considerations lead me inevitably to the following conclusion: Since the rulers of the three great Catholic powers in their actual legislation have apostatized from Catholicism, proclaiming atheism and State neutrality, it follows as a natural consequence that these reasons which formerly permitted the Holy See to tolerate the veto of exclusion exist no longer and the rulers would have no just ground for complaint if no further notice is taken of their attempted exclusions."

And this is precisely what did occur very soon. In the very next conclave the veto was repudiated and, shortly after the coronation of the new Pope, was abolished entirely.

Many accounts of the conclave which followed the death of Pope Leo XIII. have already been written, and its details are in consequence well known. From the very beginning it was quite evident that the choice of the Cardinals would eventually fall upon either Cardinal Rampolla, Cardinal Gotti or Cardinal Sarto. Of the three, Cardinal Rampolla, in the beginning, seemed by far the most likely. At the opening session, held on the morning of August 1, 1903, the votes accorded to these three Cardinals were: Cardinal Rampolla, 24; Cardinal Gotti, 17; Cardinal Sarto, 5.

In the second sitting, held the same evening, Cardinals Rampolla and Sarto went up, while Gardinal Gotti received one vote less. The numbers were: Cardinal Rampolla, 29; Cardinal Gotti, 16; Cardinal Sarto, 10.

Just when the Cardinals were about to cast their votes for the third time, on the morning of August 2, they were treated to a mild surprise by the introduction of the veto. Cardinal Puzyna,

Archbishop of Cracow, had received instructions from the Emperor of Austria to lodge, in his name, the veto against Cardinal Rampolla if it seemed at all probable that he would be the candidate selected by the Cardinals. After the second voting it became quite evident that Cardinal Rampolla might, at the very next sitting, receive the requisite number of votes, so nothing remained for Cardinal Puzyna but to declare his mandate at once. When, therefore, the Cardinals had assembled on the following morning for the third voting, Cardinal Puzyna, having requested permission from the Cardinal Dean to make an announcement, rose and in a voice trembling with emotion read the following note:

"Having been entrusted with this task by the highest authority, I wish to inform your Eminence in your position as Dean of the Sacred College and Camerlengo of the Holy Roman Church, humbly begging you to make the fact known officially in the name and by the authority of his Apostolic Majesty Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, that His Majesty, wishing to exercise a right and a time-honored privilege, lodges a veto of exclusion against my most worthy Lord Cardinal Mariano Rampolla. † J. Cardinal Puzyna.

"Rome, August 2."

For a few moments after the reading of the note dead silence reigned in the Sistine. Then Cardinal Oreglia, the Dean of the Sacred College, to whom the note had been directly addressed, arose and in a voice perfectly audible to the whole assembly declared: "This communication will not be announced to the conclave either officially or officiously; no notice whatsoever will be taken of it." The Cardinal Dean was immediately followed by Cardinal Rampolla, who stood up—as one of the papers at the time described him—pale, stately and in this embarrassing moment resplendent with dignity. "I deplore the fact," said the Cardinal Secretary, "that in the election of a Pontiff a lay power has attempted such a serious interference with the liberty of the Church and with the dignity of the Sacred College; consequently, I strongly protest against it. In as far as this interference touches my humble self, I do declare that nothing would be more welcome to me, nothing would render me so happy."

The only other speaker was Cardinal Perraud, Bishop of Autun, who in the name of the French Cardinals protested energetically against this attempted civil interference. The electors then proceeded to the voting. That the Cardinals were uninfluenced by Austria's veto is pretty evident from the fact that in the first scrutiny held that morning Cardinal Rampolla maintained the twenty-nine votes he had received the previous evening, while in

the second scrutiny his votes actually rose to thirty. The figures for that day—the second day of the conclave—were:

First scrutiny—Cardinal Rampolla, 29; Cardinal Sarto, 21; Cardinal Gotti, 9.

Second scrutiny—Cardinal Rampolla, 30; Cardinal Sarto, 24; Cardinal Gotti, 3.

This was Cardinal Rampolla's zenith. From that on he continued to lose, and at the very next scrutiny Cardinal Sarto—who from the beginning had been going up by leaps and bounds—headed the list with twenty-seven votes, Cardinal Rampolla being second with twenty-four.

On the morning of August 4—the fourth day of the conclave—Cardinal Sarto received more than the required number of votes, and the conclave came to an end. The figures for the scrutiny held that morning were: Cardinal Sarto, 50; Cardinal Rampolla, 10; Cardinal Gotti, 2.

Most writers have agreed in admitting that the defeat of Cardinal Rampolla was in no way due to the veto lodged against him by the Emperor of Austria. Commenting on the event at the time of Cardinal Puzyna's death, which occurred on September 8, 1911, the *Corriere della Sera*—a Milan paper which will certainly not be accused of being over-Catholic in tone—expresses itself thus: "It cannot, however, be said that it was the Austrian veto which kept Cardinal Rampolla out of the Papacy, since it is well known that his votes afterwards actually went up by one. The candidature of Cardinal Sarto was determined by various circumstances, the chief one of which was the desire to select as Pope a prelate accustomed to active missionary life rather than to a diplomatic career."

Why precisely the Emperor of Austria did object to Cardinal Rampolla is not as yet known to the public. It is not, however, very difficult to supply a reason. There is no man in the Church who is so much open to all kinds of groundless suspicions as the Pope's Secretary. This post Cardinal Rampolla had held under Pope Leo XIII., and it is quite possible that it was something or other done by him in this capacity that brought the ill will of the Emperer upon him. Or it may be also that the objection to Cardinal Rampolla did not originate at all in the Court of Vienna, but much nearer home. This at least is the opinion expressed by the *Corriere della Sera,* which certainly would not throw suspicion on the Italian Government unless it had some grounds for its words. In the same article from which we have already quoted the *Corriere,* referring to the attempted exclusion of Cardinal Rampolla, says: "There is reason to believe that Italy was not entirely neutral in

this diplomatic manœuvre, and that the plan was concocted by the three cabinets of the Triple Alliance."

But the action of the Cardinals—though of course it sounded the death-knell of the veto, cannot be regarded as its official abolition. But Pope Pius X. did not hesitate long about endorsing their action and consummating the work which Cardinal Oreglia had begun. From the moment of his accession to the Papacy every one knew that the abolition of the veto was only a question of time. Nor was the general opinion doomed to be falsified. In his Apostolic Constitution, *Commissum nobis*, Pope Pius X. abolished absolutely and for ever any veto whatsoever on the part of the civil authority in Papal elections. Though the Decree was drawn up on January 20, 1904, and bears that date in its concluding passages, yet it was not officially promulgated till January, 1909, and it appears in the *Acta Pontificia* of that year.

The Pope's Decree is short and does not at all enter into a discussion on the origin or history of the veto. In the opening passages the Pontiff declares that the task entrusted to him of guarding the welfare of the Church imposes upon him the duty of rooting out and destroying any innovation or custom calculated to impede the Church in the exercise of her legitimate functions. Chief among these, he continues, is the veto of exclusion exercised for centuries by certain of the civil authorities. He then goes on to describe how this veto had always been objected to by the Holy See, giving as his authority the various Bulls condemning it, which we have already enumerated. After that, in forcible, concise language, the Pope formally and officially declares the veto abolished absolutely and for ever, ordaining further that any Cardinal attempting, under any pretext whatsoever, to introduce it at a future conclave shall incur the penalty of excommunication, the absolution of which is reserved *speciali modo* to the Pope who shall be elected at the conclave.

And thus ended after an existence of more than three centuries the veto exercised by the civil power in Papal elections. What seems rather strange now is that the Decree of Pius X., touching as it did on the vexatious question of the relations between Church and State, aroused very little comment in the anti-Catholic press of Europe. It seems too good to be true that the yellow journalists should display, even for once, a little common sense. The ravings we have recently been treated to over the *Ne Temere* Decree render such a supposition next to impossible. We may rest assured that when some political dodge is to be worked or some anti-Catholic frenzy is to be stirred up the Decree abolishing the lay veto will be dragged to light once more.

By learned Catholics who could appreciate the grave peril to which the veto exposed the Church the Pope's Decree was universally hailed with the greatest satisfaction. Just a short time before, Pope Pius X. in his first encyclical had declared that the motto of his pontificate would be "to restore all things in Christ." When he is dead and gone and the world is passing judgment upon him, people will, perhaps, come to see that few acts of his pontificate conduced more to the fulfillment of his chosen motto than his promptitude in abolishing for ever the long-standing veto of Austria, France and Spain.

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THE ROMAN NAME.

NOT all titles historically so explainable and so frequently discussed are yet so commonly misknown as is "Roman" in its Catholic use. Father Thurston[1] and "Propagandist"[2] make strong opposition to the term "Roman Catholic." But the Church is Roman, notwithstanding. What, then, does "Roman" mean?

Of all writers most easily accessible to readers of English, the historians Bryce and Freeman and Bury guide us best in our search for the meaning of this word.

In the beginning there were no Romans except the free townsmen of Rome. For five centuries of the city's existence these were the only Romans. But when the city grew powerful enough to have needful allies the name of Roman was finally extended to these. In the year 88 before our era all such allies were admitted to citizenship. By this procedure the city parted forever with her exclusive right to the name of Roman. Birth or residence within the narrow bounds of the city was not a requisite for Romanism. Whoever fulfilled certain other conditions might, independently of abode and nationality, be or become a Roman. The first outsiders to be incorporated as Romans were various Italian nations. But Roman and Italian never became synonymous. Later the title and privileges of Roman were extended to peoples and individuals far beyond the confines of Italy. An edict of Caracalla bestowed on free men of all countries subject to imperial rule the rights of Roman citizenship.[3] Romans might then be Italian in nationality,

[1] "History of the Name 'Roman Catholic,'" in *The Month*, September, 1911.
[2] "The Name of the Church," in *The Ecclesiastical Review*, February, 1903.
[3] *Cf.* Bryce, "The Holy Roman Empire," new edition, p. 5.

or Spanish, or Gallic, or German, or Egyptian, or Greek, or anything else. Then and thereafter Romanism was the great expanse of world wherein lived all who enjoyed the civilization, the culture, the laws, the literature which prevailed throughout the empire. St. Paul, of Semitic blood and Græco-Jewish education and Christian religion, was as indisputably Roman[4] as was any Latian of the Palatine or the Suburra.

Many languages were vernacular within the vast regions of this Roman world. But in imperial times no one of these was exclusively the Roman tongue. Latin had not vanquished all competitors in the West, although through the influence of Law and Church and Army and Letters it had spread ineradicably to remotest regions and had been adopted by groups of nations who in their endeavors to learn and use it created the Romance languages of to-day.[5] In the East the expressive and adaptive language of the Greeks had long since become an ubiquitous lingua franca. But neither Greek nor Latin was all dominant; neither was the sole Roman tongue, although both were eminently Roman as being the chief languages of Romandom; and both, in their vernacular forms, were called Roman by the peoples in the provinces who spoke them.

The Romans of imperial times were therefore not citizens of one city exclusively. They were no one homogeneous people. They were various in nationality, in religion, in language. Romanism implied nothing racial, nothing local, no special fatherland. It was a species of government, a pale of civilizaton and culture, and later a religion—Christianity. The opposite of Romanism was simply barbarism and, later, heathenism.

In the creation of this Romanism many forces contributed. But Latinism and Hellenism were predominant. In many respects Latinism was the more active, and in other ways Hellenism was the more influential. In imperial times the Latin Romans may have been less numerous than the Hellenic. Many of the makers of Romanism were not Latins; very many of these makers were Greeks. Latin literature was scarcely more than one branch, one development, of Greek literature. Yet in some ways Hellenism was antagonistic to Latinism. But no such antagonism existed between Hellenism and Romanism; for Hellenism was part of the constitution of Romanism. Numerous great spirits of the empire were neither Latin nor Greek, but yet were Roman. It is perhaps incorrect to say that, except in language, Vergil and Horace and Tacitus and Juvenal were really Latins, although they

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[4] Acts xvi., 37-39.

[5] *Cf.* Meyer-Lübke, "Einführung in das Studium der Romanischen Sprachwissenschaft," Heidelberg, 1901.

were Romans. Pliny in his *Historia Naturalis* has left us much information about art. And although he mentions a multitude of artists' names, of painters and sculptors and architects, none are Latin, and nearly all are Greek. Even in Rome itself the inhabitants were largely non-Latin, and had become a heterogeneous conglomeration of races.[6] Vespasian expelled a number of undesirable inhabitants and imported into the city one thousand families from the provinces.[7] Of the very emperors, all were Romans indeed, *imperatores Romani,* but not all were Tiberine by birth. Under Trajan the empire was in the zenith of its power; but Trajan was of Spanish birth. Maximinus, a Roman like all the others, was originally a Thracian shepherd. Philip became Roman emperor, but by birth and blood and nationality he was an Arabian. Romanism was civilization. And all nationalities on becoming recognizedly civilized were presumed to have become Roman. Varastad, the last victor who ever won a prize in the Olympic games, was an Armenian.[8] But he was at the same time a Roman. Antagonism to Romanism was antagonism to civilization. Such actually was the prevailing sentiment of the barbarians, as they began to ascend into civilization. As for the Greeks, who had contributed so much to the formation of Romanism, they were, as early as our fourth century, more conscious of being Romans than of being Hellenes. This historic fact entered into their folklore and folksongs and religious feeling, and is there yet.

Since free men were Romans wheresoever they lived in the empire, and since the Roman emperor might originate from any province whatsoever, it was no embarrassment for citizens other than Latians to allow the emperor's right to reside in any city or portion of the empire wherever as military commander or civil monarch he could rule to best advantage. Tacitus[9] had already implied as feasible such change of imperial residence; *posse principem alibi quam Romae fieri.* Constantine's new Rome on the Bosporos was established against no serious opposition. Byzantion could hardly be called a new capital; it was the old capital in a new locality.

For Christianity to become identified with Romanism was historically logical. Christianity had become conterminous with civilization and with the empire. Christianity had absorbed and transformed all the cultural elements of Roman civilization. What term described the universal and ecumenical character of the empire also described the universal character of the Church. "Roman"

[6] Juvenal, "Sat.," III., 60-125; Lucan, "Pharsalia," VII., 405.
[7] Suetonius, "Vespasian," VIII.; Aurelius Victor, "De Gaes," IX.
[8] Kedrenos, I., 326.
[9] "Hist.," I., 4.

was a more popular and demotic word, and less theological, than was "Catholic" to express the ecumenical influence and power of the divine institution. Romanism was the bond of solidarity which made a unit of the nations of the empire. Christianity had become this bond, and had thus become Roman. His Christianity became every man's strongest claim to the title of Roman.

After most Romans had become Christian, popular logic and language regarded as Romans only such as were of the Christian religion. Pagan communities and peoples were distinguished from the Romans and were called by their ancient national names. Thus in the Greek countries of the East the Christians called themselves Romans and were so called by others, while such Greeks as had remained pagan were known as "Hellenes." All Christians were Romans accordingly. But as they were outwardly distinguishable by their liturgical languages, and since their liturgical languages were chiefly two, Latin and Greek, we may divide the multitudinous Romans into two mighty sections, and may speak of Græco-Romans and Latino-Romans.

In the course of time the name of Roman remained more at home and more familiar in the East than in the West. The name survived longest where Romanism happened to be most intense, in old Rome and in the countries of Hellenic Romanism. For the first few centuries Christianity was densest in the East. Indeed the most thoroughly Christianized portion of the world may have been Asia Minor[10] until subdued by Islamism. And since Christian Asia Minor was nothing if not Roman, all non-believers of the nearer East ended by calling all Christians "Romans." In the sixth century Chosroes the Second calls the kingdom of Byzantion "Romania," which means "Romandom."[11] In the eyes of Persians, Arabs and Turks, Constantinople was the great city of the Romans.[12] The Seljuk monarchs who from 1074 to 1307 reigned at Ikonion called themselves "sultans of Roum," because they were ruling over cities and territory which they had taken from the Romans or Christians. In Arabic a common word for "Christian" is "Roum" or "Rum." In the Arabic language of the Spanish Moors the word "rumiya" meant a Christian slave-girl.[13] In Arabic literature the "king of Roum" is the Byzantine emperor, the emperor of the Christians. In the name of "Erzeroum" the last syllable records the fact that this city was Christian, and Roman therefore, before

[10] *Cf.* Harnack, "Expansion of Christianity," English translation, II., p. 326.

[11] Bury, "Later Roman Empire," fifth ed., I., 148, note.

[12] Pears, "The Fall of Constantinople, Being the Story of the Fourth Crusade," p. 3.

[13] "Encyclopedia Britannica," s. v. "Rum."

its capture by the Moslems. After the conquest the Turks knew the Patriarch of Constantinople as "Patriarch of the Romans," *Roum Patrinki*;[14] and the Christians subject to the Patriarch were called *Roum Mileti*, or "Roman people." Such names as Roumeli, Roumeli-Hissar, Roumelia, all bear witness to the truth that the name of "Roman" if not elsewhere, at least in the East, came to be clearly synonymous with "Christian."

In Theophylaktos the "Romans" are the common people of the empire who speak colloquial and not literary Greek. Pachymeres,[15] however, calls the Latin language "Roman," as indeed it was; for both Latin and Greek were Roman. But in the East as early as Prokopios the language ordinarily designated as Roman was the Greek. Priscus in narrating an embassy to the Huns calls men from the western part of the empire "Western Romans."[16] And for him Valentinian is emperor of the "Western Romans." This implies that his own countrymen he regards as Romans of the East. Theophanes frequently calls the Asiatic portion of the Byzantine Empire "Romania," a name which in this use distinguishes Christian from non-Christian Asia. Georgios Akropolites in the thirteenth century calls his Greek countrymen "Romans," and designates certain Western Christians by their national name of Italians.[17] From the time of Charlemagne most Eastern writers, in harmony with popular belief as well as with official usage, speak of their countrymen as "Romans" and call the Western peoples "Franks" or "Latins."

Evidencing his designs to become highest ruler in the Balkan countries, Symeon[18] of Bulgaria assumed the title of "Tsar of the Bulgars and Emperor of the Romans."[19] Theodor Laskaris[20] styled himself *imperator et moderator Romeorum et semper Augustus*.[21] Michael[22] is *imperator et moderator Romanorum*.[23] Not many years ago Mr. Eftaliotis wrote in collòquial Greek a history of his country. He inscribed it *A History of Romanism*.[24] Even unto to-day, therefore, in the people's patois, the name of the Christian Greeks is "Roman." To think that this adhesion to the Roman name was

[14] Polites, "Hellanes he Romioi," p. 12.
[15] "Michael Palaeologos," V., p. 399, ed. Bonn.
[16] *Cf.* Bury, I., 216.
[17] "Annals," p. 18, 9-11.
[18] 893-927.
[19] *Cf.* Gelzer, in Krumbacher, "Geschichte der Byzantinischen Litteratur," second ed., p. 979.
[20] 1204.
[21] *Cf.* Gregorovius, "Geschichte der Stadt Athen im Mittelalter," I., p. 354, note.
[22] 1261.
[23] Gregorovius, I., 411, note.
[24] "Historia tes Romeosunes."

and is artificial or fictitious, an *Erdichtung,* as Gregorovius lists it,[25] is to misunderstand completely the peoples of the Eastern Roman world.

When the empire began to lose Italy to Lombard and Goth, the traditional imperial rule held out more tenaciously in that part which was the exarchate of Ravenna. The exarchate endured until 752. And simply because this territory continued thus under Byzantine rule it was called "Romagna," or "Romanland;" for Byzantine rule was Roman and Byzantine territory was Roman.[26]

After the epochmaking events at Rome in the year 800 the fealty of the West to Charlemagne's Romanism inclined to cease acknowledging the rival Romanism of the East. Yet many Western writers did continue to call the Eastern empire "Romania," which had to mean "the land of the Romans." Athaulf uses this name.[27] Hugues, king of the Franks, in a letter[28] negotiating a marriage with a Byzantine princess, speaks of the East as "imperium Romanum" and "sanctum imperium." But Frederick the First, when addressed as "maximus princeps Alemanniae," retorted on Isaac Angelos by asserting his own title of *Romanorum imperator,* and added that *Romaniorum,* derived from the Thracian province of Romania, would be the more proper one for the East.[29]

The Crusaders called the Eastern countries Romania or Romanland, not only because they had perhaps in their own homeland learned this name for the East, but also because they found it universal in the Eastern world. When the Latins took possession of Constantinople in 1204 they called their Latin empire Romania.[30] Early in their career the Franciscans established themselves in Greece, in the "province of Romania."[31] However, this recognition of the *Romanitas* of the East was not without its many and significant exceptions. The Pope, in writing to Nikephor Phokas regarding Theophano's marriage to the Western emperor, addressed Phokas as *imperator Græcorum.* Phokas resented the title.[32]

The historical fact is that Romanism was ubiquitous; it was both Eastern and Western. Orosius was not wrong when he wrote: "Wherever I go . . . I am a Roman amongst Romans. . . . Everywhere I find my Fatherland."[33]

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[25] "Stadt Athen," I., 106.

[26] *Cf.* Gregorovius, I., 107, note; Bury, II., 514.

[27] Orosius, "Historiae adv. Pag.," VII., 42. *Cf.* Bury, I., 148.

[28] *Cf.* Schlumberger, "Basile II.," pp. 615 ff.

[29] *Cf.* Bryce, pp. 343 and 527.

[30] "Letters of Pope Innocent," ed. Baluze, II., 207; Sanudo, "Istoria del Regno di Romania;" Hopf, "Griechenland," 267; Luitprand, "In Legat.," in "Script. Italic," II., I., 481; Du Cange, "Histoire de Constantinople," I., p. 425.

[31] Wadding, "Annal. Min.," I., 202.

[32] Bryce, p. 140.

[33] *Cf.* Boissier, "La Fin du Paganisme," II., p. 408.

It was no innovation at the end of the eighth century for the nations of the North to be treated as Romans by the Sovereign Pontiff. All Christians were Romans. If Charlemagne was to be emperor he could be none other than Roman. The imperial dignity included within itself the note of Romanism. As centuries later,[34] so in those days the Roman Empire was regarded as a perpetual institution. And indeed Romanism was to be perpetual, but not in its imperial form. Never had the Popes stood in opposition to Romanism. When the Northern Italians plotted secession from the iconoclast Leon, Pope Gregory the Second admonished them *ne a fide vel amore imperii Romani desisterent.*[35] A time came, however, when the Popes were weary of their position towards the East-Roman potentates. They could well remember how Sylverius and Martin the First had been humiliated by Byzantine emperors. The Byzantine armies were no longer able to protect the West. A Western emperor was needed. Charlemagne was eminently the proper person. And from the hands of the Pope he received the crown of the Roman Cæsars.

Through this "translation" no new empire was created. Charlemagne was a successor to the deposed Constantine of Byzantion.[36] After him two empires are recognized by many modern historians. But the mediæval peoples never well understood the legitimacy of two empires, just as they did not understand two kinds of Romanism. The Romans under each empire knew very little about their rivals, and thought themselves the only genuine Romans. Each emperor theoretically claimed to be ruler of all Romans and of all Romandom. It is most true that although one legitimate Roman Empire did not extend everywhere, one historic Romanism actually did exist, which was universal. Both empires were Roman by the same Romanism, which had become Christianity. Charlemagne in a letter to the Byzantine Emperor Michael mentions the Oriental and the Occidental empires as if both were genuine. And Eginhard,[37] his biographer, still called the Byzantine rulers "Romani imperatores."

The Holy Roman Empire, in its Western form, shadowy as it was at times, but never unrevered, existed down to the year 1806, when it disappeared under Napoleon's compulsion. The Byzantine Roman Empire had ceased with the fall of Constantinople in 1453. Did Romanism perish with these two empires? If not, wherein does it consist?

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[34] *Cf.* Dante, "De Monarchia."

[35] "Liber Pontificalis," ed. Duchesne, I., p. 407; Paulus Diaconus, XLIV. *Cf.* Bryce, p. 38.

[36] "Chron. Moissiac," anno 801, in Pertz, "Mon. Hist. Germ.," I., 505. *Cf.* Freeman, "Holy Roman Empire," p. 144, note.

[37] Vita Karoli, 38. *Cf.* Bryce, p. 62, note.

Now what is Romanism in the life of the Church?

Peter's choice of the city of Rome may have been occasioned by the fact that Rome was then the capital of the empire and of the world and the centre of civilization. If Cæsar had removed the capital to Troy, as he may have contemplated doing,[38] then the local community of Christians in that capital might well have been called "Trojans," but yet universal Christendom might possibly have been "Roman," being Trojan only in Troy, and Roman both there and everywhere. The *ecclesia Romanorum* may be theoretically distinguished from the *ecclesia quæ in civitate Roma* or the *ecclesia quæ in civitate Troja.* Yet all are Roman. The *ecclesia Romanorum* is the Church coextensive with all civilization. It is ecumenical, and ecumenical both locally and as a whole. The term "Roman" when first applied to the Church was used in such sense as the adjective then conveyed, and not with the meaning which it had, *regnante Romulo.* In the earliest Christian times communities dwelling beyond the borders of the empire may not yet have been conscious of participation in Romanism.[39] But as soon as Christian and Roman became in popular estimation convertible terms, then all such communities began to grow identified with Romanism. When the local community of Christians in the city of Rome acquired a peculiar adjective of its own, this word was "Roman," and in a twofold sense. These Christians were Roman because of their residence in the city of Rome; but were also Roman in the more universal sense, just as the inhabitants of Alexandreia or Marseilles were Romans.

Under Constantine concord was established between the Church and the empire. But the removal of the imperial capital from the Tiber to the Bosporos occasioned some confusion in Romanism. The supreme head of ecclesiastical Romanism remained in Italy, while the centre of political Romanism was removed to the East. But the departure of the emperor did not subtract anything from the Romanism of the Pope, as it also did not lessen his own imperial Romanism. Moreover, if the Pope had accompanied the emperor and had transferred his see to Byzantion, he would not thereby have abandoned Romanism, since his see is Roman independently of locality. The emperor's Rome was wherever the emperor was. And wherever the Pope is, there is the Pope's Rome; *ubi Petrus ibi Ecclesia.* For the Pontifex Romanus is Pontifex Romanorum.

In the West the Popes finally became the source of all official

[38] Suetonius, "Cæsar," 79; Strabon, 13, 1, 27.

[39] *Cf.* Burkitt, "Early Christianity Outside of the Roman Empire," Cambridge, 1899.

Romanism. In spiritual Romanism they had been universally supreme from the beginning, and in political Romanism their influence steadily had grown ever since the departure of Constantine, becoming more active in proportion as the Byzantine Empire came to have less and less significance for Western Europe. Bartolus, commenting on the Pandects,[40] writes: *Omnes gentes quæ obediunt S. matri ecclesiæ sunt de populo Romano.*

After the creation of the Germanic Roman Empire a new distinction between Eastern and Western Romanism became more prominent, affecting ecclesiastical Romanism chiefly. The Eastern authorities, conscious of the historic magnificence of the Roman name, almost ceased to concede it to Western Christianity, which they preferred to know as "Latin." And the Western Church more and more frequentely referred to Eastern Christians as "Greeks." These names were simply descriptive of linguistic conditions. The Western Church almost felt that Latin was part of her well-being, and the Eastern Church had similar attachment to Greek.

A historical knowledge of the word "Roman" helps to a deeper appreciation of the Pope's title to Pontifex Romanus. Once the schism divided the two great portions of the Church, then the legitimate Roman part, ecclesiastically, was certainly that part which remained in communion with the Roman Pontiff, who is Pontifex Romanorum as well as Pontifex Romanus. When the schism came, as ever before that time and mostly ever since, the Pontifex Romanorum was residing officially at Rome. But he did not reside there, perhaps, by actual necessity of his high office. When the Pope so wished they resided at Avignon. If at any future time it were expedient, they could reside in any city of their choice, East or West. It may not be impossible to imagine circumstances that would justify Papal abandonment of old Rome and establishment of residence, even perpetual, amongst those Romans who are most clearly the continuators of the inhabitants of the Christian empire and who, though now rebels to his Pontifical authority, are nevertheless of all the most naturally adapted to understand and profit by his teachings and guidance. The Oriental Christians are Romans by an adoption much older and much more real and more conspicuous in history than are the descendants of the Frankish and other Northern Romans. Indeed, a Roman Pontiff should appear in no way strange to the East. The Romanorum Pontifex is head of the Church, has primacy over the whole earth. The Oriental Christians should not confuse Latinism and Romanism, thinking that Catholic belief restricts to the "Latinorum pontifex" this pri-

[40] XLVIII., I., 24; de Captivis et postliminio Reversis. *Cf.* Bryce, p. 277, note.

macy in all things religious, as though there had ever been discovered or proclaimed an identity of Romanism and Latinism.

The Christian religion is deeply a mystical, an ideal, a reverential religion. Such a religion is more congenial to the East than to the West, as it also is nearer to its own in the South than in the North. The ensouling and spiritualizing of life are more easily possible in the East than in the West. The West idolizes what pleasure and profit it can see and touch. The Eastern mind can meditate in the realm of the increate, the superhuman, the religious; and finds therein a satisfying reality.

The Pope is Father of all the Romans, new and old, Eastern and Western, Latin and Greek, Catholic and Orthodox, obedient and rebellious. He may with perfect propriety reside anywhere, for his realm extends everywhere. As pontifex Romanus he is supreme pontiff of all Romeland, Pope of Romandom.

If one wished to speculate about the improbable, about the departure of the Pope from Rome, the older and more historical cities, especially such as have been intimately associated with the history of Christianity, might be preferably considered as fit for Papal residence. Cities of America are too new. Western Europe could not unanimously offer a city preëminently suitable and universally acceptable. Russia is Catholic; but, besides being in schism, has the common Northern unintelligence of the essence of religion. The older patriarchs, such as Antioch or Alexandreia, offer political difficulties, and most of the surrounding population is not Christian.

But there is one beautiful city whose new life, inspired by the consciousness of a gloriously spiritual past, would seem to have a special suitability. And that is Athens. Athens has indeed never been a leading force in Christianity. But, nevertheless, Athens is the centre and life of an idealism which is so necessary to Christianity. There is in the Greek character an inherent spirituality which suits it for what relates to the universal and the everlasting. That the mediæval enemies of the East propagated unfavorable views and opinions about the Greeks, and that we have uncritically accepted these views in all our estimates of the East is due more to Western unfairness and interested credulity than to Eastern guilt. The spirit of Hellenism is not so much for imperial dominion. It is for things of the soul. There is no Catholic abhorrence against anything in the Eastern Church, outside of the dogmatic points which have been disputed by theologians and scholars of both Churches. The magnificent ritual of the East is admired by the Western Church for its gloriousness and revered for its antiquity. The language which is vernacular to-day in the streets of Athens and is understood by the people when they hear it chanted in the

liturgies was from the beginning, from the Apostles and Evangelists, from the first three centuries of our religion's existence, the great intellectual language of nascent Christianity. It yet is, as it always has been, a superb vehicle for theological and philosophical thought. Why may it not some time again, beside its younger Christian sister, the Latin, come into its proper activity as an ideal medium over the whole world? Like Latin, it is a Roman language, having, like Latin, been a great language of the Roman Empire and the Roman Church.

From Athens a Pope could communicate with all countries both by sea and over land. Greece might become a kind of sacred region whence all that is ideal and religious and churchly, as well as what is highest in science and in art, could peaceably emanate to all Christendom, to all Romandom. Hellenism would thus resume its ancient role of being the carrier of universal wisdom and universal Christianity. Why, even if the choice for the Papacy were to fall on the Orthodox incumbent of the metropolitan See of Athens, this new Pope would in every Christian sense be or become a Roman, and would by virtue of his great appointment be infallible as head of the Church. A Pope resident at Athens would be a Roman Pope living amongst that people which by all historical tradition and legitimate inheritance is perhaps the most Roman of all nations.

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REGINALD POLE, PRINCE OF THE CHURCH.

III.

ON NOVEMBER 20, 1556, Cardinal Pole landed at Dover, commissioned to discharge one of the most momentous duties ever entrusted to a Papal Legate, that, namely, of reconciling an entire nation long enwrapped in heresy to the Holy See. As was befitting, he was nobly received, and Mr. Haile describes the manner of his greeting in words which almost make the ceremonial and the pageantry live again before our eyes. He tells his readers that, on the day following the Cardinal's landing, Thirlby, Bishop of Ely, and Sir Anthony Browne, Lord Montague, with one hundred horsemen, arrived with letters from the Queen and King. They were followed by a multitude of gentlemen and kinsmen of the Cardinal come to do him honor, chief among them Francis, Lord Hastings, son of Pole's niece, Catherine, daughter

of Henry Pole, Lord Montague, "a youth of most noble appearance," with an escort of fifty horsemen. By dinner time the number of arrivals had risen to more than three hundred; then came the Archdeacon of Canterbury—Nicholas Harpsfield—Dover being in that diocese—accompanied by several canons, and inquired of the Cardinal if he wished to be received by the clergy at the gates of Canterbury, in the manner usual with legates, to which he replied that until he had been received by their Majesties he wished for no ceremonials to be used. After the Legate had entertained at a splendid banquet thirty of the most eminent of those who came to greet him, the entire company rode to Canterbury. They reached the famous Cathedral city about midnight, being met at the gate by the civic officials and a group of the leading citizens eager to welcome the Pope's representative. At the door of the Archdeacon's house, where he was to lodge, he was received by torchlight, the Archdeacon welcoming him in an oration which moved many to tears. The Cardinal listened with much attention, until the speaker began to praise him, saying: "Tu es Polus qui aperis nobis polum regni coelorum . . . quamdiu abfuisti, omnia fuerunt tristia et adversa: in adventu tuo omnia rident, omnia laeta, omnia tranquilla." The Legate then interrupted him, saying that when he had praised God he had listened with pleasure, but touching his own particular he could not listen so readily, as to God alone was due all honor and glory. Next morning His Eminence dispatched Richard Pate, Bishop of Worcester, to London to acquaint the King and Queen with his arrival and to ascertain their wishes as regards his future proceedings. Meantime he moved on to Sittingbourne and thence to Rochester, being everywhere greeted with the utmost enthusiasm. At the latter place he was magnificently entertained by Lord Cobham in his palatial residence. Here shortly arrived Dr. Pate, bearing an answer from their Majesties inviting him to come to London and requesting that he would henceforward display the accustomed insignia of his legateship. From Rochester to Gravesend on the Thames the Cardinal's progress was a veritable triumph, upwards of one thousand of the nobility and gentry of the districts through which he passed riding in his train.

At Gravesend the Cardinal was met by the Queen's state barge and a deputation of high officials, both secular and ecclesiastical, charged to convey him to Westminster. Here he was received in the most gracious fashion by the King and Queen—the latter, according to the custom of the time, kissing him on both cheeks. In connection with this reception Mr. Haile recalls one of the saddest incidents in the poor Queen's sad reign, saying: "And here we are able to correct a legend which has long been current and

often repeated, that Pole on his arrival had, with startling irreverence, saluted the Queen in the words of the Angel Gabriel, 'Hail, full of grace,' to which she is supposed to have made answer, in the words of St. Elizabeth, that at the salutation 'the child had leapt in her womb.' By the foregoing account, written the following day by one of the Cardinal's suite, walking near enough to hear every word that passed, we have the true story, with the grain of truth at the bottom from which such legends generally spring. Pole, in answer to Mary's apologies, gracefully answered that the delay might be considered fortunate if it gave him occasion to say: 'Benedictus fructus ventris tui.' He had, in fact, been informed by the Bishop of Ely at Brussels that the Queen had hopes of an heir. In the throne room, under the dais, the sovereigns and the Legate stood, while the latter presented the breves of his legation, and then Lord Paget presented all the members of Pole's suite to their Majesties. Finally, in the same order as before, he was conducted to the river, where he took barge for Lambeth Palace, the Lord Chancellor and the Duke of Alva accompanying him, and the former going with him to his room, where they remained some time in conversation. He was then left to repose, which was before long interrupted by the advent of Lord Paget with a message from the Queen to the effect that up to this time she had refused to admit her condition, but that now she had no doubt of it, and that the Privy Council would write to the Bishop of London that the Te Deum might be sung in all the churches of the diocese. In fact, one of the last and the most piteous of poor Mary Tudor's many woes had come upon her: the delusive hope of an heir to her throne, hailed as the happiest promise for the future peace and quiet of the realm."

It is, of course, well known that the Queen long cherished this belief, while all the time she was really suffering from the disease —dropsy—which eventually caused her death. At Lambeth, Pole was housed in the palace, which Henry VIII. had done much to render a truly regal residence. Early on the 25th of November the King, clad in scarlet, with a number of the courtiers, both Spanish and English, engaged in a mock tournament in honor of the Legate. Everywhere there were signs of rejoicing, for the heart of the nation was glad. On Wednesday, the 28th, in consequence of a royal message, the Lords and Commons repaired to the court, and, after a few words from the Chancellor, Pole rose to explain his mission to England. He spoke "without any study as it seemed," wrote John Elder, who received notes from one who was present and who sent a summary of the speech to Lord Robert Stuard, Bishop of Caithness:

"My lords all, and you that are the Commons of this present Parliament assembled, which in effect is nothing but the state and body of the whole realm. . . . Before I enter to the particularities of my commission, I have somewhat to say touching myself, and to give most humble and hearty thanks to the King and Queen's Majesty, and after this to you all, who of a man exiled and banished from this commonwealth, have restored me to a member of the same: so of a man having no place neither here nor elsewhere within this realm, have admitted me in place, where to speak and to be heard."

After briefly relating the history of Christianity in England from the time of the ancient Britons, the Legate proceeded:

"This I protest to you, my commission is not of prejudice to any person. I come not to destroy, but to build; I am not come to call anything into question, already done. But my commission is of grace and clemency to such as will receive it. For touching all matters that be past, they shall be as things cast into the sea of forgetfulness. But the mean whereby you shall receive this benefit is to revoke and repeal those laws and statutes which be impediments, blocks and bars to the execution of my commission. . . . You cannot receive the benefit and grace offered you by the Apostolic See until the abrogation of such laws by which you have disjoined and dissevered yourselves from the unity of Christ's Church."

The Chancellor, having first taken the orders of the King and Queen, replied that the two houses would deliberate apart and signify their determination on the following morning. The motion for the reunion was carried almost by acclamation. In the House of Lords not a single dissenting voice was raised, while in the House of Commons only two members objected. On the day following the decision of the two houses their petition to the King and Queen to authorize the reconcilement of England to the Holy See was received by their Majesties in Westminster Hall—the historic edifice which has witnessed and still witnesses so many royal pageants. The scene witnessed therein is graphically described by Mr. Haile, who says that under a richly embroidered dais of gold upon gold, Queen Mary took her seat, with her husband on her left and Pole on her right, but at a little further distance. Another act of Philip's courtesy occurred as the Legate's suite arrived at the hall, and only those who carried the emblems of his legation prepared to follow him in; seeing which the King hurriedly sent the Duke of Alva to bid all the members enter. Every one being in place, the Chancellor rose and asked the consent of the two houses to present their petition to the King and Queen, which was

agreed to with a universal shout; this being done and the petition returned, the sovereigns rose and turning to the Legate, the Queen, speaking in English, asked, in her own name and that of the King, for absolution and reunion to the Church, according to the tenor of the petition.[1] The Legate then caused one of his suite to read the Bull and the Papal Brief of his legation; after which, in moving terms of affectionate congratulation, he delivered a short discourse preparatory to imparting the plenary absolution. At this moment the King and Queen rose, and the whole assembly with them, and then knelt, as Pole, speaking in English, so that all might understand, pronounced aloud the solemn words absolving the realm from heresy and schism and restoring the union with the Apostolic See: "In nomine Patris, et Filii et Spiritus Sancti," to which all present cried "Amen, Amen!" The Queen, shedding tears of joy, and the King remained on their knees awhile, as did all present, and in the uncertain light of the torches—which the shortness of the November day had caused to be brought in—tears and sobs of emotion escaped from many of the bowed and kneeling throng. A Te Deum in the King's Chapel followed, and on the next Sunday, the first of Advent, the King and the Legate attended Mass at St. Paul's in state, after which the Bishop of Winchester preached a sermon at St. Paul's Cross. It was computed that more than 25,000 persons were present during the preaching of the sermon. Among these were the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, who had besought the Legate to come to St. Paul's. An observant Italian ecclesiastic in the Cardinal's suite, however, noted and wrote to Rome saying that the ceremonies at the High Mass "were but clumsily gone through, as if the habit had been lost." So long had the Mass been interdicted this was scarcely to be wondered at. Naturally, in Pole's report to the Pope of what occurred there was no reference to such incidents, but only glad tidings of the memorable events in which he had participated and which in the merciful Providence of God may yet be reënacted.

One of the most serious of the duties confided to Pole, however, remained yet to be accomplished, and it must be admitted that it was the one for which he personally had the least liking. This was that of the settlement of the question as to the ownership of the properties of the Church confiscated during the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. and diverted from their original holy purpose, to be conferred on greedy courtiers or sold to base born speculators. As usual, Mr. Haile tells the story of the great Cardinal's mental trials and spiritual scruples in discharging this hardest of tasks in words which well deserve to be reproduced. He says that a

[1] An official copy of the petition is at the Vatican. *Inghilterra*, iii., f. 79.

joint committee of Lords and Commons had prepared a most important and comprehensive bill which, while jealously safeguarding the rights of the crown and the interests of the holders of Church property, restored the Papal supremacy and reëstablished the whole system of religious polity which had prevailed for so many centuries before the twentieth year of Henry VIII.[2] In the Lords the bill was read thrice in two days; in the Commons it was passed after a sharp debate on the third day, so that Pole could write to the Cardinal of Lorraine on the 4th of January:

"To-day the holy work of return to obedience was terminated by Parliament abrogating all laws and acts passed at the time of the schism against the authority of the Apostolic See."

Convocation had presented a petition to the crown, stating that the clergy resigned all right to those possessions of which the Church had been deprived and their readiness to acquiesce in every arrangement to be made by the Legate. Pole's decree was soon afterwards published:

I. That all cathedral churches, hospitals and schools founded during the schism should be preserved.

II. That all persons who had contracted marriage within the prohibited degrees without dispensation should remain married.

III. That all judicial processes made before the ordinaries or in appeal before delegates should be held valid.

IV. That the possessors of Church property should not, either now or hereafter, be molested, under pretense of any canons or councils, decreeing of Popes, or censures of the Church; for which purpose, in virtue of the authority vested in him, he took from all spiritual courts and judges the cognizance of these matters and pronounced beforehand all such processes and judgments invalid and of no effect.

Pole had an arduous task, and, as he wrote to Cardinal Morone, there was so much and such great disorder, and the body of the kingdom was so infirm, that to apply a remedy to the abuses and irregularities introduced of late "res non est parvi consilii et magni laboris," and also requires much time. It will be done with the help of the Bishops, who show themselves ready to do their duty in the matter.

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[2] The Pope's jurisdiction was comprised under the following heads: 1. He was acknowledged as chief Bishop of the Christian Church, with authority to reform and redress heresies, errors and abuses within the same. 2. To him belonged the institution or confirmation of Bishops-elect. 3. He could grant to clergymen licenses of non-residence, and permission to hold more than one benefice, with care of souls. 4. He dispensed with the canonical impediments of matrimony. 5. He received appeals from the spiritual courts.—Lingard, V., p. 224.

Pole's admirable tact and temper were never more successful than in his dealings with the Bishops; some of them, like Tunstall and Gardiner, the friends of his youth, who had fallen more or less deeply into schism, and were now eager to redeem the past; all of whom, under his guidance and example during the short space of four years, were so to strengthen themselves in courage and fortitude, that of the sixteen men who filled the sees of England at Elizabeth's accession, only one, Kitchin of Llandaff, was found ready to acknowledge her spiritual supremacy—the other fifteen dying in prison or in exile.

Meantime Pole was being urgently pressed by both the King and Queen to accept the office of Archbishop of Canterbury, rendered vacant by the deposition of Cranmer, because of his obstinate heresy and undeniable disloyalty to his sovereign. The Cardinal, on the other hand, was equally earnestly imploring the Pope not to lay this new burden on his shoulders and avowing his willingness to serve the Holy See anywhere outside his native land. Decision of the question was not, however, to rest with the reigning Pontiff, because, on the 25th of March, 1555, His Holiness Julius III. died, and in the conclave which followed Pole was very nearly been elected Pope in his stead. Eventually, however, the choice of the Cardinals proved to be Cardinal Cervini, who had been one of his colleagues at the Council of Trent and who ascended the Papal throne under the title of Marcellus II. The decision of the conclave caused Pole heartfelt joy. Indeed, the news seems to have assisted his recovery from a serious illness which, for some days, led his physicians to despair of his recovery. All the time serious disorders, promoted by the enemies of the Church, were taking place in London and the provinces, and it was already abundantly apparent that the advocates of schism and heresy were plotting to bring about as speedily as they could an overthrow of the happy settlement so recently accomplished. After a reign of only twenty-two days Pope Marcellus died, and once again there arose the question of Pole being elected Pope. This, however, was precisely what he least desired, and finally the Archbishop of Naples, Cardinal Caraffa, was chosen. His Holiness assumed the title of Paul IV. One of the first to offer his congratulations to the new Pontiff was Cardinal Pole, while at the same time he solicited instructions as to the continuance of his legateship in England. At this time he was mainly engaged at Calais as a kind of Envoy Extraordinary from England in fruitless effort to secure a reconciliation between France and Spain, the ceaseless intriguings and moves and countermoves of the sovereigns of which were fertile sources of evil to the interests of religion. Worst of all, Papal diplomacy almost

inevitably became a kind of reflection of the methods adopted by the two powers named, because as both in turn were found willing enough as occasion seemed to demand to play into the hands of the heretics so successive Pontiffs were virtually compelled to make their alliances and policy mainly dependent on the whims of either or both. It is easy enough now for hostile critics to find fault with the action and policy of the Papacy at the time in question and to discover in them inconsistencies and seeming contradictions, but—regarded as a whole—they seem to us to have been both astute and successful enough so far as their main purpose was concerned—that of the preservation of the integrity of the Church. Under such conditions, however, it is little to be wondered at that Pole's mission as a peacemaker proved as unsuccessful as on his part it was well-intentioned. Simultaneously popular feeling in England was rising higher and higher against King Philip and his Spanish courtiers and followers, some of whom were slain in desperate conflicts in the streets of London. As time went on and it became more and more apparent that the Queen would not bear him an heir, Philip's desire to return to Spain grew and strengthened.

Immediately after the accession of the new Pope an English embassy had been dispatched to Rome to convey the congratulations of Philip and Mary, the envoys being received with much ceremony at the Vatican. The ambassadors were present at the Pontiff's first consistory on the 10th of June, 1555, when in the presence of the assembled Cardinals they humbly confessed the sins of their nation and implored pardon of all its manifold faults. Then, as Mr. Haile tells us, the Pope raised them from their knees, embraced them and in their persons received the whole nation into his favor. So great was the Pope's satisfaction that he wrote to the King and Queen an account of the audience he had given their ambassadors, adding that he ratified whatever the English Legate had done, and, as far as might be necessary, had enacted it anew. There was nothing which either their Majesties or himself could do, added the Pontiff, for Pole's honor and emolument, but what was inferior to his probity and other virtues, and to what he deserved of him, of the Holy See, of their Majesties and of the whole realm. The Pope, at the same time, at the request of the King and Queen, conveyed through Pole, confirmed the title of King of Ireland which Henry VIII. had taken upon himself in 1541 during the schism; and, also at Pole's suggestion, Cardinal Morone was appointed protector of the English, and Cardinal Carpi of the Irish nations. Two of the ambassadors, Lord Montague and the Bishop of Ely, left Rome after a month's stay, Karne remaining as permanent English envoy. They brought back various Bulls, one of them

being directed against the alienation of Church property. As this might have been construed as applying to the owners of Church property in England, Pole represented to the Pope the necessity of exempting England by name from its operation. Paul IV., without hesitation, issued a new Bull to that effect, which was read at Paul's Cross in September, and in the House of Commons the following month, confirming what the Cardinal Legate had done "concerning the assurance of abbey lands." But the incident may not have been without its effect on the fears of the holders of such property, especially during the interval between the arrival of the two Bulls, and which was probably enhanced by Pole's activity in regulating the restoration of Church lands made by the Queen. This was done with careful consultation of the Lords of the Council, so as to injure the Crown as little as possible, and, day by day parishes and benefices for the cure of souls received what they had been despoiled of, and hospitals, monasteries and churches were rebuilt and reëstablished according to need and opportunity. Although his faculties were as ample as possible, Pole did not fail to keep the Pope informed of every step he took. It can scarcely be necessary to say that the action of the Pontiff in recognizing the sovereignty of the King and Queen over Ireland was to strengthen their authority in reëstablishing the Church in full freedom and prosperity in that country. Meantime the death of the mother of Charles V., whom he loved passionately, determined him to abdicate and to pass the remainder of his life in a monastery in atonement for his past transgressions, among which must be included several coquettings and even actual alliances with the heretic leaders on the Continent whenever his designs for the attainment of universal domination ran counter to Papal policy.

Again, we cannot do better than rely on Mr. Haile for an account of what happened. We are told that as it was Mary had again to suffer for the Emperor. In complete disregard for her feelings he commanded his son to come away from England, as he had commanded him to go and marry her a year before. Philip broached the subject of his departure adroitly, and obtained her reluctant consent; he left the greater part of his household, trying to convince her by as many signs as possible that he purposed returning speedily; "but," reported Michiel, "it is said on the contrary, more than ever, that he will go to Spain, and remove his household and everything else by degrees." In the same letter the shrewd observer remarks with regard to the restitution of Church property by the Crown:

"Certain noblemen endeavored to thwart it, perhaps from unwillingness to be incited by this example (for they can neither be

compelled nor molested) to do the like . . . and thus spontaneously disburden their consciences."

On the 22d of August the King and Queen, with the Legate, dined in London on their way to Greenwich. St. Bartholomew's fair was going on as they rode through London, and the populace who, owing to Mary's long seclusion, had thought her dead, seeing her once again among them, and in better plight than ever, gave her a most enthusiastic reception, "running from one place to another, as if they were crazy, to make sure that it was her; and displaying their joy with shouts and salutations." The King and Pole, who rode on her either hand, partook of the warmth of the reception, "both of them," says Michiel, "being popular by reason of the reported kindness of their nature, of which daily proof is afforded by facts." Shortly before his departure, Philip sent for the Legate and all the lords of the Council, and in very suitable language, which surprised everybody by its tact and judgment, recommended the government of the country to them, and then, turning to Pole, besought him very earnestly, in his own name and the Queen's, to assume the special care of the Queen and the supervision of the Council's proceedings.

The charge could not have been left in better hands, but the truth is that Pole had still a great deal of work before him ere it could be safely affirmed that he had fully accomplished the task he had come to England to perform. Mr. Haile says that on the 4th of November the Cardinal opened a synod at Westminster of the Bishops of England; not only, as he wrote to Philip II., on account of the reform of the English Church, which was ardently desired by all good men, but also that he might ratify what the Bishops and clergy had done in convocation. As the synod could not be summoned by the Primate (Cranmer), who was in prison, nor by the chapter, whilst their Archbishop was neither condemned nor deposed, it was necessary that the summons should be made by Pole as Legate by a warrant under the great seal in order that the decrees might come out with proper authority. Pole expressed himself as well pleased with the Bishops and clergy of the two provinces of Canterbury and York who assembled in the King's Chapel, Westminster, and under his guidance, which his experiences at the Council of Trent rendered in the highest degree wise and enlightened, proceeded with the work of reform. He and all men considered them exemplary in doctrine; they resided habitually in their dioceses, and by preaching, lecturing and teaching, failed not in any way to use all diligence. The first act of the synod was to decree that the 30th of November, the feast of St. Andrew, should be for ever kept as a day of rejoicing, with processions

and prayers, to celebrate the reconciliation of the realm with the Catholic Church. Accordingly, on the morrow of the feast, Machyn tells us in his diary:

"Was received with procession my Lord Cardinal Pole into Westminster Abbey; and there met him ten (eight) Bishops and the Bishop of York did minister with his mitre, and they went a procession about the Church and the cloister."

Not only did Pole call a synod for the reform of the Church, but he had already, in January, called to his aid one of the greatest theologians of his acquaintance, Father Soto, from Augsburg, writing to the Cardinal of that see that he greatly wished for him as coöperator in England, where the crop of revilers of religion abounded. Soto was wished for, not only by his own countrymen, but by many Englishmen also, and until he arrived Pole would have no rest. Soto came, and in the month of November was at Oxford, engaged in earnest controversy with the three imprisoned men, Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley. From him Pole heard how much the study of theology had become neglected at the university, no works of the kind being publicly expounded, and he suggested that it would be useful to appoint an interpreter of the doctrine of Pietro Lombardo. Having hastened to communicate this to the Chancellor, Pole treated with the Queen for the exchange of the Hebrew scholarship, which had few or no pupils, for a theological one, in such wise as to cause no detriment to the former professor. On the 12th of November died Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester and Lord Chancellor of England. After much deliberation and anxious inquiry Pole recommended Nicholas Heath, Archbishop of York, as the most fitting occupant of the office of Chancellor.

At a consistory held in Rome on Wednesday, December 4, 1555, Cranmer was declared deprived of his position of Archbishop of Canterbury and permission given to hand him over to the secular to be tried for his misdeeds. In the same consistory the Pope announced his desire that Pole should succeed the deposed prelate in the See of Canterbury and the choice was unanimously approved. In writing the same day to congratulate his old friend, Morone adds that the whole college competed with the Pope in bestowing these praises, and that His Holiness, moreover, raised Pole from the list of Cardinal deacons to that of Cardinal priests. Morone prays that God, who has called Pole to this toil, will increase His gifts to him, so that the appointment may conduce to the salvation of souls and to the Divine glory—as is universally expected. In returning his thanks to the Pope for the Bulls of his election to the See of Canterbury, Pole declares that although in truth the

weight of the charge at first alarmed him, and he would not of his own accord have accepted it, the recommendation of the princes and the persons who approved his election, the cure of souls in his own country—naturally most dear to him—prevented him from daring by the slightest word to refuse the burden. It must be remembered that so far the Cardinal had not been raised to the priesthood and that his ordination now became a matter of necessity. This took place on Friday, March 20, 1556, in the church of the Grey Friars at Greenwich, and on the following Sunday, the 22d, he was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury in the same edifice. The Queen and the entire court were present at the latter function. The consecrating prelates were the Archbishop of York, Bonner, Bishop of London, and five Bishops of Canterbury province.

On the day previous, March 21, Cranmer was burned at Oxford. He had been under sentence of death for high treason for two years, his execution being postponed again and again, chiefly at the intercession of the Legate. The letter, in which with ineffable tenderness and compassion for the miserable man's soul, Pole calls God to witness that he would prefer rescuing him to all the honors and emoluments which could befall any one in this life, also contains one of the most complete and learned pieces of controversy imaginable on the doctrine of the Eucharist, at the same time laying bare all the heinousness and the disastrous effects of Cranmer's crimes against religion and against his sovereign.[8] It had been written on Cranmer's expressing a wish for a personal interview with the Legate, and by Gardiner's orders had been translated into English and published, as Pole informs the Nuncio at Brussels in a letter of October 25, adding:

"Perhaps, had I known what Father Soto wrote to Monsignor Priuli, despairing of the salvation of that unfortunate man, I would not have sent it; although one can never despair whilst life remains, for sometimes the grace of God comes with the departing of the spirit, and thus, if not before, do I hope that of His infinite mercy it may come to pass with regard to this man."

The Venetian Ambassador reports in his dispatch of March 24 that Cranmer had been put to death:

"Having fully verified the opinion formed of him by the Queen, that he had feigned recantation, thinking thus to save his life . . . so she considered him unworthy of pardon and, immediately on hearing that there was no remedy and that he must die, relapsing into his usual heresies, he retracted in public all that he had uttered and signed with his own hand."

[8] The original letter, written in Latin, is in the Bibliothèque Nationale; a French translation is in Le Grand's "Histoire du Diverce," from whence it was inserted in Quirini.—Poli Epp., V., p. 238.

After the death of Cranmer followed the other executions for offenses similar to his which are long matters of history, but it appears certain that Pole was so much opposed to the policy of which they were the outcome that his own orthodoxy was even questioned by the advocates of rigorous methods. The Cardinal's period of labor in England and on earth was now, however, drawing to a close. In June, 1557, the Pope, to the great indignation of Queen Mary, withdrew his appointment as Legate, and Mr. Haile records that the King and Queen, the Privy Council and the Bishops having appealed in vain to Paul IV., Mary, with characteristic promptitude, sent orders to Calais that no messenger from Rome should be permitted to come to England, and that all letters and dispatches from there should be brought to her; she took care also that the whole affair should remain a secret to the Legate and to Peto, while she sent an express to Rome, with orders to her Ambassador, Karne, to tell the Pope that his late proceedings were utterly destructive of whatever had been done towards recalling the ancient faith in England. Finally, she called both God and men to witness she was not accessory to the evils, which could not fail to ensue, if he persisted in his resolution.

On the 17th of November, 1558, Queen Mary died, and on the night of the same day Cardinal Pole, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, expired, but not before he had received tidings of her demise. A description of the closing hours of his holy life, written by his devoted friend, Priuli, has been preserved. It reads as follows:

"After remaining silent a short time, he said to his intimate friend, the Bishop of St. Asaph (Goldwell), and to me that in the whole course of his life nothing had yielded him greater happiness and content than the contemplation of God's providence as displayed in his own person and in that of others, and that in the course of the Queen's life and of his own he had even remarked a great uniformity, as she, like himself, had been harassed many years for one and the same cause, and afterwards, when it pleased God to raise her to the throne, he had greatly participated in all the other troubles entailed by that elevation.

"He also alluded to their relationship and to the great similarity of their dispositions *gran conformità d'anime,* and to the confidence Her Majesty displayed in him, saying that besides the immense mischief which might result from her death, he could not help feeling deep grief thereat, yet, by God's grace, the same faith in Divine Providence which had ever comforted him greatly consoled him now in this so grievous a final catastrophe.

"He uttered these words with such earnestness that it was evident they came from his very heart, and they even moved him to tears.

. . . His Right Rev. Lordship then remained silent for about a quarter of an hour; but though his spirit was great, the blow having entered the flesh, brought on the paroxysm earlier, and with more intense cold than he had hitherto experienced, so that he said he felt it would be his last. He therefore desired that the book containing the prayers for the dying might be placed near him. He then had Vespers said as usual . . .; and this was about two hours before sunset. . . . In fine, it was evident that as in health that sainted soul was ever turned towards God, so likewise in this long and troublesome infirmity did it continue thus until his end, which he made so placidly that he seemed to sleep rather than to die; as did the Queen likewise, so that had not a physician perceived the act, Her Majesty would have died without any one's knowing of it (senza che alcuno se ne avedesse.)"

WALTER F. DESTERRE.

CRITICISMS IN KANT.

IN THE series of articles on the Kantian philosophy which is here brought to a close we are well aware that we have more than once tried the patience of the editor of the QUARTERLY. The unavoidable length of some of our articles seemed to set at defiance some of the rules demanded by the exigencies of magazine publication. We can only plead in extenuation the paramount importance of the problem which we have been discussing, the necessity of dealing adequately with it and the fact that, although Kant's gigantic imposture had been before the world for more than a century and a quarter, no attempt had hitherto been made to examine into—much less to expose—the rottenness of the foundation on which the gigantic edifice had been raised. That we have exploded the glittering fallacy beyond all hope of rehabilitation we fearlessly assert. That the tangled mass of contradiction, chicanery and sophistry which has pompously styled itself "a science of metaphysic," and which, under this high-sounding title, has long imposed on the world, has been so completely exposed as to be utterly harmless in the future, no one with a mind capable of grasping the nature of the problems at issue will, we think, for a moment question. The gravity of the questions which formed the subject matter of our discussion must, then, be our apology for having occasionally overstepped the limits of the regulation

magazine article. Grave metaphysical problems which reach down to the very root of human knowledge necessarily entail elaborate exposition, unbroken continuity of thought and uninterruptedly sustained argument. Indeed for this reason it is an open question whether the discussion of deep metaphysical problems is not altogether out of place in a magazine devoted to miscellaneous subjects. We live in an age that can hardly be rated as unduly intellectual, and this western portion of the world is not overmuch given to very deep thought; hence the metaphysical article is apt to be eyed askance by the ordinary reader of even such a magazine as the AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW. Not infrequently does it require rare courage on the part of an editor to introduce the philosophical article at all, and that its appearance is even tolerated is, for the most part, due to his good judgment and sound sense. However, it behooves him to be cautious, and he must not presume too greatly on the temper of his readers.

For this reason the present article presents a somewhat mutilated appearance—perhaps an abrupt front. The explanation is that the main body of it formed originally an integral part of the article of the same title, published in the January number of the present year, and was intended to be the closing words of that article and with it the closing article of the series. In order, therefore, to understand its full significance, it should be read in connection with that article, which, without it, is somewhat incomplete. We have enclosed in brackets all of the present article, which originally constituted a portion of the previous article. In this way the philosophical reader who is sufficiently interested will be able to make the necessary connection.

At the same time we do not regret the division, for it gives us the opportunity of introducing at the close of this article the suggestions regarding the basis of a new philosophy, to which we alluded in our last article, and to which otherwise we might not return for a long time; but which, we think, should be made clear. Able minds over in Europe are at present grappling with the question. We have not seen the suggestions which we submit broached anywhere; yet they seem to us of the greatest importance; for, if they do nothing else, they will give us a clear survey of the present field of philosophy, or at least of the theory of knowledge, as it exists to-day. We append them in brief at the close of this article.

In our former article on the deduction of the Categories we showed how Kant sought [shades of darkness under cover of which to make substitution of terms and confuse one with the other. We have followed him into the impenetrable recesses and from his own

words shown how he has endeavored to palm off spurious proofs for genuine ones. We have shown that he has accomplished the very opposite of what he set out to prove. Claiming that his categories are prior to and independent of all experience, it has been seen that the upshot of his deduction is exactly the opposite of all this; that is, that apart from experience—of which they were so independent—his categories, according to Kant's own admission, are nothing. What is all this but deriving them from experience? The complete transformation which Kant's categories undergo, in his Transcendental Deduction of them, recalls Dante's vision, in Malebolge, of the encounter between a serpent and a human form—a vision which Lord Macaulay delighted to quote. A cloud partially enveloped the combatants, and, in the uncertain light, each is transformed into the likeness of its antagonist. The serpent's tail divides and becomes two legs; the man's legs unite and become a tail. Arms spring from the breast of the serpent; the man's arms shrink into his body. The serpent stood up a man and spake; the man glided hissing away. With Kant the encounter is between the categories and experience, but the result is the same. At first the categories were independent of experience. They gave experience its forms. Without them there could be no such thing as experience. They made experience possible. But in the final issue the transformation is complete. Experience becomes master. It dictates its laws to the categories, and the very existence of the categories depends on experience. Such, then, are Kant's conclusions from his deduction of the categories. The arguments of his deduction are curious and interesting, but the reverse of conclusive.

As we have said, Kant courted the darkness; and when his dark, mysterious rites were performed, he opened the door and invited men to glance into the gloom, where, having perceived something—they knew not what—in the obscurity, they accepted Kant's words for it, that this was his hypothesis proven. The careful reader, however, will at last discover that, after much tautological discussion—which always ends where it began—about the unity of self-consciousness and the unity of apperception, all Kant's efforts are a mere attempt to prove one of two things—now it is one, now the other—either that the categories must refer to objects from their very nature—thus making them wholly dependent on experience of which they were supposed to be wholly independent—or that they are conditions of thought in every operation of the mind—a truism which Aristotle established nearly twenty-three hundred years ago. Kant really gives us two deductions: that of the first and that of the second edition. The value of his first deduction—that is, the deduction in his first

edition, is of such importance that, as we have seen, he omits it, and never even alludes to it, in the second edition; and in the second edition the deduction is a genuine philosophical curiosity. We regret we have no room to reproduce it here; for it is a rare specimen. Here, too, however, the only attempt that is made is to show that the objective validity of the categories consists in their application to the objects of experience, which is not a transcendental deduction at all—to say nothing of not proving their objective validity—but an empirical deduction.

Before leaving this portion of the deduction of the categories let us say that, prescinding wholly from Kant's failure to establish the truth of his Copernican theory, there is, it seems to us, one consideration that must necessarily frustrate all Kant's claims that the categories are subjective and not objective. It is this: If the categories are forms of the understanding, already prepared in the mind for the reception of experience and there lying in wait for experience; and if all experience must conform to these forms of the understanding; or, as Kant himself puts it, if they give laws to all nature and impress their forms on the physical world, why is it that we can never substitute one category for another? Phenomena are shapeless, formless and void, according to Kant, until they come into contact with these forms of the mind. If, then, it is a matter of no consequence as far as objects are concerned, what form they assume, is it not passing strange that we can never substitute one category in its relation to objects for another? But, no; we cannot. Where there is cause there is always cause. Where there is unity there is always unity. Where there is substance there is always substance. Where there is reality there is always reality. It does not seem to be a matter of indifference whether in an object we perceive substance and accident and not cause and effect. We never can apply unity to objects where they demand cause and effect. If the categories were wholly in the mind waiting for phenomena or objects, it would evidently be a matter of little consequence whether a ship, instead of presenting to us unity and divisibility, should not give us cause and effect instead, or whether water or fire should primarily present to us the categories of unity and plurality instead of substance and accidence. Nothing is more certain than that the categories are as closely connected with their objects as form is with substance; whereas, if the Kantian hypothesis were true, we should be able to transpose and apply the categories of cause, and substance and unity, and all the others indiscriminately. Manifestly, then, the objects themselves have a preference; and if they have, this simple fact overthrows Kant's Copernican discovery. Kant himself seems to have

suspected this; for in no other way can we interpret his remark that, "With all this it remains perfectly undetermined what kind of things they may be with regard to which we have to use one rather than another of these functions, so that, without the condition of sensuous intuition, for which they supply the synthesis, the categories have no relation to any definite object, cannot define any object, and consequently have not the validity of objective concepts." This, it seems to us, can have but one meaning, viz., that Kant, too, realized that with "regard to them (the categories) we have to use one rather than another of these functions." Possibly Kant refers here to phenomena and noumena, but the context would seem to indicate that he was referring to the categories themselves. However that may be, this simple fact is fatal to Kant's theory. The categories cannot belong exclusively to the mind. Objects must have at least some determining power as to which of the categories are applicable to them. And this simple fact explodes Kant's theory. Indeed, nothing could be more rash—not to say ridiculous—than to say that our knowledge is limited by the categories as to the possibility of its extent, and that if, instead of five senses, we had seven or ten, our minds are not equipped with the necessary faculties or powers to grapple with the additional knowledge which our new experience would introduce to us. Yet this is practically what Kant maintains when he undertakes to tell us that the categories belong to the mind only and that they are for use only in experience. After all has been said by Kant he has not alleged one single fact or brought forward one single argument calculated to convince a reasonable man that the categories are forms of the understanding merely, and consequently wholly subjective. All that Kant has said does not warrant him—or any one else—in maintaining a stronger proposition with regard to the categories than the old and trite one, which the most ignorant as well as the most learned of human beings will be ready to endorse, viz., that the human mind has the faculty of knowledge and is so constituted that it is capable of a knowledge of things external to itself. All Kant's transcendental deductions and transcendental æsthetic bring him not one single step in advance of this. For the rest; in his deduction of the categories Kant is forever oscillating between two points, either of which is fatal to his theory. He is either proving that intuition, or experience, or sensibility, is always necessary to prove the objective reality of the categories, which he erroneously calls their transcendental deduction; or else he is showing that they are conditions of thought in all experience, as if this were a new discovery. In the former case he is simply making the categories

—in spite of all his contention—dependent on experience; in the second he is taking a world of pains to prove what is the baldest and most threadbare of facts. Between these two points, nevertheless, Kant's transcendental deduction of his categories constantly swings, but never gets beyond them.

In this necessarily imperfect sketch of the deduction of the categories let us briefly indicate what we have seen. (1) That Kant's primary duty was to show the objective reality of these categories in his interpretation of them; that is, to show that they possess, as he claims, a real existence as forms of the understanding. (2) That in this he has so utterly failed that he did not even make the attempt to do it directly—although he attempted to do it surreptitiously. (3) That Kant confounds this objective reality with the transcendental deduction of the categories, while they are as essentially different as night and day. (4) That even were the propositions identical, Kant has utterly failed to give us a transcendental deduction of the categories, showing merely (a) either that they refer the understanding to objects, thus deducing them empirically, or (b) showing them to be conditions of thought in all experience, which no one has ever denied. In any case, he has not given us a transcendental deduction of the categories, much less any proof whatever, that the categories are, as he claims, purely subjective. (5) That Kant himself has declared that apart from sensibility—that is, from experience—these categories have no objective validity and have no existence the meaning of which any one can understand. And this is simply making them dependent on experience. (6) That although Kant declared that his first deduction of the categories was the only possible one, he rejected it in his second edition and adopted another. (7) That no argument which Kant alleges to prove that his categories belong exclusively to the mind can be found which will not apply with equal force to show that they belong to the object or are abstractions from experience. So much, then, for the deduction of the categories. Kant has, therefore, utterly failed to prove his hypothesis; and the arguments against it are incontrovertible.

We have, however, already seen in a former article that, after all, it is a matter of little consequence whether or no Kant has been able to show that his categories are purely subjective and intended only for experience; for here again he commits an intellectual suicide, and is ever between the horns of a fatal dilemma. He maintains that all our knowledge must be empirical; but our empirical knowledge he makes rest on *a priori* knowledge which can never be empirical; this *a priori* knowledge is the categories.

He thus cuts away the ground on which all empirical knowledge is supposed to rest; and this, too, without being aware of what he was doing. Then, on the other hand, there is not one single claim put forward by Kant in behalf of his categories that does not apply with equal force and equal validity, whether we take the categories in the Kantian sense, or in the Aristotelian sense, or in the Lockian. Hence with regard to the objective reality of his categories, Kant has proved nothing, and throughout his entire philosophy he is hoist with his own petard.

All attempts to refute Kant have been heretofore so many failures, more or less for the reason, as it seems to us, that so few have grasped the real Kantian position as a whole. The way to overthrow a citadel is to undermine the foundations. Little can be accomplished by a scattering fusillade which breaks some plaster here and there, or even carries away a cap or a crown from a flying buttress. For this reason the only way to deal successfully with Kant is to attack his entrenched position. Kant's plan is very simple when we come to understand it, although it rambles over much territory. We shall give a brief summary of the Kantian scheme for the benefit of the student of Kant who may have been at sea with regard to what it all means. First, Kant makes the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, the freedom of the human will, *the* problems of metaphysic. He perceived—like every one else—that these truths can never have an empirical demonstration. This suggested to him that there was a difference between our knowledge of these truths and our empirical knowledge; hence he attempted to set up his everlasting barriers between these two kinds of knowldge and establish empirical knowledge as the only kind of knowledge. In this, however, he found himself confronted by the Cartesian problem, which discredited empirical knowledge, and at least contended with it for the first rank, where Kant would fain place it—and it alone. For the purpose of restoring empirical knowledge to the first place, and establishing it there as the only knowledge deserving of the position, it was necessary that he be able to connect the mind with the empirical reality or the external world. For this purpose he seized upon the Aristotelian categories as the only instruments by which he could accomplish his design. They, in their various forms, entered into every kind of knowledge, and he believed that if he could show that these belonged not to objects or to experience, but to the mind—the faculty of knowledge—and that through them alone we could have knowledge or experience, his task was accomplished and victory awaited him. If he could show that the mind has certain forms or moulds to which objects must

conform, and which are for use only in experience; and if he could establish this beyond peradventure, it would be an epoch-making discovery in the history of human knowledge. But how to do this? And, by way of accomplishing it, Kant gave us the transcendental deduction of the categories. It was an arduous task; but Kant declared that he had "succeeded." (Kant failed to perceive, meanwhile, that this new discovery was, as a piece of human knowledge, quite as incapable of becoming empirical as is the existence of God and the immortality of the soul, and that consequently his herculean labors, even had he proved the truth of his theory, were wholly in vain; for on this knowledge that never could be empirical all our empirical knowledge was made by Kant to rest.) Kant's next point was to show that we can have no knowledge whatever except through the categories; that as these categories—since they were forms existing in the mind for the purpose of relating it with objects—were intended only for objects of experience, they could not be applied to objects that never could be met with in experience. They could, therefore, have no application to such subjects as the existence of God, the immortality of the soul and the freedom of the human will, and, consequently, these doctrines could never come within the scope of human knowledge at all. Evidently Kant forgot that his categories, upon which he was basing all his dogmatism, were open precisely to the same objection. Thus the categories are at once the prop and the pride, the foundation and the crown of the Kantian philosophy. To buttress his doctrine of the categories he was obliged to establish his doctrines of space and time and also his philosophy of the phenomena and noumena; but all of them merely go to establish his doctrine of the categories, and are therefore subsidiary. Kant's conclusion is that we can know only phenomena, and that all our knowledge is merely empirical. Hence we can have nothing like knowledge of the existence of God, the immortality of the soul and the freedom of the human will; and to show this was the end and aim of all Kant's labors in the "Critique of Pure Reason."

It will be easily seen, therefore, that any attempt to refute Kant by merely attacking his distinction between phenomena and noumena, or by simply assailing his antinomies, or by other flank assaults, leaves his central position intact, and that the only way to overthrow Kant's philosophy is to show the utter worthlessness of its foundations. This is what we have tried to do in the articles which are here brought to a close. Volumes, however, not articles, would be required to deal adequately with Kant's boundless sophistry. We have shown the weakness of Kant's philosophy as one supposedly great organic whole. We have dealt merely with

the fundamental principles and shown their utter futility, often even their folly. We have not touched upon either the transcendental æsthetic or the paralogisms of pure reason; first, for lack of time, and, secondly, because others have dealt, if not completely and exhaustively, at least quite efficaciously, with the transcendental æsthetic—Kant's theory of peace and time. With regard to the paralogisms of pure reason—Kant's rational psychology—since Kant has omitted it wholly in his second edition (and, per consequence, it is omitted in all subsequent editions), it is not known even to the general student of philosophy. Neither have we dealt with Kant's particular arguments; nor with the general or fundamental arguments that underlie the great plan, except in a general way. Some day, however, when we have more leisure, we may take up these particular arguments—especially the antinomies and the existence of God—and show how arbitrary and unreasoning is Kant both in his arguments and his conclusions from them. This would be merely an agreeable pastime. We think, however, that in the series of articles which closes with this we have indicated with sufficient clearness the lines along which any one can detect for himself the flaws in Kant's main argument and most of the fallacies in his collateral ones. There is much—very much—that we would like to add by way of showing how Kant's theory of knowledge is absolutely false, and by way of showing, too, what Catholic philosophy could do to clear up the situation and settle it for all time. Too many weak intellects have already been shipwrecked on the rocks that Kant's theory of knowledge has, in the great philosophical upheaval, raised above the surface. There is much work to be done. Des Cartes opened up problems which were unknown to the schoolmen, and the solution of which they, consequently, could not have left to us. Yet these are precisely the great questions of our time. Kant himself has introduced so much false reasoning that a moderate-sized library shelf would hardly suffice to accommodate all the books needed to answer them; and a lifetime would be too short to do justice to all of them.

Nevertheless, one parts from Kant with sincere regret. If we have the proper intellectual balance, once we have learned the key to Kant and completely mastered the Kantian system, the task of refuting him becomes comparatively easy, and there is an enjoyment in uncovering his countless fallacies that cannot be easily found in any other work. Perhaps the real charm of Kant—for with all his blunders Kant has a real charm—lies in the fact that he conducts the reader at once into the regions of pure intellect. It is not so surprising, after all, that Kant has had so many admirers. We fancy that the air-sailor, clambering aloft in the pure, im-

palpable ether, enjoys—despite every misadventure—a pleasure which is unknown to the motorist on the great modern highway or the racer on the bosom of the most ravishing water-course. In the same way it may be said that the highest form of mundane pleasure is intellectual pleasure, that the highest form of intellectual pleasure is philosophy, and that the highest form of philosophy is metaphysic. Dry and forbidding as it seems to the uninitiated, its rewards are peerless, for it is the pursuit of truth in its very highest and purest form. Intellectually, metaphysic is far in advance even of mathematics, for the latter is forced from time to time to descend to earth and yoke itself again to the senses in order to be able to check empirically the results of its intellectual and abstract reasoning. Hence, in spite of his errors, Kant will always possess a charm for the man of intellect. He dwells on the mountain peaks of human thought and philosophical speculation, far beyond the dreams of the loftiest poet; and even though he again and again becomes engulfed in the gorges of the ether on which he is so fearlessly treading, and although, when he sinks into the abysses of the unknown which he is exploring, he resorts to unconventional and illegitimate methods of self-rescue, we are compelled to admire the genius and skill with which he wrestles in the losing struggle, and wish that such powers had been enlisted on the side of truth. Indeed, if Kant's sophistications were not so obtrusive and ever present, one would feel inclined to condone to his genius his many and multiplied errors. But the truth is that, in spite of his genius and brilliant as was his attempt to revolutionize human knowledge, he has hopelessly demoralized all knowledge; and the dire result of his herculean labors has been to plunge empirical knowledge deeper and deeper into the slough from which he claimed to have rescued it.]

Here the "criticisms" of Kant—so far as the present series is concerned—end. We shall, however, take advantage of the space yet remaining and offer a few suggestions regarding the present condition of philosophy, which may at least help to clear the atmosphere and give a complete though brief survey of the whole philosophy of knowledge as it exists at the present day. This may simplify to some extent the work of those who would remould all philosophic thought and readjust it to the requirements of the age.

The great storm-centre of philosophy is to-day—and has been for more than a century—the question: What do we really know? Ever since Des Cartes introduced his methodic doubt the real value of our knowledge has been a serious problem with the philosophers. Not, however, before Kant's day did we have open rebellion and anarchy centring around the question of knowledge; for not even

the skepticism of David Hume was able to mislead the world. It remained for Kant, with his avowal of an honest purpose and his adoption of dishonest methods, to delude men's minds and completely impose on the world by his specious sophistry. Since his day we have had nothing but philosophic confusion, anarchy and riot. The advocates of the different schools now stand fiercely glaring at each other and soundly berating one another across the chasms that separate them. The sensist scoffs at the rationalist and the rationalist at the sensist, while the idealist in his turn ridicules both. It seems an almost hopeless task to attempt to unite them on any common ground or to bring order out of the universal chaos. Let us, however, go beneath the chaos and confusion, push aside the rubbish and the debris, and try to get a clear survey of the field. Without this all efforts to inaugurate a new philosophy must end in failure. We can construct no royal road —nor indeed any road at all—out of the wilderness, unless we first get the cardinal points of the compass in the chaotic region.

The real question at issue seems to be: What is the value of our human knowledge? In other words, What is knowledge? The whole difficulty in answering it arises from the fact that men insist upon a single answer; whereas in the present state of our knowledge, not one answer, but three, must be given. The idealist tells us that we really know nothing but ourselves; that is, the *ego,* the thinking subject. The empiricist tells us that our only real knowledge can come only from experience—that is, sense-experience. And finally, the rationalist (we use the term in its larger and broader meaning) tells us the conclusions of reason alone give us truth. All the disputes of philosophy in its present stage—and for the last century, for that matter—are reducible to these three. But for these three no common multiple can be found.

The idealist, then, tells the empiricist that all his vaunted knowledge—of which he so loudly boasts and upon which he lays such stress—has no value whatever. It is not knowledge at all; for it has no existence at all; or, what is the same thing, if, mayhap, it has an existence, that existence can never be proven. All external things which form the material for experience are mere appearances. All our so-called knowledge of experience is but the efflorescence of our own thought working on the background of consciousness and spinning cobwebs and phantasies which we call experience and endeavor to dignify by the name of an outer world. But all these are not more substantial than the dream I had last night. Nothing exists but the *ego.* All that we call the *not me* is but the extension of the *me* and the external world has no existence. No man can prove its existence. We can never have

the same certainty of its existence that we have of our own. Such is the claim of the idealists. And there is no denying that the empiricist is dumb and must remain so in the presence of this argument. The knowledge of his own existence differs not only in degree, but also in kind from his knowledge of the external world. Hence the knowledge—certainty—truth—of our own existence stands by itself and constitutes one kind of knowledge. Next comes the empiricist.

The sensist or empiricist tells us that our senses alone are reliable and that they alone give us knowledge properly so-called. All other kind of knowledge is negligible. All else is unprovable. The knowledge of mere reason the empiricist rejects with scorn. Let the conclusions of reason be founded on the bedrock of experience and the empiricist will deign to accept them; but apart from this they are not regarded worthy of his serious consideration. All the conclusions of reason, in order to be accepted at the bar of knowledge, must be properly authenticated by experience. Experience must verify them. When thus verified they may be accepted as knowledge and as truth; but without this process of verification such conclusions are worthless—often worse than worthless. The empiricist, however, does not care to deny the claims of the idealist and, albeit somewhat reluctantly, is forced to admit that theoretically at least his superior claims must be admitted. And lastly comes the rationalist.

The rationalist (in the wide sense of the term) maintains on his side that reason is the great criterion of knowledge and of truth. To it, he insists, both the idealist and the empiricist must appeal. Its just conclusions give unimpeachable truth. Nay, it is the only safe and sane method of arriving at the knowledge of truth. It has been forced again and again to correct the vagaries and extravagancies of sense-experience. It must work in accordance with rule and law, it is true; but when it works under the regulation of its own laws, its conclusions are unquestionable. It gives us philosophic truth in its highest form.

Here, then, are three claimants for the agency of knowledge. Each insists that it alone is a competent dispenser of knowledge and that its seal alone, and only it, is the proper authentication of truth. Its criterion—alone and no other—gives and can give us certainty. There is no other claimant in the field of philosophic truth. Which is right? Which of the three are we to believe? Can all three be correct? Is there a common multiple which will include all of them? And does truth lie with any one of them or with all three? These, it seems to us, are the questions which lie at the basis of all our philosophy, and the answers to which must be

regarded as first principles, in the condition of philosophy in our day. Let us briefly examine the credentials of each claimant.

First, with regard to the idealist, it must be admitted—however much we may deplore it—that the Cartesian problem is, by many men, held to be the rockbed of all philosophical thought. Many great names in philosophy have stood sponsor for its soundness. Nay, what is more, many able men regard doubt about the real existence of the external world as inseparable from a high degree of intellectuality. So cultured an intellect as that of Emerson does not hesitate to leave on record the astounding remark—which, after all, is not so far from the truth—that "intellectual science has been observed to beget invariably a doubt of the existence of matter." Turgot claimed that "he that has never doubted the existence of matter may be assured he has no aptitude for metaphysical inquiries." Cardinal Newman is said to have at a very early age doubted the existence of the external world. Therefore the question, "whether nature enjoy a substantial existence without, or is only in the apocalypse of the mind;" in other words, whether "the world is a divine dream" and nothing more, is one which by the common consent and unanimous vote of a not insignificant minority among the aristocracy of intellect has been to put it mildly, "left on the table." Consequently this fact is one that must be reckoned with in any attempt to solve the problem of knowledge. Nor is idealism without show of justification. Man is conscious of his own existence. He is conscious of this in a way in which he is conscious of no other fact. The knowledge of self-consciousness differs not only in degree, but also in kind from our knowledge of all other phenomena. It is the one fact of which the thinking subject can be absolutely certain, and on which he can make clear affidavit. In its nature, then, it surpasses all other knowledge of whatever form. But this knowledge is barren. It leads nowhither. It produces no results. Or if it produces results theoretically, they constitute but a delirium of philosophy. The bridge across to the external world has never been built and never shall be. No one will dispute this. Nevertheless, the fact remains that the knowledge of consciousness stands on a higher plane and on a foundation essentially different from and superior to that of all other philosophical knowledge. Even the great champion of empiricism, Kant himself, was forced to admit this. The claims of the idealist, therefore, cannot be ignored.

Next comes the knowledge of the senses, or sense-experience, and its advocates—Kant especially, and, after him, Herbert Spencer—would make its claims absolute. No knowledge, no certainty, they tell us, can surpass that of experience. Experience is the

only true teacher. Nevertheless, the advocates of empiricism are compelled to admit—reluctantly enough—that the knowledge of our own existence—or the knowledge of consciousness—is both one step higher in degree and one degree stronger in kind than our knowledge from experience. It is very evident, then, that we have here two distinct kinds of knowledge without any link between them; and that the knowledge of the idealist or skeptic is superior in kind and higher in form than that of the empiricist. In other words, its certainty is greater. Like the idealist, the empiricist is forced to admit that it can construct no bridge across the abyss from the *me* to the *not me,* and consequently that we can never reinforce the knowledge of experience by the strength of the knowledge which consciousness gives. Thus the idealist holds the dogmatism of the empiricist in check and quickly silences the proud and loud boastings of his claims for the superiority of experience. For this wholesome effect let us be thankful to Cartesianism.

Next comes the rationalist, who tells us that reason alone is the true teacher. The conclusions of reason alone give us true knowledge. Reason is *ex officio* the real teacher of truth. Its duty is to investigate, to discover and to announce truth. Right reason working in accordance with its own laws cannot deceive us. Nor is this true in speculative problems only; it is true also in the practical. Never have the legitimate conclusions of reason been checked and verified and found wanting. Both the idealist and the empiricist admit the claims of reason within certain limits; but each regards its own as vastly superior. Even empiricism, the great rival—we had almost said, enemy—of reason, is forced to admit that wherever it has been able to follow up reason and verify its conclusions, these conclusions are unimpeachable. Singularly enough, however, the empiricist would fain persuade us that, while the conclusions of reason constitute a safe guide to knowledge where these conclusions can be verified by experience, it would be unsafe to follow reason where no such verification is possible. Hence, he claims, that while in practical knowledge reason is perfectly safe, in speculative philosophy it must be distrusted. Accordingly, in matters pertaining to the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, the freedom of the will—in a word, in all problems beyond the reach of experience—it would be a mistake to trust to reason, even though she has always proved a reliable guide in matters that fall under experience; here we must distrust her. The answer to this, however, is obvious. That in the realm of speculative philosophy, the conclusions of reason do not admit of verification cannot be ascribed to reason as a fault or cannot be due to any defect of reason. The defect is wholly on the side of ex-

perience, which is unable to follow reason into this higher region. An admitted defect in the test can never be regarded as a defect in the thing tested; neither can the avowed and innate inability of the critic discredit the work criticized. The wren or the finch is unable to follow the eagle; but it would be manifest absurdity to deny that the eagle has not looked on the sun with unflinching gaze from the higher strata of air simply because the birds of lower flight are not able to follow him. The defect in experience can in no wise discredit reason. Reason can say to empiricism: Follow me and prove me false if you will. Wherever you have been able to follow me you have been able only to corroborate my conclusions. I challenge you to follow me into the higher regions and prove them false. And empiricism is unable—from sheer incapacity—to accept the challenge. That its inability to do so should in any wise redound to the discredit of reason is so preposterous that it contradicts even the most ordinary common sense. Hence reason is fully justified in maintaining the following attitude in the face of all the criticisms of sense-experience: I, reason, am preëminently the faculty of truth. My legitimate conclusions throughout the whole realm of knowledge are unimpeachable. All regions are the same to me. My mission to ascertain and dispense truth is wholly independent of your carpings and criticisms. Who has appointed you supreme arbiter of truth? At best you are nothing more than a self-appointed critic of my work and my conclusions. You have followed me for the purpose of detecting flaws wherever your own narrow limitations allowed, and wherever you have followed me, in spite of your disposition to discredit, you have been compelled to sanction and reluctantly corroborate. Since, then, in every instance in which you have been able to follow me you have been forced to verify and proclaim the truth of my claims, is it not, to say the least, presumptive evidence that my claims are wholly legitimate? The truth or falsity of my conclusions does not in any way depend on your verification which is proffered wholly gratuitously; but since you are self-appointed judge, I challenge you to follow me into the region of speculation, as you term it, and there disprove—if you can—my conclusions. And since you credit me only to obtain an opportunity of trying to discredit me—and this on the sole ground of your limitations—I thank you for nothing. If, according to your own avowal, you are not able to follow me into these regions, then, on your confession, you are a totally incompetent judge, and your sanction or contradiction are of exactly equal value here—that is, of no value at all. This is the only legitimate conclusion.

This, then, is the universal claim of reason, that from her very

nature she is the duly constituted teacher and dispenser of truth, that where experience is able to follow her it has always been forced—grudgingly enough—to confess that not only has it been unable to invalidate her claims, but has even been forced sorely against her will to verify them and prove them true beyond all question; and that since sense-experience admits its innate inability to follow reason into the higher realms of knowledge, reason can have no voice whatever either in crediting or discrediting reason in this sphere. According to his own admission, the testimony of experience is utterly valueless.

Like all busybodies, however, and all those with doubtful titles, experience—empiricism—still persists in pursuing reason in order to have her claims rejected. Since Kant's day especially, empiricism, presumptuously enough, persists in her attempt to discredit the claims of reason in the regions where experience cannot follow. It stoutly maintains that where, on account of its own limitations, experience is unable to follow, there can be proper verification of the conclusions of reason and therefore no proof of their truth. And just here comes in its own awkward dilemma for the boaster, empiricism. As it turns away in scorn from the reports of reason which the senses, because of their own shortcomings, cannot verify, and while it clamorously persists in calling for verification and proofs of these conclusions, it finds itself suddenly confronted by the idealist, who, in turn, challenges quite as peremptorily the claims of the empiricist and insists that he, in turn, furnish the proofs for the truth of *his* experience. Just as the empiricist rejects the claims of the reason until authenticated by experience, so the idealist rejects with scorn the claims of the empiricist until properly authenticated by the thinking consciousness. The report of the senses, the idealist insists, must be fully authenticated before the tribunal of consciousness—nay, the real itself must be shown to have a substantial existence—before its dogmatic assertions can be accepted as truth at all. And this authentication empiricism is unable to give. It is therefore a complete turning of the tables—to the utter discomfiture of empiricism. It is a case of the biter bitten, or of the unjust debtor of the Gospel who throttles his debtor, and is in turn throttled severely by his own creditor. But the noteworthy feature is that empiricism has no defense to make, and even admits that it has been fully cognizant all the while of its own shortcomings. Yet with this full knowledge it has had little hesitation in hectoring and browbeating and bullying reason for no offense at all. In this way Cartesianism renders excellent service to reason by the simple fact of showing empiricism how arbitrary is its standard and how slender are its grounds for lording it over anything. The dog-

matism of the empiricist is thus suddenly called to a halt and from challenging becomes the challenged and convicted—and even pleads guilty of its own accord. Nor can idealism be looked upon as a negligible quantity. "The frivolous make themselves merry with the ideal theory, as if its consequences were burlesque," it is true. But too many men of high intellectual standing have been firm believers that culture inverts the common views of nature, and tends to imbue the mind with idealism, to permit us to dismiss it with a shrug. And what is more to the point—empiricism itself, as we have already said, is prompt in admitting that the exactions of idealism are just, and that itself is powerless to reach the idealist's standard.

There is, then, no knowledge on whose acceptance as a standard the schools are agreed. It is well, then, for all the schools—and especially for bragging and blustering empiricism—to understand well their limitations. To do so will conduce greatly to a proper humility and will save them much unnecessary mortification and embarrassment. It is quite plain, therefore, that there is a knowledge of consciousness, a knowledge of experience and a knowledge of reason; and it is equally plain that the sterling values of the three are by no means equal. It behooves the empiricist above all to be modest in his claim; for the idealist has reason on his side when he says of the *not me:* "Be it what it may, it is ideal to me, so long as I cannot try the accuracy of my senses." Had the agnostic been more modest in his claim or less loud in his dogmatism, he would have been spared the vexation and shame of having the weakness of his own position so completely exposed. Let us be thankful, then, for the Cartesian and his standard of knowledge. It completely silences the shallow claims of loud-voiced empiricism.

There is therefore no standard of knowledge on which all the schools are agreed—and there never will be. This must be fully recognized before we can take a single step in the work of reconstructing philosophy. We are here standing on the bedrock on which the true foundations of philosophy must be laid. Building without due recognition of the essential distinction between the rival claims would be simply to build on shifting sands. We must not forget that each school has—and in all probability will always have—many and powerful adherents. Due recognition of the claims of each school is therefore an absolute necessity if we are to have a philosophy that is to unite the now warring clans. Indeed, the distinction and the difference in the claims of each must be accepted as among our first principles and dealt with accordingly. We see that while empiricism challenges the claims of reason, idealism quite as peremptorily, and with far more justice, challenges the

claims of empiricism. There must be a due recognition of the legitimate claims of each and a proper adjustment of these claims, assigning to each its full value and allotting to each its own territory, over which its jurisdiction is supreme. Above all, must it be clearly established and duly emphasized that, in view of the conflicting claims and the arguments adduced by the three claimants, the term *knowledge* is at bottom really a relative one. A clear understanding upon this point is absolutely necessary if we are to build from the foundation. Especially, too, must the claims of experience—empiricism—which have been unduly exaggerated during the past century, be kept within proper bounds, and the claimant taught to know its limitations and proper place.

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ANCIENT MEXICO REVIEWED BY A MODERN TRAVELER.

CONTIGUOUS to our southern line of empire for a thousand miles, there lies a land venerable with age, enchanting of vista, affluent beyond computation in the gifts of Nature, whose geographical boundaries, geological vaults and social activities dwarf to mediocrity many nations of premier rank; a land whose chronology was old ere Phœnician or Corinthian displayed his superiority upon the raging main, before Homer sang or dauntless Hannibal had thrown his ramparts beyond the towering Alps; an embryonic giant among the races that are to come, and as familiar to the American populace as the bazaars of old Kabul or the fjords of fast-flowing Magellan—the ancient and modern land of Mexico.

The Federal Government has been formulated along American lines, and the capital, the City of Mexico, like Washington, is located in the Federal District. There are two legislative chambers, the Deputies and the Senate. The Presidential term covers a period of six years.

It is the writer's earnest desire to present unbiasedly the knowledge acquired during two interesting sojourns along the beaten and unbeaten paths of a Spanish-American republic that covers an area equaling Germany, Japan, France and Spain combined. That the country has many leagues to travel before consummating the Utopian state there can be no denial, for we readily agree there is room for vast improvement socially, politically and industrially. But notwithstandng the malevolent thrusts so frequently leveled at

the ignorance and lethargy of our neighbors, irrefragable evidence is abundant that they have been grossly misrepresented in many ways. Humboldt was astonished at the progress of higher education in the City of Mexico in 1803.

"No city in the New World," he wrote, "not even excepting those of the United States, has scientific establishments as grand and solid as those of the Mexican capital." The metropolis had its Colegio de Mineria, its botanic garden, museums, laboratories and collections of all sorts. This educational movement began early. Cortés invested the seat of government on August 23, 1521, and in 1522 it contained schoolhouses to hold a thousand pupils. Eight years later—that is to say, ninety-one years antedating the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock—the brilliant sons of Loyola proclaimed the classics throughout the halls of the Colegio San Juan de Letras. The doors of the University of Mexico were opened in 1553, or eighty-three years prior to the erection of Harvard College. At the end of the sixteenth century seven seats of higher learning had been established. In the elementary branches the Jesuits and Franciscans strove sedulously to disseminate education among the masses of the people. A century before Captain John Smith sailed for the shores of Virginia the first newspaper of the New World was being printed in the ancient Aztec capital.

Mexico is the land of wonders, but none surpasses its climatic conditions. Along the coast belt the sun beats down with tropical intensity, thirty miles inland the mercury descends, up and beyond this point the temperate zone is reached. Foothills of the Sierra Madré Mountains rise abruptly near the plateau upon which rests so much of the Republic. Metropolitan gauges have registered an average of sixty-two degrees during August for twenty years, due, of course, to the altitude, the capital being 7,400 feet above the level of the sea. The transportation system has been mainly constructed and operated by Americans, although English investors were first on the ground and planned the line from Vera Cruz to Mexico City, one of the greatest feats of engineering ever consummated by the railroad builder. In 1873 the total length of track was 335 miles; to-day upwards of 16,000 traverse every State and cut the time of communication to hours where a generation ago weeks were required to cover the same journey. The telegraph system is extensive, 45,000 miles of wire being in operation. There is no country in the world where railroading has demanded more patience, labor and ingenuity than we find displayed on the various mountain lines of Mexico. Double locomotives of the most powerful type are largely used, owing to steepness of the grade. Nor does the scenery along any route surpass the magnificent

views presented to the traveler making his way from Tampico to the interior or from Vera Cruz to Esperanza, at the edge of the tableland. Our own Rockies and the Selkirks of Canada present a thousand vistas of enthralling grandeur to the enchanted beholder; nowhere, however, has nature provided prospects more sublime than those greeting the voyager along the eastern slope of the great Cordilleras.

Pike's Peak, in Colorado, is an eminence of conspicuity, being 14,108 feet above the earth, and the same is true of Mont Blanc, the Alpine king, 15,781 feet amidst the clouds; but neither of these monarchs attains the dignity of the famous "White Lady of Mexico" —Ixtaccihuatl—whose silver diadem graces her queenly brow at an elevation of 17,500 feet.

The Tropic of Cancer, 400 miles south of the Texas border, is crossed at Catorce, the northern parallel of latitude being indicated by a monument near the railroad. The line denoting the tropical zone flashes around this terrestrial globe just north of the Philippines, Canton, China, and Calcutta, India, thence crosses the Red Sea and the barren wastes of Sahara, all of which are justly celebrated for their torrid climate. The traveler, however, feels no discomfort here, for Catorce is fanned by the buoyant winds that waft their way through the illimitable void of heaven 6,200 feet above the level of the earth.

> How often we forget all time, when lone
> Admiring Nature's universal throne;
> Her woods—her wilds—her mountains—the intense
> Reply of *hers* to our intelligence!

Tourists going from Vera Cruz to the capital find it convenient and agreeable to break their ride at Orizaba, one of the most picturesque towns under the sun. The sightseer now gets his first glimpse of a real Mexican sombrero, the station swarming with an army of Indians whose headgear in many cases is a trifle larger than the owner. It is not hyperbolical to say that some of these peculiar steeples are fully four feet tall and three feet broad, as the highest aspiration percolating through a peon's mind is to become possessed of a hat more elaborate in design than his neighbor's. A diminutive car, drawn by two ponies, conveys the passenger to his hotel, and from time to time the embryonic horses are urged to greater animation by the mellifluous fanfare blown by the bugler-driver. The place is walled in by a vast range of mountains, the mightiest of them all being cloud-shattering Orizaba, who soars his shimmering crown far and away into the translucent reaches of empyrean space—eighteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. Even the elastic conscience of the perspicacious Münch-

hausen might have felt a slight qualm at branding Orizaba as an ultra-progressive community, for everything bears a patriarchal aspect. The cobblestones upon which the ox carts so leisurely travel appear to have been used to hold the bow of the Santa Maria to windward during her cruise across the tempestuous currents of the Spanish Main. Innumerable houses are devoid of glass, iron bars acting as a substitute; on the other hand, the adobe hut of every peon is illuminated by a twentieth-century electric light. The climate would suit a pessimist—pleasantly warm during the day and cool enough for blankets in the hours of slumber.

Puebla is altogether different from Orizaba, being a manufacturing centre of prominence. The Cathedral, an enormous edifice, second only to the great church in the capital, is 325 feet long and 100 feet wide. There are a full score of bells in the lofty tower, one of which weighs 20,000 pounds. The high altar cost $110,000 and twenty years were consumed in its erection. That the 100,000 Pueblans are deeply religious is attested by the presence of forty-six large and handsome churches. From the hills of Guadalupe there may be viewed a magnificent chain of mountain giants, among which is easily discerned the ermine dome of colossal Popocatepetl (18,300 feet), the aerial demigod who surveys this puny sphere from the solitudes on high. An hour's ride in an out-of-date mule car brings the sightseer to the Pyramid of Cholula, a platform nearly two hundred feet above the ground. The base is fully 1,500 feet long, or twice the length of the celebrated Cheops of Egypt. A half-hour is required to ascend the winding stairway, and the climber is well repaid for his exertions, for here he finds the Grotto of Our Lady of the Remedies, where countless thousands of the faithful yearly come to ask assistance in their afflictions. It is commonly asserted in the vicinity of Puebla that miraculous cures have been effected through the intercession of Nuestra Señora de los Remedios. Hundreds of crutches are fastened to the wall as further corroboration.

Mexico City, the handsome and substantial capital of the Republic, with a population of 550,000, was founded by the Aztecs in 1325, and probably contained a hundred thousand souls before Columbus saw the light of day. The streets are of good width, well cleaned and lighted. At night the policemen stand with lanterns at the intersections of the various thoroughfares, and it is said that should a person in need of an illuminant carry off the light the officer is fined five dollars, while an unsuccessful pilferer is levied on for an equal tribute. Modern business structures are quite numerous, and several approach the dignity of skyscrapers, although ten stories is the limit prescribed by the local law. The

General Post Office is of imposing appearance, and the National Opera House, now nearing completion, representing an investment of $5,000,000, will rank with the grandest in the world. It exemplifies the native love of the musical.

The National Museum is worth traveling far to visit, for herein are to be found parchments of great age and interest. The coach of state used by the ill-fated Maximilian is a prominent relic of empire days. But by far the most interesting and instructive object is the famous Aztec Calendar Stone. This peculiar work of the sculptor's art was used by the race of other days to determine the various seasons of the year. It also suggests that mathematics and astronomy were not unknown sciences. The Stone, which is ten feet tall and six feet wide, was formerly lodged in the wall of the Cathedral, to be later removed to its present home. The National Art Gallery has an international reputation for its vast collection of paintings, and the native artists have good reason to be proud of their labors, as their pictures in many cases will stand comparison with those of world-wide prominence. The National Palace, containing various offices of the Government, is a long, low structure. On its façade hangs the "Bell of Dolores," which first rang out its pæans of independence in 1810, when Father Hidalgo marched forth to free his beloved Mexico from the bonds of European sovereignty. The Conservatory of Music has graduated a larger number of pupils during its existence of a century than any similar institution on this continent. Twelve great schools of the Federal District comprise law, medicine, engineering, architecture and commerce, besides a school devoted exclusively to the fine arts. The homes of these societies are generally handsome and substantial structures, equipped with every modern improvement.

Several of the beautiful drives around the city are lined for miles with stately trees and shrubbery. Carriages are numerous, a respectable two-horse vehicle being obtainable at one dollar per hour for three persons. The celebrated Castle of Chapultepec, the White House of Mexico, reposing on a hill in the outskirts, in the earlier centuries was the home of Montezuma and later that of the various Viceroys dispatched by the King of Spain to rule his empire beyond the seas. The great Cathedral, standing on the site of the ancient Aztec Temple, is the grandest edifice of the Western Hemisphere. Begun in 1573, a century was consumed in its construction. It is 425 feet wide, 200 feet deep and cost, including the beautiful furnishings, $5,000,000 gold; the chancel rail is of solid silver and many of the paintings and statuary are priceless. The organ in this vast basilica is as tall as a three-story house and almost as

large. Here on Sundays and feast days may be seen representatives of every degree of human society. Side by side on the bare stones of this gorgeous tabernacle (for pews are not in general use in Mexico), the grandee of New Granada, the ragged peon, the graceful daughter of old Castile and the humble pancake woman reverently bow the head as the priest uplifts the Prince whose Crucifixion won redemption for the soul of man. Other churches of note are scattered throughout the city, including those of the Baptist, Episcopal, Methodist, Presbyterian and Jewish sects. There is also an English-speaking Catholic church, and the Knights of Columbus possess a flourishing council. Two daily newspapers furnish current news for twenty thousand American and British residents.

While the vast bulk of the populace adhere to the ancient faith, judicious vigilance has not altogether prevailed in the selection of public officials, with the result that emissaries of the Grand Orient have for many years controlled the reins of government. The despotic Juarez was strongly identified with the Masonic fraternity, and the same was true of Diaz, the lately deposed Dictator. These two men enforced most drastic laws against religion, suppressing or holding in servitude the various congregations and confiscating schools, convents and colleges and in various ways harassing and retarding the work of the Church. President Diaz, although an autocrat, was somewhat lenient with the religious orders, owing in large measure to the influence of his wife, a lady of deep piety. This "generosity" has allowed the opening up of educational and charitable institutions in all the eight archiepiscopal provinces of the country. Of course, it is tacitly understood that their existence is solely due to the sufferance of the authorities. Nuns are not permitted to appear in public wearing the habit of their community, nor are processions tolerated beyond the walls of the parish church. Hence, when we consider the treatment accorded the religious by the autocratic Government, they have performed valiant service for Church and State. Handsome cathedrals are found in every section, and judging by the throngs assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the imprescriptible cause of Rome is the imprescriptible cause of the Mexican people.

The railway route leading to historic Cuernavaca (5,000 feet) is one gigantic zigzag, and the throbbing locomotives must serpentine up and around the precipitous crags that lead to La Cima, *two miles* above the undulating breakers of the Oriental seas. American "specials" have been known to annihilate seventy-five miles of space in the course of an hour's run, but here two powerful engines, belching like maddened demons, require about

five hours to cover the same distance between the termini of the division. At times the groaning train crawls along like a tortoise as it skirts the sides of the imperious giants that reign in august serenity far beyond the hills and vales, cañons and hamlets in the dizzy depths below. The descent is made at lively speed in the shadow of Ajusco (13,000 feet), which forms the culminating point of the mountain ridge. On and on through fields of sugar cane and rolling hills we twist and curve until to the south of us a myriad of domes and steeples proclaim the vicinity of an ideal spot wherein to while away the vacation hours at our disposal—Cuernavaca—summer home of the élite and favorite rendezvous of Cortés and Maximilian. Elegant mansions abound on every side; also handsome boulevards and drives, and it is quite an agreeable sight to view the grand señora and petite señorita taking their afternoon spin behind a pair of prancing bays that step along with all the hauteur befitting high-born members of the equine family.

Aguas Calientes (hot waters), a manufacturing town of 40,000 inhabitants, is noted for the beauty and variety of its "drawn work." This embroidery is all wrought by the skillful hands of Indian peasants. It is safe to say the famous needlewomen of Paris cannot surpass the artistic productions of these humble peons of Mexico.

Almost everything known to man is grown in different sections of the country, including cotton, oranges, rice, wheat and hemp. Industrially the nation has made great strides within recent years, factories and foundries being numerous in the various States. The steel plant at Monterey represents an investment of $6,000,000. Several cattle ranches cover upwards of 25,000 acres. The production of sugar increases steadily, the crop totaling 160,000 tons last year. Coffee culture resulted in the growth of 66,000,000 pounds during the same period. There is scarcely a mineral known to the geologist that does not find lodgment beneath the surface of this favored land. For 350 years mining has been adding millions upon millions to the national wealth. Fabulous fortunes have been dug from the centre of the earth, and will so continue for generations to come, as Mexico is honeycombed with gold, silver, copper, coal and other deposits. In round numbers, the production of the precious metals during the past decade amounted to the stupendous sum of $530,000,000 (gold). The production of all other ores probably reached not less than $300,000,000. The writer has not been able to ascertain the monetary value of the oil wells, but it soars to fabulous figures, one well alone producing not less than 65,000 barrels daily. The State of Vera Cruz, it is prophesied, will in years to come produce oil in greater quantities than any fields on the globe.

Vera Cruz, chief port of the Republic, is no longer the home of yellow fever. The town has been thoroughly sewered, paved and cleaned and all buildings are painted white. The Government has recently spent millions upon a fine system of wharves and a large breakwater to give shelter to the ships that arrive from foreign ports. Tampico is also reaching out for transmarine trade, and great improvements there will give impetus to commercial expansion in the interior of the Northeastern States. Salina Cruz, Manzanillo, Mazatlan and Guaymas are the principal ports on the Pacific coast, and all are now connected by rail with the interior. Various steamship lines have regular sailings from these points up and down the coast of the continent. With characteristic enterprise, the Japanese have two into Manzanillo and Salina Cruz. Guadalajara, Monterey, San Luis Potosi, Torreon and Chihuahua are thriving cities. Foreign commerce last year was well over $225,000,000, sixty per cent. being with the United States. Former Consul General Barlow estimated that Americans have placed five hundred million dollars in various Mexican industries.

Much credit should be given to the late Edward H. Harriman, the famous railroad king, for his work on the western slope of the Cordilleras. Shortly before traveling to the unknown bourne he had prepared and put into operation an extension of the Southern Pacific Railroad from Guaymas down along the coast to Guadalajara, opening up the ports of Mazatlan and Altata and developing a vast stretch of territory whose subterranean vaults will yield untold wealth and greatly aid in the material development of a section that has lain unproductive throughout the ages for lack of proper transportation facilities. The able railroad builder's fertile mind readily saw the tremendous possibilities resulting to the pristine States of Sinalao and Tepic, and it assuredly required undaunted courage on the part of the man who put millions into a project that traverses eleven hundred miles of sparsely inhabited country, for Sonora, Sinaloa and Tepic, although covering 120,000 square miles, contain less than 800,000 souls. The Kansas City, Mexico and Orient Railroad will reach from Kansas City to Topolobampo, on the Gulf of California, passing through Oklahoma and Texas. The line, together with its branches, will probably exceed 1,500 miles in length.

The last census was taken in 1910, and special efforts were put forth to make it as accurate as possible. The Bishops issued pastoral letters exhorting the faithful to facilitate the task, the result showing upwards of fifteen millions within the borders of the country. The *Statesman's Year Book* gives the whites as comprising twenty per cent., the mixed race as forty-two per cent. and Indians

thirty-eight per cent. Americans, who are second in the list of people of foreign birth, nearly monopolize the railway system and a large share of the mining industry; the grocery business is almost entirely in the hands of the Spaniards; the Germans control the hardware market; the French excel in textiles. British trade is mostly wholesale, and they are well represented in financial circles.

While this article has not for its purpose the arraignment of the laws of Mexico, thinking men must recognize the inadvisability of allowing a chosen few to own vast stretches of farming lands. Enormous haciendas should be dissolved by national legislation and divided into ranches of twenty-five or fifty acres. This would result in keeping down much of the rebellious spirit periodically displayed by the peasantry, and it should also bring in a desirable immigration from overcrowded Europe. Latitude gives only a rude indication of climate. A factor of much importance is altitude. Tourists find blankets a comfortable adjunct in mile-high San José, Costa Rica, a few degrees above the equatorial line.

The scheme of a railway uniting North, Central and South America originated in the mind of Hinton Rowan Helper, a famous political writer in his day, who was American Consul at Buenos Ayres in the years 1861-66. He wrote eloquently of the Pan-American, or "Three Americas" Railway, which would some day extend from Bering Sea to the Strait of Magellan. The idea fascinated the mind of James G. Blaine, who openly championed it and did much to bring it into notice. When the rails of Mexico's railway system reached from Salina Cruz to the northern border of Guatemala, at Mariscal, July 1, 1908, the Pan-American enthusiasts saw it as a great link in the gigantic railway dreamed of by Helper long years before a north and south trunk line road was projected for that country. Mexico has done her share of the work of building the "Three Americas" line. Guatemala, by means of the Central Railroad, is doing hers, and before the close of 1912 one may travel by rail to Guatemala City from British Columbia, Canada, and all parts of the United States. The construction of less than one hundred miles southward from Santa Maria will join with the railway system of Salvador and connect the capital of that Republic with the United States by rail.

There are short lines in Salvador, Nicaragua and Costa Rica, which will eventually join terminals. Already a railroad extending through a large section of Panama, from David to Panama City, has been surveyed and construction begun. In Colombia there has not been much new construction that would be part of the Pan-American system, but new lines are being contemplated and financed.

In Ecuador railroad connections already exist between Guayaquil, a port on the Pacific, and Quito the capital. A good part of this line would be the trunk system of the Pan-American Railway. In Peru the road from Cuzco south to Lake Titicaca and the road in Bolivia from Lake Titicaca south to the capital, La Paz, and then running south into Chile, would form important links in the Pan-American system. A new longitudinal line is already under construction in Chile, and a road which reaches from the heart of Bolivia, south through Argentina to Buenos Ayres, lacks only 175 miles of completion.

The construction of less than 500 miles of track will bring the South American section of the Pan-American Railway as far northward as Lima, connecting the capitals of Argentine, Bolivia, Chile and Peru by bonds of steel.

We have alluded to Mexico as a land of antiquity, and it would be well to have a short résumé of its history prior to the arrival of Cortés at Vera Cruz on April 21, 1519. Historians assert that the Toltecs were descendants of an Asiatic tribe that came to the New World across the Pacific or via Bering Strait. In the eighth century they invaded the Mexican Valley and established the capital of Tula. Their superior mentality is shown by the ruins of buildings still extant. As with other races in other lands, the Toltecs four centuries later made way for a newer clan, the Chichemecs, who were far below mediocrity in comparison with their predecessors. Their reign was brief. Then came the Aztecs at the end of the twelfth century and erected their capital upon the site of the present metropolis, naming it in honor of Mexitli, their god of war. They were an energetic and intelligent people, as is illustrated by numerous temples remaining in the neighborhood of the Valley, and evidenced their prowess as warriors by subjugating various tribes of aborigines inhabiting adjacent territory. When Cortés cast anchor their rule extended from Atlantic to Pacific. Self-abnegation was not the errand of the Spaniards, for the armada had been fitted out by Charles V. at the expenditure of many ducats, and of course the tonnage of the tiny frigates was not calculated to reduce to a minimum those distressing symptoms the French call *mal de mer;* indeed, it has been chronicled that the commodore captain of the fleet was far from sanguinary as to his ability to keep afloat until terra firma loomed to view. Moreover, the Castilians, then the premier merchants of the world, thought the natives should offer something more substantial than kind words for the privilege of being enlightened by the most polished members of civilized society. Again, Cortés and his army of six hundred explorers spent many weary days and nights marching

up and around the zigzag trail that led to the habitat of Montezuma, the King of the Aztec nation. All these things were weighty in influencing the foreigners to make demands for at least a province over which should float the banner of the King who ruled in old Madrid. Montezuma was not conciliatory, and the conflict began in earnest, resulting in the permanent predominance of the language and laws of Spain. It should be remembered, however, that the invaders were equipped with modern weapons of war, while the Aztecs used the cruder implements of less "civilized" strategists; it will also be recalled the stubborn resistance offered to the Spaniards, especially at the siege of the capital, proved the natives to be foes of undauntable courage and tenacity.

The period through which we have just passed was by no means fraught with the many dangers to the young as now confront our present great "intellectual" and industrial attainments. So we take pleasure in reproducing an Aztec mother's advice to her daughter, translated from Sahagun's *History of New Spain.* It is as follows:

"My beloved daughter, you have already heard and attended to the words which your father has told you. They are precious words, and such as are rarely spoken or listened to, and which have proceeded from the bowels and heart, in which they were treasured up; and your beloved father well knows that you are his daughter, and God knows that it is so. What more can you hear than what you have heard from your lord and father? Nevertheless, I will say to you some few words. Remember that nine months I bore you in my womb, that you were born and brought up in my arms. This I tell you in order that you may know that I and your father are the source of your being; it is we who now instruct you. Take care that your garments are such as are decent and proper, and observe that you do not adorn yourself with much finery, since this is a mark of vanity and of folly. As little becoming is it that your dress shall be very mean, dirty or ragged. Let your clothes be becoming and neat, that you may neither appear fantastic nor mean. Do not raise your voice very high, nor speak very low, but in a moderate tone. And when you may be obliged to jump over a pool of water, do it with decency, that you may appear neither clumsy nor light.

"Walk through the street quietly and with propriety. See likewise, my daughter, that you never paint your face or stain it or your lips with colors, in order to appear well, since this is a mark of vile and unchaste women. But, that your husband may not dislike you, adorn yourself, wash yourself and cleanse your clothes, and let this be done with moderation. Those noble and venerable

dames, your grandmothers, told us not so many things as I have told you—they said but few words, and spoke thus: 'Listen, my daughters; in this world it is necessary to live with much prudence and circumspection. Hear this allegory, which I shall now tell you and preserve it, and take from it a warning and example for living aright. Here in this world we travel by a very narrow, steep and dangerous road, which is as a lofty mountain ridge, on whose top passes a narrow path; on either side is a great gulf without bottom, and if you deviate from the path you will fall into it. There is need, therefore, of much discretion in pursuing the road.' Only one thing remains to be said, and I have done. If God shall give you life, see that you guard yourself carefully, that no stain comes upon you. When it shall please God that you receive a husband, and you are placed under his authority, be free from arrogance, see that you are not disrespectful to him. Beware that in no time or place you commit the treason against him called adultery. And remember, my daughter, that though no man shall see you, nor your husband ever know what happens, *God, who is in every place, sees you,* will be angry with you and will also excite the indignation of the people against you, and will be avenged upon you as He shall see fit. My dear daughter, see that you live in the world in peace, tranquillity and contentment all the days that you shall live."

Is it to be wondered at that a race so filled with Christian philosophy have survived the onward march of civilization?

Jalapa, the habitat of the mountaineer, is said to contain twenty-five thousand souls, but it is safe to wager that a stranger would undoubtedly be impelled to view the census enumerator with a degree of suspicion, especially if compensated for his labors at so much per capita. The clock that denotes the time of day from the tower of stately El Calvario Church has maintained faithful watch over this picturesque habitation for nearly three hundred years, and is reputed to be the oldest product of the horologist in the Americas. It is quite evident the Moors spent some years in this neighborhood, for everything is quite Moorish, not excepting the tile-covered roofs projecting far beyond the walls of the houses, to frequently shed their burden of rain upon the unfortunate wayfarer in the middle of the circumscribed lanes called avenidas. The natives are of a most amiable temperament, even taking a circuitous route to allow the inanimate canines to enjoy their siesta in the shade of the trees that overhang from either side in umbrella-like fashion. Flowers are here, there and everywhere. The balconies attached to the grotesque little homes bring to mind the romantic epoch when heartsick don stood in the pale glow of

Luna twanging those plaintive notes that thrill the ecstatic heart of señorita and sharpen the wits of ever-astute duenna.

One is almost inclined to think that Edgar Allan Poe here received inspiration to pen that sublime verse he named *The Bells,* for Jalapa contains many churches, and from their lofty belfries every half-hour of the day and night the tintinnabulation floats across the town in most discordant rhythm. When the nocturnal shades had mantled all in darkness there could be heard—

The people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone;
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are ghouls;
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls,
A paean from the bells!

From 1522 begins the era of modern Mexico, so we shall proceed to view a province of the earth by no means modern—a province where civilization prevailed ere Tubal Cain had spanned the Hellespont. Being far to the south of the capital, two days are required to reach the goal. The traveler leaves the train at Oaxaca and devotes several hours to this venerable community. Oaxaca is celebrated for two reasons—it was established six years before the intrepid Genoese pointed the prows of his little caravels to breast the waters of the Western seas and it is the birthplace of two well-known Dictators, Juarez and Diaz, both of Indian blood. As early as 1535 His Holiness Pope Paul III. had established the Bishopric. The climatic conditions are most agreeable—neither hot nor cold—and although it is said to contain 35,000 inhabitants, there is no superior on the map for the subjugation of abnormal nerve tension. Dark-skinned, steeple-hatted gentry amble along the yard-wide sidewalks as placidly as employees of a Socialistic navy yard. An obsolete mule car jogs through the main thoroughfare at a most apathetic pace; in fact, everything is apathetic in this centre of antiquity. Strenuous Americans who are suffering from the excruciating pangs of dollaritis will find nothing to perturb their equanimity along the highways and byways of old Oaxaca.

A pleasant drive of twenty-five miles and the antiquary has bridged the abyss that reaches to the far-distant past—ere Romulus laid the foundations of Eternal Rome or Sabaen reached the zenith of his fame—to the scene of empire now shrouded by the veil

that obscures and darkens the history of a race whose handicraft gives pronouncement to genius and energy of no mean order—the Empire of Mitla!

The most imposing monument is a long, massive building thought to have been the principal hall of legislation. The front is perhaps 250 feet wide, but its height is not above that of a two-story house. The façade is highly ornamented with figure and scroll work, that has successfully weathered the floods and storms of many centuries. The Hall of Mosaics calls forth the plaudits of the most cynical skeptic, for here are found countless thousands of exquisitely carved blocks that, unless closely inspected, give the appearance of being hewn from a single stone of titanic size. The walls are about six feet thick, while the hall itself is only twelve feet wide. The Hall of Monoliths is 30 feet in width and 100 feet in length, the walls being of usual size. In the centre stand a half-dozen columns fifteen feet in height and ten feet in circumference. The pillars undoubtedly acted as supports for beams that reached from wall to wall. Another interesting relic appears to have been a sarcophagus or mausoleum for the interment of important men. Its solid masonry is in a fine state of preservation. There are many ruins of platforms and walls scattered throughout this weird world of the eons that translate us to the enchanted age of fable.

We gazed as one stupefied at the prospect our baffled mind failed to unravel. Whence came these people no archæologist attempts to define. Whither they departed is a problem as dark as the fathomless depths of the seven seas. They themselves have perished from the face of the earth, but the solidity of their noble architecture gives irrefutable proof of intellectual superiority even above many civilized nations of our own enlightened age.

> Type of the antique Rome! Rich reliquary
> Of lofty contemplation left to Time
> By buried centuries of pomp and power!
> At length—at length—after so many days
> Of weary pilgrimage and burning thirst,
> (Thirst for the springs of love that in thee lie,)
> I kneel, an altered and an humble man,
> Amid thy shadows, and so drink within
> My very soul thy grandeur, gloom and glory!

It is far from our purpose to appear censorious, but two visits to the Sierra Madré plateau have confirmed the belief that much of the antagonism toward "Americanos" has been engendered by the supercilious attitude of many misguided individuals who have gone to Mexico for one of two reasons—either to make money quickly and make a quick getaway or have made money quickly and made a quick getaway. It *must not* be understood, however,

that this applies to *all* our countrymen now below the Rio Grände, but it is a lamentable fact that a considerable percentage of American adventurers in New Spain have given their Mexican acquaintances to understand that a fourth-class Yankee is far superior to a first-class "greaser," the facetious euphemism usually applied to the inoffensive natives. The truth of these words is recognized and regretted by the intelligent American, who loathes his bombastic countryman, for he knows the Mexicans to be a kind, cultured and conservative people, and they (the Americans) quite naturally regret the social ostracism placed against them and their families because of the ignominious conduct of those who have left their country for their country's good. It should be understood that entrée to a Mexican home may not be had merely for the asking. It is possible to be intimately acquainted with a gentleman for years without ever being invited to dine with his family. As an illustration of the conservatism of the élite, Madame Calderón de la Barca, wife of the former Minister of Spain to Mexico, writes: "There is one piece of etiquette entirely Mexican, nor can I imagine whence derived, by which it is ordained, that all new arrivals, whatever their rank, foreign Ministers not excepted, must, in solemn print, give notice to every family of any consideration in the capital that they have arrived and put themselves and their homes at the disposal of the residents, failing in which etiquette the newly arrived family will remain unnoticed and unknown."

Several years ago an American capitalist who made a great fortune in a mining operation built a palatial home on the magnificent Paseo de la Reforma. When the time arrived to throw wide the portals, invitations were issued to every family of importance, especially those of the *most exclusive* ranks of society. The caterer whose cuisinery nourishes the æsthetic palates of the elect outdid himself in the splendid déjeuner prepared for the auspicious event, while contraltos and tenors of great renown were at hand to charm the well-bred ear of dignified señor, elegant señora and lithesome señorita. It so happened, however, that the wife of the man of millions in previous days had contracted a marriage with a gentleman whose idiosyncrasies (so she said) made life unbearable. She thereupon repaired to Reno, and after a curtailed sojourn in the "queen" city of Nevada took as husband the mining king. It is unnecessary to remark that up-to-date institutions of the divorce mill order are quite incompatible with the retrogressive life of "Darkest Mexico," and several priests have been known to use egregious epithets regarding it and its supporters. For the benefit of those who have as yet to scale the pinnacles of the Cordilleras, it

may be stated that although a very hot day is still unrecorded by the painstaking clerk to whom has been assigned the tabulation of the atmospheric data of the City of Mexico, nightfall frequently means light overcoats and furs, even in the season when the great caloric orb casts his most effulgent glare upon the Southland. In order to better understand the meaning of 7,400 feet, let us cast our mind's eye upon a modern ten-story building, a type by no means common in these days of babelized architecture, excepting in a few of the larger cities. We will place ten cloud-piercers upon the first, and continue to add ten upon ten until we have an edifice that might baffle a New York contractor—some seven hundred stories above the ground!—and the air is so light at this point that the mercury descends immediately after sunset, sometimes falling to 40 degrees by 10 o'clock. The night of the soirée a polar blast swept across the northern horizon, and when the hour arrived for exchanging felicitations the magnate's garçons slumbered for want of something to do. Not one Mexican lady of recognized social status graced the gathering. A few weeks later the grand dame's physician peremptorily ordered her to quit the city, because of the enervating effects of the altitudinous oxygen! The mansion was sold for half the pesos required to build it.

Consul General Parsons has this to say regarding the security of the person:

"In the United States the impression is prevalent that life in Mexico is unsafe as compared with life at home. I myself heard that a revolver was a wise precaution at almost any time. The agreeable truth is, that in my experience the average Mexican peasant, man or woman, is gentle and courteous to a surprising degree. Apart from this impression of the gentle nature of the people, one's sense of personal security in Mexico is enhanced by the unusual efficiency of the police system. At night the presence of the gendarme with his lighted lantern at short, regular intervals along the streets of the cities and in the smaller towns, and the half-hourly recurrence of his long, shrill whistle during one's hours of wakefulness would give even the timid a sense of constant protection quite unknown in the United States."

It will be recalled that Mexico comprises 767,323 square miles of territory, and its great length makes it a land of magnificent distances. Thus the traveler leaving the metropolis for Merida, the principal city of the Yucatan peninsula, boards the early train for Vera Cruz, arriving at the coast the same evening. The following morning he embarks for Progreso, which is reached two days later. After viewing the grandeur of Mitla, the antiquary is prepared to view with complacency anything pertaining to this land of

the ancients. But the various ruins on the peninsula of Yucatan call forth the wonderment and admiration of the most blasé globe-trotter who knows every entrepôt on the globe as the skillful mariner knows his compass.

First of all, let us read the tribute of a great American archæologist to the genius, energy and scholarship of this prehistoric race whose heritage to posterity proclaims them a people of the highest order of civilization.

"From this treasure house in Yucatan," he writes, "comes the key to a thousand problems that have vexed scholars and tormented theologians, and a knowledge of astronomy and mathematics that has dictated the chronologies and cosmogonies of Europe. These people had a regular calendar; they had measured the earth; there is a strong presumption that they had the mariner's compass; they were great navigators and merchants; they gave us an alphabet from which our own has come; as builders they surpassed us; they preceded England as the mistress of the seas; they made our land the granary of the world while Egypt was savage and the ancestors of our race had neither clothes, weapons nor habitations."

Our first invasion of the interior was to view the group of Maya ruins of Uxmal, now brought by rail within comfortable traveling distance of Merida. For three hours the tourist speeds across fifty miles of unbroken fields of henequen, with Muna as his destination. A horse is then procured to cover the fifteen miles to Uxmal. There are five great structures or groups of structures here, which are considered excellent specimens of Maya architecture. The Governor's Palace is a massive building, 320 feet, 40 feet wide and 25 feet high. That the building was erected with a view to stand the pressure of centuries is shown in the size of the walls, which are perhaps ten feet thick. There are nine doorways in the front of this long edifice, and the façade is of rare beauty and originality. A peculiarity of the interior is the narrowness of the rooms, which are limited by the span of the arch, and rarely exceed twelve feet across. Some fine sculpture work is seen in and around the Palace, especially of animals and serpents.

The Pyramid Temple of the Magician is a huge pyramidal mound, 240 feet long, 160 feet wide and 80 feet high. A ruined building surmounts the summit, but we failed to reach it because of the steepness of the almost perpendicular stairway.

The Nunnery Quadrangle comprises four rectangular structures, all highly ornamented with heads of wild beasts, birds and serpents. It is thought that these buildings were formerly used as communal dwellings for bodies of sacerdotal orders.

The ruins at Chichen-Itza are among the most important on the peninsula. The Tennis Court consists of two parallel walls, each 275 long, 30 feet high and 120 feet apart. The walls are of plain masonry, and projecting from the centre of each, at the height of 20 feet from the ground, is an immense ring of stone, representing two entwined serpents. Spanish archæologists assert that this was a courtyard devoted to the playing of a favored game, the object being to cast the ball through the ring fixed in the wall. Another great temple, called the Castillo, and built upon an immense pyramidal mound 200 feet high, is approached by a grand stairway of countless steps. At the base are the heads of two colossal serpents in sculptured stone. The Nunnery, resting upon an artificial platform 30 feet high, is about 100 feet long, 20 feet wide and 18 feet in height. Upon this rests a smaller edifice 30 feet long and 12 feet in width.

At Izamal the pyramid is one of the most imposing of all the ruins. It is perhaps 60 feet high and at the base is 300 feet square. There are several other ruins in Izamal, and the stucco work here is said to be the best the Maya artists ever produced. The cement workers were evidently expert at their calling, for many of the designs are still intact after the lapse of ages.

Wandering about that silent tangle of tropical vegetation which covers every stately mass of ruins, or tramping through the gloomy halls where the only sound is one's footfall, or the echo of it, a feeling of awe and mystery steals over the visitor. To this is added wonder and admiration for the people and especially for the architect who raised on high these lofty structures. Students of the place assured us that these massive piles can be none other than evolutions of the genius of some great mind, as their architect worked out the plan for them to the minutest detail. We were further assured there must have been working drawings made of these buildings long before their construction was started, drawings in which the ground plan, elevation and constructive design were fully worked out and the placing of doorways, mouldings and all details of sculpturing fully decided upon.

We returned to Merida greatly edified and enlightened by our tour of the ancient Mayan Empire. It was a revelation transcending our wildest flights of fancy.

William S. Long.

Camden, N. J.

A MARTYR OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE Revolution of 1789 has become, of late years, the favorite theme of many French writers of note. Students, like M. Gautherot, whose lectures* on the subject attract much attention, have undertaken to sift to its very depths the history of that momentous period. Their researches have unearthed documents, hitherto unpublished, that throw unexpected light upon certain features of a story that, for political purposes, is often deliberately misrepresented.

The strange fascination of the subject is easily understood; the Revolution of 1789 was by no means an isolated event, a mere local occurrence; its issues are closely bound up not only with the modern history of France, but of Europe itself. Many of the evils that are at present undermining the Latin countries of Europe have their root in the tremendous outbreak of 1789; for instance, M. Gautherot has traced out the mysterious and demoralizing action exercised by the Freemasons at the end of the eighteenth century, an action that has gone on increasing since 1789, until it has become, what it is now in France and in Italy, the governing power of the country.

The Revolution of 1789 was deliberately prepared by the philosophers and atheists—Voltaire, Diderot, Jean Jacques Rousseau and others—through whose influence the popular mind was trained to cast aside the principles of civil and ecclesiastical authority it had been accustomed to respect.

Certain abuses, that might have been remedied without violence had the rulers of the day possessed more insight and firmness, helped to develop a movement that, at the outset, professed to be merely political and social. The irreligious character that it speedily assumed was prominently brought before the public by the beatification, six years ago, of the sixteen Carmelites of Compiègne, who were beheaded in July, 1794, merely because they were nuns. It has been further illustrated by the inquiries made into the history of several other groups of religious, whose only crime—as the official documents abundantly prove—was their "fanatisme," a term that, in Revolutionary parlance, meant their devotion to the Catholic Church. Thus, the Sisters of Charity executed at Cambrai, the thirty-two nuns guillotined at Orange, the Ursulines of Valenciennes, besides hundreds of priests who perished in prison or on the scaffold, were martyrs of the faith in the same conditions as the Carmelites of Compiègne. It is believed that when the necessary formalities

* At the Catholic University of Paris.

have been gone through, these different groups of martyrs will be raised, in their turn, to the altars of the Church.

The fact that the Revolution of 1789 was essentially an anti-religious movement is exemplified, no less forcibly, by the story of a young Breton nun, Victoire de St. Luc, who perished on the scaffold three days after the Carmelites of Compiègne. Her fate alone would make her story worth telling, but apart from her tragic destiny she is an interesting and sympathetic character. She belonged to the "noblesse de province," about whom little is known outside France, for whereas the sufferings of the royal family and their immediate followers are familiar to students of history throughout the world, the women who lived in the provinces are unknown beyond their own country. Mademoiselle de St. Luc's story throws a pleasant light upon the life of a noble Breton family before 1789. Whatever abuses may have existed in other provinces, where the "châtelains" left their country homes to bask in the sunshine of royalty at Versailles, in Brittany ties of mutual confidence united the lords of the manor to their tenants. To the latter, who suffered from no oppression, the political and social changes that they had not sought brought only oppression and misery.

Victoire de St. Luc was borne at Rennes on January 27, 1761. She belonged to an ancient and honorable family. Her father was, at the time of her birth, a magistrate attached to the Parliament of Brittany. He eventually retired into private life and went to reside near Quimper, at the Château du Bot, a property inherited by his wife.

The latter, Françoise du Bot, was a woman of rare worth. With an insight that was uncommon in her class, she foresaw from the first the far-reaching effects of what many considered a passing disturbance. Her strong spiritual instinct habitually influenced her judgment, and in the final tragedy of her life it glorified her views of suffering and death. She had five children, two sons and three daughters, of which Victoire was the eldest.

The little girl was educated partly by the Visitation Nuns of Rennes and partly at home, under her mother's watchful care. She was impetuous and somewhat wilful, one of those generous, lovable but difficult children whose youthful faults are a subject of passing irritation rather than of any real anxiety to their elders. In spite of her restlessness and love of amusement, she often when a child expressed her intention of becoming a nun; as she grew older her religious aspirations developed and gradually they moulded her whole character.

Life in the old Breton manor was almost monastic in its regularity. The massive, irregular granite building was situated in the

most characteristic and picturesque district of Brittany, where even now the inhabitants cling to their old world habits and costume. Before 1789 Mass was said daily in the chapel of the manor and morning and evening prayers were recited in common by the family, their servants and dependents. Madame de St. Luc and her daughters assisted the parish priest by teaching the village children, and they took care of the sick and wounded in a small pharmacy established for the purpose under their roof. Victoire, as the eldest, was her mother's right hand; she threw herself into her charitable work with characteristic enthusiasm. "The most horrible sores were those that she loved best," writes her younger sister, whose valuable reminiscences are of great use to Victoire's biographers, and, to show her respect for the poor, she often served them on her knees. The aspirations of her childhood towards a religious life developed with time, and with the same energy that she carried into her duties as a sick nurse she now prepared for her future life as a nun. She dressed as poorly as possible in order to repress any natural feeling of vanity, and with "wonderful dexterity," says her sister, she made for herself a hair shirt and disciplines that she used with unsparing severity. Hers was a nature to whom it was impossible to do things by halves, and her spirituality, at this period of her life, had all the crudeness and exaggeration of inexperienced youth. Indeed, Victoire's piety seems to have sometimes wearied rather than edified her brothers and sisters, to whom she preached "in and out of season." They used to call her "the little St. Jerome," and laughingly complained that she never "allowed them to enjoy any pleasure."

This unpleasant phase did not last. In the bright-tempered, sympathetic young religious who in after years faced the horrors of imprisonment and death with a smiling heroism that is inexpressibly attractive, it is difficult to recognize the sermonizing little girl of the Château du Bot. Indeed, Victoire's sense of humor is one of her greatest charms; no suffering and no terror could quench her playfulness and, like St. Thomas More, she was to the last intensely spiritual and quaintly humorous.

Fearing that she might injure her health, her mother endeavored to moderate her daughter's love of penance, and, with much good sense, pointed out to her that obedience might be, in her case, the most meritorious form of mortification. When she discovered that Victoire gave all her pocket money to the poor, Madame de St. Luc made over her allowance to one of her sisters, whose duty it was to act as her superioress, to regulate her almsgiving and provide for her personal requirements. Although she had decided to become a nun, the girl still hesitated between an active or a

contemplative order. She had at first meant to join the Visitation Nuns, among whom she spent some years of her childhood. Then her love of penance made her think of the Poor Clares, while her devotion to the poor drew her towards the different nursing orders that made the care of the destitute and of the sick their first object. "She would have liked," says her sister, "to have embraced all these different vocations;" each one in its own way appealed to her.

A visit to Quimper when she was only fifteen brought our heroine the light she sought and definitely shaped her future career. The object of her visit was to attend a mission that was preached in honor of the jubilee of 1776; but after her family had returned to the Bot she remained on in order to take painting lessons from a professor of some repute.

The Bishop of Quimper of that day was her father's brother, and, probably with a view to helping her to make a choice, he introduced her to a group of ladies called "les Dames de la Retraite," whose institute was then a hundred years old.

Its foundress was a pious woman, called Claude, Therèse de Kermeno, who lived at Quimper in the second half of the seventeenth century. She had in her youth wished to join the Visitation Order, but her weak health having prevented her from doing so, she was led to establish a home where women of the world of all ranks might attend spiritual retreats. An institution of the kind had been established at Vannes some years before by a Mademoiselle de Francheville, and it suggested the idea of a similar foundation at Quimper. The Jesuits were the promoters of the scheme and generally preached the retreats. In 1678 Mademoiselle de Kermeno, having studied the methods of the "Maison de la Retraite" at Vannes, hired a large house and, with the consent of the Bishop, Mgr. de Coëtlogon, she proceeded to organize spiritual retreats for women, which from the outset were largely attended.

At her death in 1693 one of her companions, Mademoiselle de Lestrèdegiat, continued the work with a group of women who, at that time, did not form a religious order in the strict sense of the word. All the members of the association were, as a matter of course, of noble birth; they made no vows and were free to use their own fortune as they pleased; they were even allowed, with the Bishop's permission, to return to their families on a visit. They wore a black dress and a white linen "coiffe," and their duties consisted in helping the "retraitantes" to make good use of the opportunities afforded to them. When we hear that fifteen or eighteen retreats were preached every year, that some of them were attended by three hundred women at a time and also that many of these were peasants, we shall easily realize that the "Dames

de la Retraite" were fully occupied. The Jesuits preached the sermons, and under their guidance the "directrices," as they were called, led the prayers and the singing, explained not only the sermons, if necessary, but also the holy pictures that were a leading feature in all the retreats given by Breton Jesuits. Many of their visitors being illiterate, they had even to refresh their religious instruction, and they taught those who were more advanced how to meditate according to the methods of St. Ignatius. When Mgr. de St. Luc introduced his niece to the "Dames de la Retraite" they were living in a large house, built by Mademoiselle de Lestrèdegiat, which was completed in 1713. It is now used as the "Gendarmerie" of Quimper.

Although they were not bound by vows, they seem to have practiced obedience and self-sacrifice in a very perfect manner, and Victoire was favorably impressed by the zeal with which they devoted themselves to the spiritual welfare of the souls committed to their care during the retreats. To many of the latter these days of recollection marked a new departure in their spiritual life, and the annals of the order tell us of the attention with which women of all rank, noble ladies and uncultured peasants, attended the instructions. These were arranged to suit the necessities of the different classes to which they were addressed. Thus, during the retreats organized for the country women, the sermons were preached in the "bas Breton" dialect.

Mgr. de St. Luc approved his nieces growing sympathy for the "Dames de la Retraite," and when, after much thought and many prayers, she announced her intention of joining their institute, he warmly encouraged her. But Victoire was only fifteen, and though her mother was inclined to let her follow her vocation without further delay, her father demurred, and finally decided that she must wait till she reached her twenty-first year.

Much has been said and written about the religious vocations that were forced upon the young girls of the French nobility under the old "régime." It is certain that in some cases the daughters of noble and impoverished houses were, from their cradle upwards, destined to take the veil in some wealthy abbey, under royal patronage, without their wishes in the matter having been consulted. But conditions of life were different among the unworldly "noblesse" of Brittany and Anjou, and in Victoire's case the only pressure put upon her was intended to try the depth and solidity of her vocation.

The six years that she spent at home after making up her mind to join the "Retraite" amply proved that her desire to become a nun was no girlish fancy. She employed them in preparing for

her future duties. Thus, she thoroughly mastered the "Breton" dialect, with which she was only superficially acquainted, and from her brother's tutor she was only superficially acquainted, and from special study of the best ascetic authors, in order to fit herself to be a safe counsellor to the souls who might be entrusted to her guidance. Her favorite pastime was her painting. She loved, says her sister, "to paint devout pictures," and excelled in "pastels" as well as in oils.

Time and a course of stern self-discipline, rightly applied, had mellowed the crudeness of Victoire's earlier seeking after perfection. Her efforts were now less apparent, her piety less aggressive and the influence of her bright and kindly spirit made her family, her friends and her dependents feel better and happier for her presence. The 2d of February, 1782, was the day fixed for her departure from home. At an early hour she started for Quimper with her mother and her three sisters. In order to spare her father, it was settled that they should leave while he was still asleep. The superioress of the "Dames de la Retraite" was then Madame de Clesmeur, to whom Madame de St. Luc made over her eldest born: "I give into your hands," she said, "my most precious treasure." In the chapel, bright with lights and flowers, the Bishop of Quimper was waiting for his niece. He celebrated Mass, at which his sister-in-law and her daughters received Holy Communion, and as, according to the custom of the institute, Victoire during her last year at home was looked upon in the light of a "postulant," she immediately put on the black dress and white "coiffe" characteristic of the dames de la retraite.

Her portrait, painted by herself, represents her wearing this not ungraceful headgear. The spotless white "coiffe" frames a pleasant and sweet rather than a strictly pretty face, with a delightfully humorous expression about the eyes and lips.

From the outset our heroine seems to have been a valuable and active member of the little community. Her study of the Breton dialect now served her to good purpose, and she was in great demand among the peasant "retraitantes." She had the gift of making them realize the eternal truths which had influenced her own life from her birth upwards. Her own private notes and the the short biography written by her sister, Madame de Silguy, tell us something of her inner life. With the exception of a brief period of temptation, doubt and darkness, such as comes to many souls after a great decision has been made, she seems to have been thoroughly content in her vocation. She was never happier than when, as often happened, three hundred "retraitantes" filled the house and claimed her time and attention. "She looked upon

them as her sisters," we are told, and those whom she loved best were "the greatest sinners," over whom she speedily assumed extraordinary influence. She possessed a rare quality of sympathy and the power of winning confidence; moreover, young as she was, she was no novice in spiritual matters, and her own experience helped her to train others to a more perfect life.

In the intervals of the retreats, which were their chief occupation, the "Dames de la Retraite" visited the poor and sick in their homes, and Victoire gladly resumed the works of mercy that she had practiced at Le Bot, but her open-handed generosity obliged her superioress to act towards her as her mother had done and to regulate her almsgiving, lest she should deprive herself beyond reason. Her tendency to practice corporal penances so severely as to injure her health had also to be moderated, and in this respect she owed much to the wise control of Madame de Marigo, who in 1783 succeeded Madame de Clesmeur as superioress. It was Madame de Marigo's destiny to witness the ruin of her work and the dispersion of her subjects; she seems to have been a woman of great strength of mind, and, judging from the affectionate tone of Victoire's letters to her, of a sympathetic nature. She possessed our heroine's entire confidence and did much to brace her for the trials ahead.

Before the meeting of the "Etats Genéraux" in 1789 the approach of the Revolution was felt even in the remote provinces, and the storm that was to overthrow the old régime was slowly but surely gathering strength.

The teaching of the so-called philosophers had prepared the upheaval from a distance; the weakness of the King and the illusions or incapacity of his counsellors allowed the evil forces that were at work a free hand, and as a rule those who were to suffer most cruelly from the effects of the Revolution were the last to realize its gravity.

Here and there, however, we gather a note of alarm, less from the courtiers or great ladies at Versailles than from men and women who, living away from the heated atmosphere of the court, seemed better able to see matters in a true light. Thus, Mgr. de St. Luc, the Bishop of Quimper, was alarmed rather than dazzled by the high-sounding doctrines that were blazed abroad, doctrines that advocated the advent of a golden age of universal brotherhood. Instead of these impossible conditions, he felt that terrible catastrophies were at hand, and he freely communicated his fears to the "Dames de la Retraite," with whom he was on terms of confidence. "The most fearful misfortunes will soon fall on our coun-

try," he used to say. "Put all your trust in God, and remember that He never forsakes those who have confidence in Him."

In September, 1790, the Bishop, who at that time was in failing health, visited the community for the last time and encouraged his hearers to meet the future with courage; but in spite of his gloomy forebodings he could hardly have foreseen that the member of his audience who touched him most closely was to be sent to the scaffold by the Revolution whose approach he deplored.

A few days later he heard that the King, Louis XVI., had weakly consented to sign the "Constitution civile du clergé," by which the French priests were to renounce their allegiance to the Holy See.

With a few exceptions, the Bishops and priests of France came out of the ordeal nobly. The greater number declined to take the schismatical oath; and imprisonment, exile, poverty and death were the price they paid for their loyalty to Rome. Mgr. de St. Luc, on hearing of the King's act, turned to his secretary: "Mon ami," he said, "this is our sentence of death," and immediately, in spite of his increasing weakness, he began to write a protest against the oath. Madame de Marigo came to see him the same day. "My daughter," he said, alluding to his letter, "you will be pleased with your Bishop." He died before completing his protestation, which was only made public after his funeral on October 5, 1790.

Nearly all his priests followed his lead, but unfortunately one of the noted ecclesiastics of Quimper, Claude Le Coz, who eventually became schismatic Bishop of Finistère, openly defended the oath, and his attitude roused the indignation of Victoire de St. Luc. In happier days she had heard him preach to the "retraitantes," and she now used this circumstance to appeal to his conscience and good feeling and to implore him to retract his unfortunate adhesion to schism, but her vehement letter met with no response.

About the same time her eldest sister, Madame de Silguy, and her children became ill with small-pox. Victoire undertook to nurse them. She caught the disease, and was for some days in danger of death. But in the end this unforeseen trial, that condemned her to a period of enforced repose and retirement, helped to prepare her for the sterner ordeal that was to follow.

A holy priest, the Abbé de Larchantel, whose sister was a member of the community, visited our heroine during her convalescence and brought her Holy Communion. He deems, moreover, to have exercised a beneficial influence over a nature whose very generosity was a snare. He persuaded Victoire, for example, that to accept the attentions of her companions with gratitude was more perfect than to reject them from a spirit of penance that might wound or humiliate others. Under his wise direction the asperities that still

existed in her character completely disappeared, her piety became more lovable, her spirituality deeper and wider, more capable of influencing others, and during the four years that followed, among circumstances of unusual difficulty, she displayed a heroism, tempered by cheerfulness, that won many souls to a better life.

Meanwhile Mgr. de St. Luc's place was filled by a schismatic priest named Expilly, who on March 12, 1791, took possession of the Cathedral of Quimper. One of his first visits was to the "Dames de la Retraite," whose loyalty to Rome was well known. On this occasion he presumed to offer the superioress to preach retreats in her chapel. "Monsieur, I shall not require your services," was Madame de Marigo's cold reply. The Revolutionary Bishop did not return, but on June 1 he sent a message to the superioress forbidding her to allow any retreats to be given in her house without his permission. Three day later the "Dames" were denounced to the authorities for their "anti-constitutional" principles, and Madame de Marigo was accused of having said that she did not recognize the schismatic as her spiritual chief.

Her attitude in the matter was in strict accordance with the commands of the Holy See. By Briefs issued on March 10 and on April 13, 1791, Pope Pius VI. declared that the constitution civile du "clerge," being founded on "heretical principles," the French priests were forbidden to adhere to it. The consequence of the Briefs was that the faithful could lawfully recognize and obey *only* the ecclesiastics who had refused to take the oath, and that they were forbidden, under pain of sin, to receive the sacraments or even to hear the Mass of the "prêtres jureurs," as the apostates were called.

On July 2 the "Dames de la Retraite" were officially summoned to take the oath of allegiance to the Government by the "Procureur syndic" of the "Department du Finistère." Madame de Marigo and her companions, Mesdames Le Borgne, de Larchantel and de Rospiec, energetically refused to obey, adding that Madame de St. Luc, who formed part of the community, was just recovering from a dangerous illness and could not leave her room, but that she professed their opinions on the subject.

At these words one of the officials observed that he would not leave the house unless Madame de St. Luc expressed her views in person. "Who knows," he said, "if she is not willing to take the oath that you reject?" "No, indeed, monsieur," exclaimed Madame de Marigo, "she will refuse to take it; her opinion is the same as ours." However, as the officials insisted upon a personal interview, they were shown into Victoire's room. She was still weak from her severe illness, but her spirited answer to the summons

had a prophet ring. "Never," said she, "will I take the oath. I will sign my refusal with my blood."

Four days afterwards, on July 6, a faithful priest, the curé of Kerfennteun, said Mass for the last time in the little chapel, where for nearly a hundred years many souls had been cheered, purified and strengthened for the battle of life, and the next day an inventory was made of the "Dames'" furniture previous to their expulsion three days later.

The Government officials were amazed at the steady courage with which these well-born, refined women preferred being sent adrift to what they looked upon as an act of apostasy. "How can you," they urged, "give up all you have in the world? Just take the oaths and you will be left in peace." The "Dames'" chief care was to provide for their servants. They themselves were allowed to carry away only "a knife and fork, one pair of sheets, a small table, a bed and one chair." All the rest of their property was seized and confiscated.

On the 9th of July they were turned out of their house; but "they blessed God," say the annals of the institute, "for having been found worthy to suffer for His holy name, and they prayed for their enemies."

At first the little community was able to remain together under the hospitable roof of the Benedictines of "le Calvaire," who as yet had not been expelled from their monastery. Their abbess, Madame de Penfentenyo, affectionately welcomed the persecuted religious, and Victoire's mother and sisters hastened to Quimper and spent some weeks with the two communities.

Madame de St. Luc, like her brother-in-law, the Bishop, seems to have fully realized the far-reaching consequences of the Revolution; her second daughter, Madame de Silguy, tells us that she continually asked God to give her "a spirit of renunciation and sacrifice and even a spirit of martyrdom," should God call her "to die for her faith."

Victoire, like her mother, was haunted by visions of a violent death; but the prospect, far from disheartening her, acted as a stimulant upon her generous nature. In several prayers written by her at this time is expressed an ardent desire to shed her blood for the Church at the age of thirty-three. She had always professed a special devotion towards the Sacred Heart, a practice which at the beginning of the Revolution was popular among many holy souls, and she spent much time in painting or embroidering scapulars of the Sacred Heart, which she distributed to her friends and acquaintances. One day, during her stay at the Benedictines, a doctor named Alexandre Laroque-Tremaria came to visit a sick

member of the household. He found Victoire busy at her favorite occupation, and upon her offering to give him one of the scapulars he asked for a second one to send to his brother Victor, a naval officer, who was quartered at Lorient. The young religious hastened to satisfy him, adding that his brother must put all his confidence in the Sacred Heart.

This trifling episode, in itself so ordinary and so trivial, marked the unsuspecting worker's first step on the "via dolorosa," of which the Paris guillotine was to be the final station.

In 1792 the Benedictines were in their turn persecuted and dispersed, and the "Dames de la Retraite" again found themselves homeless. Madame de Marigo and Madame de Larchantel joined some of the latter's relations, and Victoire naturally returned to Le Bot. Threatening clouds now hung over the old manor house, once a home of peace, and although the Breton peasantry as a rule were attached to the landlords and to their priests, here as elsewhere men were found who, from conviction or from fear, waged war against the "aristocrates."

Victoire's parents, merely because of their social station, were looked upon by the Government officials with suspicion, and from time to time they were hurried away from their country home and brought to Quimper, that they might, it was said, be under the eye of the "Directoire Départemental," in whose hands were the affairs of the district. Thus, in October, 1792, and again in the spring time of 1793, they were forced to spend several weeks in the town, Victoire naturally accompanied them, and during their second stay she was one day, to her family's intense alarm, summoned to appear before the local authorities. They informed her that she was accused of "fanatism," a term that, during the Revolution, was synonymous with loyalty to the Catholic religion, and that this charge—a serious one in 1793—was based upon the fact that the previous year she had given a scapular of the Sacred Heart to the Doctor Laroque-Tremaria. In the month of March, 1793, the two brothers of that name had been arrested and their papers seized and examined. Among a quantity of letters that showed them to have been unsympathetic to the new order of things was found a letter in which Victor, the naval officer, acknowledged the doctor's gift of a scapular of the Sacred Heart, embroidered by "the charming Victoire." This discovery led to the doctor being questioned on the subject. He plainly stated that the "Heart embroidered on cloth" was a religious emblem that the "Citoyenne St. Luc" had sent his brother "to make him devout"—*pour le rendre dévot.* Victoire in her turn recognized that she had given several of these scapulars to the doctor for himself, for his sisters and his

brother. "Is not this emblem a sign around which rally the enemies of the Revolution?" asked the judge. Victoire replied that she never considered the emblem as having a political meaning. In her eyes it was merely a "sign of devotion and of peace;" for this reason she painted and embroidered many of these scapulars that she gave away.

The doctor's brother, Victor, to whom the scapular had been sent, appeared on March 30 before the authorities at Lorient. He described the scapular as a piece of "violet cloth on which is a Heart, encircled by a crown of thorns, embroidered in cotton; above the Heart is a brown cross;" but, like his brother, he denied that this religious picture had a political significance. The doctor, when brought for a second time before the judge at Quimper, again protested that he considered it as a religious symbol, in which the "Citoyenne St. Luc" had great confidence. "Besides," he added with much good sense, "I could never consider it as an anti-revolutionary sign, inasmuch as I know many aristocrates who do not wear it and many good patriots, women especially, who do wear it."

This seemingly trifling incident does not appear to have alarmed Victoire, who, says her sister, related it "gaily" to her anxious parents. It was indeed difficult to imagine that so trivial an episode as an embroidered scapular sent by a nun to her friends could have tragic consequences in a near future.

For the present the matter seemed dropped, and Madame de Silguy tells us that when their first moment of alarm was past her parents considered that the affair was "at an end." Had they lived in Paris instead of in a remote province they would perhaps have been less sanguine. During the tragic months when the guillotine was permanently erected and in daily use it was the office of the public accuser of the Revolutionary tribunal, Fouquier-Tinville, to provide the executioner with twenty, thirty or forty heads every day. He took care when the name of a possible victim was brought before him never to forget it, and Victoire de St. Luc had been mentioned in connection with the Laroque-Tremaria brothers as the propagator of a "seditious emblem." In order to justify the wholesale massacre of hundreds of people of every rank and age, Fouquier-Tinville was accustomed to bring forward shadowy charges of "conspiring against the safety of the Republic;" and, taking advantage of the general panic, he included under the head of "conspirators" men and women who had sometimes never met or spoken till they found themselves side by side before his tribunal.

By his orders the two Laroques, the doctor and the sailor, were transferred to Paris, and on December 26, 1793, they were charged with being "the promoters of all the conspiracies that have been

organized in the Départements of Finistère and Morbihan since the beginning of the Revolution." As a proof of this sweeping assertion, Fouquier-Tinville exhibited an embroidered Heart, the work of "la nommée St. Luc," which he asserted was a seditious emblem, the sign of the rebels of La Vendee. It is true that the peasants of La Vendee, during the civil war that has made their name famous, sometimes pinned a scapular of the Sacred Heart on their breast, but there is no proof that the two Laroques had any communication with the Vendeans. Both the brothers were merely guilty of disaffection with the new state of things, and unfortunately they omitted to destroy the private letters where their opinions were freely expressed. It mattered little whether the men and women who were brought before the tribunals of the Reign of Terror were innocent or guilty, Fouquier-Tinville's wish was law. "I must have so many heads to-day," he used to say, and the so-called judges, paralyzed by fear, obeyed the commands. The two Laroques were therefore condemned to death, and, according to custom, the sentence was carried out the same afternoon.

During more than six months after she had been questioned at Quimper, Victoire de St. Luc remained unmolested, and her parents' opinion that the charge against her was forgotten seemed justified by circumstances. In August, 1793, the family had returned to Le Bot; but although they heard nothing more of the "seditious emblems" that Victoire was accused of having distributed, they moved in an atmosphere of terror and suspicion, and both Madame de St. Luc and her eldest daughter realized more and more clearly that a catastrophe was at hand.

They did their best to keep up the spirits of those around them, says Madame de Silguy; but, in their own hearts, they prepared for the worst. Madame de St. Luc, who loved her home, endeavored to detach her affections from the old manor house that any day she might be called upon to leave: "She looked upon herself as a stranger in her own home, and, as she often said to her daughters, she could not longer feel that the house was hers." The priests who had refused to take the oath being in prison or in hiding, the inhabitants of the manor were deprived of the sacraments. "They tried to supply the want by more fervent prayers," writes Madame de Silguy, "and God strengthened them through His Grace."

At last, on October 10, 1793, the blow fell. A body of "gendarmes" appeared at Le Bot; they had orders to arrest M. and Madame de St. Luc and their daughters, Victoire and Euphrasie. The two sons had joined the "émigré" army and two married daughters were away. M. de St. Luc, infirm and helpless, was forcibly dragged from his bed and thrown into a cart in presence

of the peasants of the village, who stood by trembling and weeping, while the men of the escort sang revolutionary songs and indulged in jokes at the expense of their victims.

After spending the night at Châteaulin, the prisoners arrived at Carhaix, a small town, where they were taken to a former hospital called "Notre Dame de Grâce." After the Augustinians, to whom it belonged, had been expelled, it served as a barrack; it now became a prison, and when the St. Lucs arrived it was filled with men, women and children, who like themselves had been arrested for the most trivial reasons. Members of the old Breton noblesse were there whose dignified lives had been spent in the retirement of their granite manor houses among the broad "landes" and gorse-covered commons of their native provinces. With them were a number of criminals, robbers and murderers, whose close companionship was one of the worst trials of the unfortunate "aristocrates." Somewhat isolated among the motley crowd were a group of English sailors, prisoners of war, who did not know a word of French.

The building was in a miserable condition, the big rooms bare and dilapidated, the food scanty and wretched, and the invalided prisoners, who were numerous, could expect neither the assistance of a doctor nor that of a priest.

Among these deplorable surroundings Victoire revealed herself. Those who knew her best had often admired her absolute devotion to the spiritual and temporal necessities of others, but they probably hardly realized the fund of heroism that lay beneath the young nun's smiling exterior. This heroism was of a peculiarly charming quality; it was combined with a spontaneous gaiety, a keen sense of humor, a quickness of perception that must have made her invaluable to the dispirited and frightened people who surrounded her at Carhaix.

She immediately gave herself up to cheering, nursing and comforting them, according to their requirements. Her sisters tells us that her gracious kindliness conquered prejudice. Thus an atheist was eventually converted through her influence, and many other prisoners whose faith had been disturbed by the evil influences of the day followed his example.

The biographers of Victoire de St. Luc are able, owing to a fortunate circumstance, to follow her closely during the months that she spent in this dismal prison. The "Dames de la Retraite" of Angers have in their possession a journal written by her and her little sister Euphrasie, and called by them a "tragi-comique" narrative of their captivity at Carhaix. It is addressed to their friends who were prisoners like themselves at Cremar, near Quimper,

and to whom the young writers were able, not without some difficulty, to convey the precious manuscript.

Victoire's delightful personality, with its blending of natural charm and supernatural heroism, is fully revealed in this curious document. Her object was to cheer and amuse those who were going through a severe ordeal, and she never sounds a note of complaint or despondency. The style of the narrative bears the impress of the age. It is allegorical, somewhat subtle, complicated and even trivial at times; but the writers' steady determination to make the best of things, their spirited attempt to laugh when they are inclined to cry, their indomitable sense of fun and humorous views of the weakness of human nature are very charming. Underlying these human qualities that explain why Victoire was so universally popular, is an absolute resignation to the will of God and an heroic acceptance of whatever His Providence may ordain.

Nearly all the women, noble or plebeian, who died on the scaffold during the Reign of Terror faced death bravely, but the religious did more and went to the "guillotine" rejoicing. The cheerfulness of the thirty-two nuns who were executed at Orange in July, 1794, almost shocked their tyrants. "These women die laughing," they complained, and the judges of Valenciennes three months later reproached the condemned Ursulines with being "so gay." Victoire de St. Luc was the true sister of these "cheerful givers."

In her diary the inconveniences and miseries of the wretched prison are treated in a humorous tone. The big, bare rooms, where "cobwebs served as tapestry and where armchairs were represented by the bare floor," were filled with prisoners of every age, rank and opinion. The presence of a number of revolutionists added considerably to the sufferings of those who, like the St. Lucs, were only guilty of being Catholics and "aristocrates." The young writers note with some amusement how one of these republicans, once a noted priest-hunter, seemed to have expended all his courage in persecuting others and was now "pale, trembling and dissolved in tears." Another "swears all day in a loud voice." A republican lady, the wife of a leading "patriot," had, to her surprise, been arrested. She hastened to make it known that her great fear was being obliged to frequent "aristocrates;" but, adds the diary, she soon found out that these detestable people whom she dreaded "are the pleasantest and most pitiful;" their kindness made her realize "how much they were capable of forgetting and forgiving past offenses." The bad food is another subject of mirth. The writers imagine that the prison authorities keep them on short rations out of regard for their health, but the consequence of this state of things is that the question of food gradually becomes the

one absorbing topic of conversation: "From the rise of dawn to nightfall nothing is spoken of but provisions. The war-cries that sound unceasingly are: bread, meat, butter, crêpes, milk. Instead of political discussions, we hear nothing but droll and animated arguments upon the provisions that have been or that will be brought."

At the cost of much waiting and weariness the more privileged among the prisoners appear carrying in triumph a loaf of bread or a jug of water. Here and there we meet with touches that betray the religious. "Instead of rules and constitutions drawn up by holy founders, we have rules laid down by the commissaires. . . . All our letters are read by the porter, to whom we must give them with the humility and simplicity of a little novice. We are cloistered with the greatest severity, and we have fewer communications with the outer world than the most strictly enclosed nuns in former times." Another trial was the continual noise, for enclosure in this case did not mean silence. Victoire believes it would be as easy to pray in "the midst of a fair" as in the continual din.

A graver note is struck when she touches on the mutual charity of the prisoners, "of whom each one is ready to deprive himself to help a newcomer and to divide, not indeed his abundance, but the bare necessaries of life." The first part of the journal ends with a dissertation half philosophical, half humorous on "the advantages of being in prison." It concludes thus: "All that God allows is for the best and must work for the greater good of His elect."

The second part is no less interesting. It relates the death of an aged prisoner, M. le Bianic de Guisano, who was assiduously watched and cared for by his fellow-sufferers. He was offered the attendance of a schismatic priest, but he replied that unless he could be visited by a priest who had refused to take the oath "he would make his confession to his crucifix" and trust to God's mercy. "God, who has not limited His own power by instituting the sacraments, no doubt took into account his good disposition," add the writers. Another prisoner, a woman, died soon afterwards, and was also deprived of the assistance of the sacraments; but the captive nuns sang the office of the dead near her body and accompanied it to the door of the prison rather than allow the schismatic priest to enter. But there was no silence or solemnity about these prison deathbeds, and in the same room where a dying sufferer was painfully fighting his last battle, other people were either "praying, talking, cooking, writing, singing or dressing." But these miseries never quenched Victoire's sunny spirit. She can afford to smile at the ridiculous sides of a tragic situation and to treat mere material privations with good-humored contempt. The real mainspring of her heroic

cheerfulness is revealed in the closing lines of the journal: "May this long and painful martyrdom open to us the passage of eternal bliss. . . . May all these sorrows detach us from this miserable world and remind us that we are made for a happier destiny that alone will satify all our aspirations."

During four months Victoire de St. Luc's presence was the solace and delight of her family and prison friends. Great, therefore, was their dismay when on February 1, 1794, she was summoned to Quimper, in consequence of Fouquier-Tinville having required her removal to Paris, a removal that, in the spring of 1794, when the Terror was at its worst, meant almost certain death.

In a long letter, written after her arrival at Quimper, to her former superioress, Madame de Marigo, she relates with her usual playfulness how she performed the journey. She owns that she felt herself become pale when two gendarmes appeared to take her away, but that she quickly recovered her presence of mind, whereas the distress of her family knew no bounds. She traveled from Carhaix to Quimper on horseback, between her two guardians, under deluges of rain and in the teeth of the wind. We may imagine the difficulties of the two days' journey along rough country roads, "where there was more water than earth." Victoire, whom her life as a nun and her close imprisonment at Carhaix had ill prepared for such hardships, owns that she was drenched by the rain and buffeted by the rough gale that sweeps across the Breton "landes" during the winter months. To add to her difficulties her horse was half-blind, and when she was ordered to mount it only had one stirrup and no bridle, but against this state of things she energetically protested: "It is lucky that I did so, otherwise I should have broken my neck, for my horse fell down under me. I was able, however, to pull him up without dismounting and did not hurt myself."

Holy and happy thoughts filled the mind of the traveled-stained prisoner as she rode under the pitiless rain. She remembered that twelve years before on the same day, February 2, she had made her consecration as a "Dame de la Retraite" in the chapel of her convent. Her uncle had been there to receive her, and her mother, sisters and religious companions, now dispersed by the great storm, had surrounded her with eager, wistful affection. The contrast between that memorable day and her present surroundings only braced up Victoire's courage, and the thought of her religious vocation acted as a stimulant: "God has given me the grace to feel no sorrow for my position. I am gay and calm. I throw myself with confidence into the arms of Providence, with an absolute resignation to God's holy and adorable will." . . . Alluding to

the anniversary that she was celebrating, she adds: "When on that day I consecrated myself to God's service, in His holy house, I devoted myelf to accomplish all His designs upon me in life and in death."

She had no illusions as to the probable consequences of a summons to Paris: "If I die, I may say that it is for a holy cause and I ought to look upon death as a kind of baptism that will purify me from my sins. . . . My good mother, do not be depressed by your daughter's fate and join your prayers to hers to offer God the sacrifice that He demands." Some of the prayers written by our heroine in the prison of Quimper have been preserved. They are full of joyous anticipations of the fate that she knew awaited her. "I accept death," she writes, "in the shape and in the manner that may be ordained by God; here or elsewhere, without consolation, without assistance, by the sword, by fire, by hunger or misery, what Thou willest and how Thou willest. Thou art God and my lots are in Thy hands."

To her sister, Madame de Silguy, she had often expressed her desire to suffer martyrdom at the age of thirty-three, and once at Quimper, her sister having suggested that an escape might possibly be combined, she quickly put the idea aside: "I shall never attempt to escape. I should be afraid of compromising my jailer and also of losing the palm of martyrdom."

Her cheerfulness brightened her miserable surroundings. She was put into a room that was already occupied by twelve English sailors, prisoners of war, and by a number of women charged with different offences. The attitude of the first seems to have been blameless. Madame de Silguy enlarges upon their quiet and reserved demeanor. The women were, on the contrary, vicious and violent, and from them Victoire had much to suffer. However, here as at Carhaix, she made the best of things. She managed to procure an old curtain, which she used to part off her bed, and behind this wretched screen she retired to say her prayers. She had brought with her a few books, a New Testament, a book of Psalms and an imitation, and in one of her letters she speaks of the consolation gathered from these precious volumes.

At first the women, who lived in the same room, seem to have persecuted the newcomer, whose noble birth and religious calling excited their hatred. They once beat her so cruelly that she was, we are told, covered with bruises. Then by degrees her sweet kindness had its usual effect. She gave her companions presents of linen from her own poor possessions, and one of the women who ill treated her having become dangerously ill, she nursed her

day and night with unwearied charity, "rendering her the most humiliating services," says her sister, "with unspeakable charity."

Her forgiving spirit at length conquered, and she was able, after a time, to say morning and evening prayers aloud. Her companions either joined in the prayers or kept a respectful silence.

During the days that immediately followed her arrival Victoire was allowed to see her friends freely. The jailer, who called her the "angel of the house," knew that there was nothing to fear from this willing and cheerful captive; but the popularity of the young religious in the town where she had lived so long at length alarmed the authorities. "They feared that the people might arise, so much was she beloved," says Madame de Silguy, and orders were given to prevent her from receiving visits. Only her sister was, with much difficulty, permitted to see her once a week.

Madame de Silguy was then living at "Le Mesmeur," a country house about twelve miles from Quimper, and it is to her written account that we owe all we know of Victoire's stay in the Quimper prison. Her days were devoted to instructing, consoling or nursing her fellow-sufferers; her gayety amazed them and was a standing lesson of heroic submission. It breaks forth in a charming letter that is addressed to her nephew, Jean Marie de Silguy. "You know," she writes, "the tragic adventure of your poor black aunt—*ta pauvre tantine noire*. She recommends herself to your prayers and begs you to ask God to give her patience. Say every day very devoutly an Our Father and a Hail Mary for her intentions, not to ask for her deliverance, but to beg that whatever happens may be the most agreeable to God and the best for her soul. Goodby; I love you and embrace you with all my heart. If I go to heaven first, I will pray for you that you may become a saint. Your Aunt Victoire, prisoner for Jesus Christ."

Although every word she spoke and every line she wrote breathes her ardent longing to die for her faith, Victoire regretted being deprived of the sacraments. She had a great wish to go to confession before she was transferred to Paris, and she made a novena to St. Francis Xavier for this intention. Her prayer was heard. On March 17 she was able to make her confession to the Abbé Riou, curé of Labahan, a faithful priest, who was that very day to die on the scaffold for having refused to take the oath.

A few hours before the good "curé's" execution the jailer allowed our heroine to speak to him. She relates the incident in a letter to Madame de Larchantel, which she was able to convey to her friend concealed in a reel of cotton. The undertaking was by no means an easy one. Victoire was not allowed to enter the room where the priest was imprisoned with others, but she was able to

communicate with him through the door, and his fellow-prisoners obligingly stood aside, that she might feel more free. After describing the scene to her friend, she adds with her usual good humor: "After all, I should not have cared if they heard me, so long as I managed to make my confession. Happily, I was able to do so through the door—*plus en gros qu'en detail*—in general rather than in detail, it is true, but God knows my heart and also my circumstances. This good absolution filled me with joy; it gave me strength, and I consider it as a special grace that was sent to prepare me for other trials."

She could not refrain from a feeling of envy when she spoke of the priest who even then was in sight of the eternal shore: "I own that my sacrifice is made and that I should have been over-joyed had I been allowed to go with him to the scaffold."

She knew that any day she might be summoned to Paris, although she had in a letter to Fouquier-Tinville begged to be judged at Brest. "If my request is granted," she adds, "you will spare yourself much expense and spare me much fatigue. My weak health and my want of experience make it impossible for me to perforce so long a journey on horseback."

But, on the whole, these minor details mattered little to her. With her heart so firmly fixed on what she knew would be the crowning grace of her short life, Victoire was occupied in preparing for future emergencies by a good use of the present. Her charity towards her fellow-sufferers was unbounded. She gave them the provisions that were sent to her by her friends and kept for her own use the coarse prison food. One of these faithful friends once sent her a picture of her uncle, Mgr. de St. Luc, painted by herself, which had been saved from destruction. Her joy was great. She knelt down before the picture to thank her uncle, whose prayers, she felt convinced, had procured for her the grace of martyrdom. In her spare moments she made rings with her hair and little reliquaries that she sent as remembrances to her friends. On her sister she bestowed a more precious gift—the pages that she had written in prison and in which her longing for a martyr's crown breaks out at every line.

She was anxious only about her parents, and knowing that in the eyes of her tyrants she was more guilty than they were, her great desire was to separate her cause from theirs. "This is the only thing that touches me, for as far as I alone am concerned I am only too happy to suffer for the name of Jesus Christ. My lot is worthy of envy, and I now look forward to the happiness that I have always longed for."

It seemed likely at one moment that Victoire would be the only

member of her family to perish. She was a nun and her name had appeared in the trial of the so-called "conspirators" as the worker and distributor of a "seditious emblem," whereas M. and Madame de St. Luc were merely guilty of being "aristocrates," and their age and infirmities might plead in their favor.

However, one day in March, 1794, the jailer's voice thundered through the prison: "Mademoiselle de St. Luc, your parents have arrived!" and almost immediately Madame de St. Luc appeared, supported by two persons, and followed by her husband, who lay on a stretcher. Madame de Silguy happened to be with Victoire, and she has described the scene. The two sisters rushed forward and, bursting into tears, kissed the hands of their parents. "My dear children," said the old man, "I am not weeping from unhappiness, but from joy at seeing you once more before I die." His wife even then preserved her quiet dignity. "Why are you so distressed," she said, "we are proud to share the imprisonment and the chains of Jesus Christ's confessors." The young English sailors who were present were struck by the tone of the words, whose meaning they could not understand. They asked for an explanation, and, according to Madame de Silguy, they were so impressed by what they heard that they wrote down the incident "in a journal that they kept of the events of their captivity."

Monsieur and Madame de St. Luc spent ten days at Quimper, during which their daughters did their best to make their imprisonment less painful. Madame de Silguy hardly left the prison, almost forgetting, she owns, "the existence of her husband and children." She adds that Victoire suffered keenly at the thought of her parents' hardships; her tender heart was wrenched when she saw those whom she loved best deprived of the barest necessaries of life.

At last orders were given to remove to Paris not only our heroine, but her father and mother and four other persons. They were to start on the 4th of April, and it was suggested at first that the journey should be performed in open carts or on horseback, but after much trouble and probably at the cost of much expense, M. and Madame de St. Luc were allowed to use a borrowed carriage. Nevertheless, the journey, that lasted twenty-five days, was extremely painful. The prisoners at every halt were lodged in the public prison and prevented from speaking to any one, and M. de St. Luc's helplessness and infirmities increased the hardships of the weary pilgrimage. The memoirs of the day are full of harrowing descriptions of these tragic journeyings. Along the high roads of the terror-stricken country might be seen carts or carriages in which the future victims of the "guillotine" were closely packed. They were guarded by the gendarmes of the district through which

they passed, and, curiously enough, among the hundreds who were thus taken to Paris to certain death, very few, if any, attempted to escape. On the eve of her departure Victoire was able to send to her superioress, Madame de Marigo, a letter that has been preserved: "We start to-morrow, Friday, in a wretched carriage that has been lent to my parents. . . . Nothing can add to the sufferings that we have endured here. The worst criminals could not be treated more ill, but the testimony of our conscience and the thought of Jesus, our Master, who suffered for us, is our consolation and support. . . . The prospect of this frightful journey is more alarming than the guillotine, which will only last one moment, but we must drink the chalice to the dregs. . . . The time of the Passion, which we are entering, is well filled to strengthen our hearts to endure a journey that will be a long agony. It will, however, prepare us for the bloody sacrifice to which we are probably called. May the miseries of time save us from those of eternity. . . . Goodby, dear friends, till eternity. All I regret is that I did not make better use of the means of perfection that were given to me when I lived in your holy company; but I rest in the mercy of God, who will, I trust, accept all this as an expiation and penance for my sins. Goodby."

Madame de Silguy, from whose life of her sister we have gathered the details of her imprisonment at Quimper, is necessarily more brief as regards her last journey to Paris and final sacrifice. The archives of "Finistère" inform us that with the St. Lucs traveled two unmarried sisters named Laroque, probably related to the Laroque-Tremaria; a woman named Benoit and a young man, M. de St. Alonarn.

Only on April 29 did the harassed travelers make their entrance into the great city, where during those months of horror the guillotine was in daily use and terror reigned supreme. They were taken to the Conciergerie, whose sinister-looking towers still rise on the left bank of the Seine, close to the Ste. Chapelle.

The "anteroom of the guillotine," as the Conciergerie was justly called, was then closely packed with prisoners, of whom thirty, forty or fifty were daily brought before the revolutionary tribunal close by, judged with an utter disregard for the simplest legal forms, condemned to death for crimes of which they were often not informed, and that same afternoon hurried away to execution.

All the great names of France are inscribed on the death roll of the Conciergerie. During two months, in August and September, 1793, the Queen, Marie Antoinette, was a close prisoner, guarded day and night in one of its most wretched cells, and only eight days after the arrival of the St. Lucs the Princess Elizabeth

was brought there from the Temple to be, on May 10, guillotined on the Place Louis XV. Madame de Silguy succeeded, after the Revolution, in gathering some particulars of her parents' last weeks on earth from those of their fellow-prisoners who were fortunate enough to escape death. Although we long to know more, we are told enough to give us a picture of their dignified and devout demeanor during their stay in the overcrowded prison, a hell on earth, where the blanks made by the day's execution were speedily filled up by new arrivals from the provinces.

The De St. Lucs spent their time in prayer and meditation. We are told that they prayed incessantly and that their days were an earnest preparation for the summons that might come at any moment. "They meditated continually," says their daughter, on the "eternal years," and repeated every day the prayers for the departing soul "with great fervor." Faithful to the charitable habits formed in happier days, they divided the little that they still possessed with their destitute fellow-sufferers. Victoire, it appears, was often seen writing, but no line from her hand ever reached her sisters after her arrival in Paris; only two weeks after her execution they were brought some rings made by her with her own and her parents' hair during her stay at the Conciergerie.

A last trial awaited her before the final sacrifice. For some unknown reason she was separated from her father and mother for a couple of weeks and removed to another part of the prison. When the parents and their child met again it was on the 19th of July, in presence of the revolutionary tribunal.

Only two days before the Blessed Carmelites of Compiègne had appeared in the same court. Like our heroine, they were accused of "fanatism" and of having given away pictures of the Sacred Heart.

The tenor of the charges brought against M. and Madame de St. Luc was sufficient to inform those who were accustomed to Fouquier-Tinville's methods that for them there was no chance of escape. They were accused of being associated with a conspiracy of whom the two brothers, Laroque-Tremaria, were the chiefs; moreover, one of their sons had emigrated; Monsieur de St. Luc's brother had been Bishop of Quimper; consequently, according to Revolutionary logic, the whole family was the enemy of the Revolution and had evidently conspired against the Republic. Victoire was even more deeply compromised. She is pointed out as being a nun, a "Dame de la Retraite," and is accused of having painted and distributed pictures of the Sacred Heart, a seditious emblem.

It is difficult to realize the confusion and utter illegality of the proceedings of the revolutionary tribunal during the last weeks

of the Reign of Terror. Prisoners charged with "conspiracy" were not allowed to offer any defence. A youth of seventeen named St. Pern, who was judged with Victoire de St. Luc, was condemned upon an act of accusation drawn up against his own father. The boy and his mother protested; the judges recognized that he was only seventeen and that the charges were brought against a man over forty, but the latter not being forthcoming, his son was condemned and executed in his stead.

In these conditions the trials were necessarily brief. In the case of our heroine and her companions, the sentence was death within twenty-four hours, and at midday the prisoners came out of court.

At 4 o'clock the same afternoon, after their hands had been tied and their hair cut short by the executioner, they were packed in the rough carts that were drawn up into the paved court called "Cour de Mai," that is comparatively untouched at the present day. Here on the broad staircase that still exists was generally gathered an excited crowd. The "furies" of the guillotine were there to insult the prisoners, as with difficulty, owing to their bound arms, they mounted into the carts.

The annals of her institute tell us that Victoire, whose religious vocation had been determined by her love for souls, was even then absorbed by the needs of her companions. Among them was the young Marquis de Cornulier, whom the injustice of his sentence drove to rebellion. He had lately married, and the thought of leaving his young wife added to his despair. Victoire devoted herself to him. Her helpful words, sweet sympathy and, above all, her example did their work, and he ended by accepting his fate in a truly Christian spirit.

Then began the weary drive, under the July sun, along the Paris streets, an excited mob always surrounding the carts that jogged heavily over the long Rue St. Antoine to the Place du Trône. The guillotine had lately been transferred to this remote quarter on account of the pestilential odors of the blood-drenched soil of the Place Louis XV.

But unknown to their enemies, a consolation awaited the prisoners. Most of them, the St. Lucs among others, had been to confession more than once during their stay at the Conciergerie, where many zealous priests, M. Emery, among others, were prisoners themselves and able to minister to the spiritual necessities of their fellow-sufferers. Other priests, regularly appointed by the ecclesiastical chiefs of the Paris Diocese, were ready, closely disguised, to absolve the victims as they passed on their way to execution. One of these devoted ecclesiastics was on duty each day of the week. Tradition reports that they generally stood on the steps of the Church SS.

Paul and Louis, where the prisoners were secretly informed to expect them. Some forty years ago died an old woman who remembered as a child having seen the disguised priests standing at their post when the carts drove slowly by.

On arriving at the foot of the scaffold Victoire, says her sister, asked to die before her parents. "Dear father and mother," she said, "you taught me how to live; with God's grace, I will now teach you how to die," and she smilingly bent her head beneath the knife. Her body was thrown, with the rest, into the sand pit at Picpus, where 1,300 headless corpses were thrust between the 14th of June and the 27th of July, 1794. The Carmelites of Compiègne and the great ladies of the old régime, nobles and peasants, old and young, rest there under the overhanging trees of a quiet cemetery, one of the most solemn spots in twentieth century Paris.

But if Victoire's remains are buried in a common grave, her memory stands out distinctly in the annals of her order and in the hearts of her religious sisters. When peace was restored, Madame de Marigo, her beloved superioress, gathered together her scattered flock and reorganized the institute on a firm basis.

Since then its rules have been modified to suit the requirements of the day, and only three years ago, in July, 1909, they were solemnly approved by Rome. Victoire de St. Luc's spirit still lives in the congregation where she received her religious training and where her portrait and her writings are lovingly preserved.

She and her parents were among the last victims of the "Terror." They perished on July 19. Just nine days later the downfall of Robespierre put an end to the nightmare that held France spellbound.

Barbara de Courson.

Paris, France.

MONTECASSINO—THE INNER HOUSE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

IN this age of universal wandering every traveler is anxious for a new sensation. We have trodden the well-known travel ways till their very beauties pall with familiarity, and the call of the timeless East, ever more insistent as distance is lessened by travel facilities, lures the wayfarer from the playground of Europe to the lotus land of antiquity. Yet even in the everyday lands of journeying there remain spots unspoiled by the arch-antipathies of

the thoughtful traveler—advertisement and popularity. To many of us certain journeys or distant pilgrimages loom high in our mind's eye—the blue hills of our fancy upon the horizon of imagination. In some cases their realization exceeds the anticipation, in others it falls short of the ideal, possibly because when accomplished years or disillusionments have lessened our capacity for enthusiasm. Happy the traveler who has chosen for his chateau en Espagne a visit to Montecassino, that citadel of the beautiful which, guarded by its mountain fastnesses, lies almost unknown in a central travel way of a much-traveled country. For him who has stormed its cyclopean heights there is no possibility of disappointment, no *via media* of appreciation. On descending at the tiny station of Cassino, half-way between Rome and Naples, the doors of an inner house of beauty open before him, revealing pure, æsthetic delights. As in every undertaking, it is the first step in the journey that counts, that of deciding to scale the mountain of the treasure house of memories—a very cloud-kingdom it appears as seen from below! Once embarked upon, this pilgrim's progress assumes far less formidable proportions than anticipated. Roomy country carriages, drawn by horses jingling with bells, wait outside the station for possible customers, and when we have trusted ourselves to one of these conveyances and started fairly on the upward journey, the path of travel seems ideal.

The mountain jehu laughs to scorn the plain-dwellers' ideas of the formidability of the ascent, while the lean steeds, as if to corroborate his confidence, bowl us along the road at a pace which speaks well for their wiriness. Italy reigns unquestionably as the queen of mountain highways, for her mountain roads, the inheritance of the grand old Roman roadmakers who paved the world's highways, are the constant admiration of travelers. Broad, smooth, tree-shaded, mounting rapidly yet easily upward, as it winds like a fair white ribbon round the mountain side, this road to Montecassino is one magnificently gradual unfolding of a wonder-kingdom. Nature, having reserved it for us as compensation for deserting the haunts of men to dwell with her in solitude, vouchsafes it only by gradual degrees. With each turn of the highroad we leave earth farther beneath us, while the panoramic vision widens into endless horizons. Towns and villages, perched on picturesque heights, recede into a bird's-eye distance. Even a ruined mediæval fortress on a high jutting rock, which looked grimly isolated seen from the little town below, sinks almost to the level of the plains, stretching illimitable in vastness to the sea. The air grows finer and more invigorating every moment. Still we mount, shrubs and leafy hedges forming the sole barrier between us and ravines giddy

enough to turn heads accustomed even to mountain travel. Despite the fact that we seem to be driving literally into cloudland, where the hill-chains are dwarfed and the features of the landscape below have melted into sunlit mistiness, the great monastery-fortress, soaring elusive on its height, appears distant as ever after more than an hour's ascent.

Beyond all description is the luxuriance of southern vegetation, where every slope is green and tree-clad with the delicate green of perpetual springtime. As we repeatedly encircle the mountain in the windings of the road the four great sides of Montecassino stand out in turn, mightily impregnable, a Turris Fortitudine (like that which forms the coat-of-arms of the monastery) to beckon us upward from the alluring beauties of earth. Here and there a signpost, so to speak, marks the way, such as a tiny wayside chapel or a wooden cross standing out clear-cut against the sky, or a wide-open platform free of trees, from which fathoms below opens a prospect of mountain heights and plains, ocean-like, almost terrifying in their vastness! . . . One thinks on this spot of the German Emperor, that most faithfully devoted of Montecassino's many admirers, who in his frequent visits would invariably order his motor to be stopped on this view-platform, where the panoramic vistas stretch widest before the gaze, so that he could contemplate at leisure the fair Italian landscape, drinking it in eagerly, almost hungrily, with the beauty-loving eyes of the artist. Ambition, empire and statecraft are nothing for the moment contrasted with this most glorious Sursum Corda which nature vouchsafes to poor humanity.

After innumerable windings one looks finally upward, to meet only a prospect of thickly-wooded rocky heights, once the Grove of Apollo. Yet we are near the summit, passing immediately under still invisible monastery walls, till suddenly a curve in the road reveals the majestic extent of the monastic buildings, no longer a distant promise, but a noble fulfillment. A few moments later and we have descended at the original ancient gateway to enter the precincts, making the remainder of the short, steep ascent to the monastery door on foot. A grandly-arched portal forms the entrance to Montecassino, in whose vicinity are the forestieria or guest-quarters. The beautiful Benedictine motto of Pax, carved in high relief over the doorway, augurs well for the shelter which as strangers and pilgrims we are about to beg from the sons of St. Benedict. It is like a return to the Middle Ages, when hospitality was counted among the virtues and the gates of the monasteries, the homes of religion and learning, were thrown open with splendid generosity to receive student, wayfarer and pilgrim

alike. Nor were our expectations disappointed. Nothing could exceed the cordiality of the Benedictine welcome, given us in the name of the arch abbot by the padre forestiero, or guest-father, on the monastic threshold, for the world-famed Benedictine hospitality knows no time or place even in these straitened modern days. Men guests are allowed to stay within the monastery, while women (who must be outside the monastic precincts at the sunset Angelus) are accommodated at the farm house, a few minutes' walk from the monastery. No charge for accommodation is ever made, but surely no visitor to Montecassino forgets to leave the equivalent for his lodging in the unobtrusive box left at the doorway for donations. . . . Our arrival was at a busy time, when the boys were returning to college after the holidays, and the guest-quarters crowded. However, thanks to the exertions of that kindest and most thoughtful of guest-fathers, room was found for us all, and the satisfaction of our little band of wayfarers on being allowed admittance to the promised land knew no bounds. Indeed, the entrance within the monastery precincts on that September morning was but the beginning of two days of rarely unalloyed pleasure such as are few and far between in this everyday world. The first sight of Montecassino is almost unexpectedly striking, for on the summit of this mountain height such a wealth of architectural magnificence, carried out with so lavish a hand, must come in the nature of a surprise. From the shadow of the mediaeval gateway begins an apparently endless vista of colonnaded cloisters, for a succession of three splendid courts, around which the college and monastic buildings cluster, constitute a triple atrium to the cathedral church, a veritable triumph of architecture, constructed by that prince of Italian courtyard builders, Bramante, to whom the Renaissance owes so many a gem. The monastery raven (kept in all Benedictine monasteries, in honor of St. Benedict's faithful dumb companion, who, according to tradition, first guided the saint to these mountain fastnesses) holds court in the grassy spaces of the first courtyard, greeting visitors with a bright-eyed interrogative turn of the head and a welcoming chirp. The bird lovers of our party, enchanted with this genus loci of the spot, were fain to pursue him with seductive wiles, but the venerable sable-hued bird discouraged further infringements on monastic discipline by retiring in dignified state to perch on an antique Greek vase, where he formed a classic picture.

From this outer court open the magnificent sunlit vistas of the central courtyard of honor, with its lofty colonnades crowned by broad, open terraces, appropriately called the Loggie del Paradiso from the peerless view commanded from their summit. On one

side rise the monastery buildings, on the other the college. Long ago Montecassino was declared a national monument held by the State; but the Benedictine Fathers have been allowed to remain under their roof tree of centuries as custodians of the college, the monastery and the most precious library and archives. It is difficult to particularize in Montecassino's Inner House of Beauty, each feature seen in succession appearing to bear away the palm. One returns, however, often here, in the sunlight of this noblest atrium of the Monks of the West, to linger by the beautiful old well, with its architrave and Corinthian columns, absorbing the supreme picturesqueness of the scene that we may carry it away in our minds. The sunlight pours fiercely on court and fountain and white monastic building; but on either side stretch cloistered colonnades, cool and shadowy in their dim perspective, while the great flight of massive steps which lead to the abbey church rise high before us to meet the five-arched doorways above. The colossal statues of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica at the foot of the steps, touched by the sunshine with flickering lights and shadows which seem to make them almost human, brood over the scene with the perpetual peace St. Benedict won so hardly with a life's renunciation, a peace which no storm of centuries can mar or break. "Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini" is engraved under the statue of the Benedictine founder, a tender play of words from Holy Writ on the name of the Patriarch of the Benedictines. His feet were beautiful indeed upon these mountain tops, and that benediction lingers, to render his dwelling a tower of eternal refuge. After scaling the mighty stairs, still another atrium remains before reaching the church, an atrium with antique oriental granite columns, preserved from the Temple of Apollo, which once crowned these mountain heights. It is known as the benefactors' cloister, for grouped around the threshold of the abbey they loved stand statues in niches of Popes and emperors or other great personages who have been spiritual or temporal benefactors to Montecassino throughout the centuries, beginning appropriately with Anicius Euprobus, the Roman patrician, father of St. Benedict, and Abbondanza, his mother, who surely bestowed upon the abbey its highest benefit in the person of its founder.

One reads many a name famous in the pages of history on passing this silent company of immortals, a complete dynasty, spiritual and temporal, widely diversified in character as in epoch, yet one in their love of this glorious shrine. The royal atrium is an appropriate preparation for the splendors of the abbey church, whose bronze doors of eleventh century work open on a revelation of richness so diffused, of harmony so perfect, that the eye is rather

soothed than dazzled by its intense restfulness. Over all Benedictine shrines, Gothic or Renaissance, primevally simple or rich to the verge of gorgeousness, there is a certain similarity, a far-off echo, so to speak, of the Benedictine Pax, which their founder sent ringing down the centuries. Yet Montecassino in its fifteen centuries of existence has passed through vicissitudes enough to wreck any edifice of secular institution. Destroyed by Lombards and Saracen, ravaged by earthquake shocks, the magnificent abbey was repeatedly restored, till the eighteenth century restoration completed the glorious heritage of to-day.

Those who can see no beauty except in Gothic edifices will criticize the style of architecture and its over-floridity of decoration, while missing the perfection of color-harmonies and the distribution of richness which render the abbey-cathedral so peerless. Grandly impressive stretches the perspective of the vast interior, with its symphony of soaring arches, the classic columns of oriental granite and the mystic golden distances of St. Benedict's splendid shrine. Its whole effect, from roof to walls, is like the wide-open page of an illuminated mediæval missal, in softly-blended yet brilliant tints, an agglomeration of gold, jewels and pictures woven into a rich mosaic of color. It is no exaggeration to say that this abbey-church of Montecassino, though smaller, is richer and more gorgeous than St. Peter's in Rome, with the accumulation of precious stones that line its walls. Chapel after chapel, decorated with painting, fresco and sculpture, tells the history of Montecassino and its great founder, in the eloquent language of art, to be understood by every race and tongue. One longs for leisure to examine thoroughly the details of the art scheme, where every minutest decoration is a separate gem. For instance, only one feature illustrates the perfection of the florid Renaissance, the sacristy doorway, which, if removed from its environment, would enrich the meanest edifice by its wealth of decoration, fluted columns of alabaster with Corinthian columns, a sculptured marble frieze and a surround of mosaics on a precious marble background. Veritably, it is a doorway to dream of in an artist's dream of fairest surroundings, a portal worthy of the Inner House where even the most hurried must linger to admire.

At intervals in Montecassino, as the feast of spiritual and æsthetic richness is poured out in copious libations as from the very horn of plenty, one is forced to pause to cry out, "Enough! Enough! Let us linger here until we have assimilated at least a small part of the beauty which would suffice for the art-education of a life-time!" However, our Benedictine guides, with a smile inscrutable, still lead us swiftly upward from height to height, knowing that

their treasure-house is well nigh inexhaustible. By a flight of matchless mosaic steps, raising it from the level of the church, one reaches the central shrine, the quiet spot where the remains of St. Benedict and his beloved twin-sister Scholastica were laid, in which, most of all in these vast monastic precincts, the universal Benedictine Pax recurs insistently. Here one realizes the full meaning of the mediæval word sanctuary, where all is peace and no strife or violence can enter. Passing footsteps fall softly on the many-hued marble pavement, and voices are hushed unconsciously in a shrine where the richness of all the ages meets and mingles. Coral and jasper, mother-of-pearl and amethyst, the Monks of the West have scattered these unfading flowers lavishly upon their founder's tomb, so that they may keep watch together with soft-burning lamps, whose radiance, never extinguished, falls on the quaintly-curious Latin inscription above the shrine:

> Benedict and Scholastica!
> Born in one birth on earth.
> One tomb receives their mortal remains for eternity.
> United in one sole love with God in heaven.

Splendid Renaissance monuments adorn the sanctuary walls, but they seem almost superfluous here, at the resting place of the one great personality which vitalized this spot, whose life-work enabled this architectural masterpiece to be raised to the glory of God. Time flies more relentlessly at Montecassino than elsewhere, so that before we can even cursorily examine some of the art treasures the guest-father (kindly mindful of body as well of mind) comes to carry us off from the æsthetic to everyday necessities, otherwise midday dinner in the guests' refettorio, where, in company with other visitors enjoying Montecassino hospitality, we find ourselves ready to do justice to the monastic fare so plentifully provided. A cosmopolitan gathering assembled around the monastery table that autumn morning, and as our kind Benedictine hosts imposed no cloistral silence, a very Babel of tongues arose during the repast! America, England, France, Germany and Sicily were represented—a veritable Peace Congress assembled as guests under St. Benedict's hospitable roof. Good humor and geniality were the order of the day, as strangers drawn together with the camaraderie of travelers and pilgrims, talked in various languages over the day's experiences, while the lay Brothers looked after our comfort with friendly care.

Afterwards we wandered a while on the most glorious Loggie del Paradiso, drinking in the matchless prospect from their heights. From this spot the world of towns and cities seems irrevocably separated, while the distant panorama embraces not only the extent of monastic domain, with its wooded confines, but the kingdoms

of land, sky and mountain beyond, stretching in ocean-like distances and almost with the ocean's restful charm, joined to a mountain air whose purity is absolutely life-giving.

The deep-toned Vesper bells found us once again in the abbey church, where the organ was pealing out grandly over the majestic spaces. We stood watching the long defile of black-robed monks, dignified and stately in their flowing habits, descend from the choir at the end of Vespers, and this procession seemed the last touch needed to realize the supreme beauty of the dreamlike edifice in its highest end, that of divine worship. After Vespers a lay Brother brought us a message from the arch-abbot that he would receive us in the sacristy, and we hastened to obey the summons so graciously accorded. American travelers, more than any other, feel altogether at home at Montecassino, owing to the fact that the present illustrious arch-abbot, Most Rev. Boniface Krug, is American by birth. His unfailing kindness to his country people will never be forgotten by those who have experienced his genial welcome to the roof-tree of St. Benedict.*

It was a memorable moment when we stood in the presence of the Lord Abbot for the first time. His venerable personality seems an integral part of Montecassino. Each stone of its mighty fabric is dear to him, while his years of companionship with its art treasures serves but to deepen his appreciation of their value, to which he himself has so ably contributed, in the decorations of the crypt. Like so many men of the highest intellect and attainments, this distinguished Benedictine is frankly simple, utterly unaffected in manner. Tall, dignified, more energetic in his movements than many younger men and unbent with the weight of years he carries so lightly, the venerable prelate, whose unmistakable asceticism is tempered with great human sympathy, embodies the highest type of churchman and religious. Any one who has been fortunate enough to be guided by the arch-abbot through the grandest of all Benedictine monasteries can realize to some extent the rich store of learning and artistic genius which, had he not been a religious, would have won him distinction in the art world. Under his illuminating guidance Montecassino became an actual revelation, not only from the artistic point of view, but of the deeper spiritual meaning which underlies every detail of its art, and our pilgrimage through it brought fresh insight at every step. Only a brief glimpse could be accorded before leaving the church to the incomparable choir stalls, a feast of Renaissance wood-carving, absolutely perfect in workmanship, overflowing in detail. In any other place each one

* Since the above was written Arch-Abbot Krug, of Montecassino, has died.

would be a separate marvel, but here they only form a detail of the mighty whole. Passing into a long cloister where the monastery precincts begin, one enters the lofty paneled chapter house, with its eighteenth century paintings; then on to the magnificent library appropriately presided over by sculptured busts of learned doctors of the Benedictine Order. In this home of ancient learning some rare treasures of the printer's earliest art are jealously preserved, such as the *Rationalis Divinorum Codex Officiorum,* printed on parchment by one of the first three inventors of printing, John Faust, of Magonza, in 1459. Then a priceless treasure in the shape of the second book printed in Italy, the works of Lattantius, printed at the first Italian printing press at the Monastery of Subiaco in 1465 by Conrad Sweynhem and Arnold Panarzts. With these are various other heirlooms, over which bibliophiles would lovingly pore. "The Story of Rome," by Titus Livius, printed in 1472; the "Expositiones Librorum Novi Testamenti" of Nicola de Lyra, of the same year; the "Dialogues of St. Gregory the Great," the "Rule of St. Benedict," the "Speculum of the Abbot Bernard," of 1505, and the "Letters of St. Catherine of Siena," printed at the Aldo Manuzio Press in 1500. This literary shrine contains more than five hundred printed works of the first century of printing. Passing the picture gallery, with its exquisite wood-carvings, one must needs linger perforce in the grand old sixteenth century refectory before the startlingly impressive wall fresco of the miracle of the loaves and fishes by Bassano, a rich feast of Venetian art. Admiring its glowing beauty comes the regret that only the careless eyes of schoolboys rest on this splendid work, instead of the Benedictines who formerly used the refectory. Scarcely less interesting are the ample proportions of the noble kitchen of eleventh century architecture, a fine relic of the mediæval monastery. Indeed, months would be needed to explore this veritable little world of Montecassino, which we strive to realize in a few short days. Traversing stairways and corridors innumerable, we came at last into the monastic stillness of the prior's cloister, a tiny architectural gem, classically severe, which serves as a forerunner to prepare the mind for Montecassino's proudest possession—the priceless archives, which students from many lands come to study and consult. How few collections of archives can boast the antiquity of these, from the fifth century to the twentieth, for it was founded by St. Benedict himself; and these fifteen centuries of monastic learning have accumulated for posterity an enviable literary heritage, whose very recital would bring a pang of envy to litterateurs. Three vaulted halls contain the archives, the mort important MSS. being shown in open cases, such as the "Commentaries" of Origen "on the Epistles of St.

Paul," translated by Rufinus, of the fifth century; the Four Gospels of the time of Pope Zachary, eighth century; the grandly illuminated Missal of the Abbot Desiderius, eleventh century, and the "Divine Comedy" of Dante, with marginal and interlineal notes contemporary with the poet. Literally one realizes that there is nothing new under the sun, looking at one of the literary treasures, "De Origine Rerum," of Rabano Mauro, a folio MS. of A. D. 1000, perhaps one of the earliest specimens extant of that familiar and indispensable "vade mecum" which we claim as thoroughly modern, the encyclopedia, illustrated with colored pictures. Another gem is the MS. of the "Liber Moralium" of St. Gregory the Great, with explanations of obscure passages written out by the hand of St. Thomas Aquinas. The Montecassino archives boast a complete school of illumination from the earliest ages of the art, truly exquisite being the collection of illuminated Missals and Antiphonaries, among them the famous Bible of Abbot Desiderius. The Papal, imperial and royal seals, diplomas and parchments dating from the ninth century form a complete historical chronicle of the Abbey of Montecassino, and the illustrious personages connected with its story throughout the ages. To the student, however, the host of MSS., 1,380 volumes in all, among them no fewer than nine Palimpsests, are the richest and most important feature of the House of Archives. Many a world-renowned student has worked and lingered lovingly over his work in these halls of ancient learning, where the shadow of the past falls gravely yet gently. Among the more modern scholars who labored here was the learned Benedictine, Abbot Tosti; and the book of students, amid many celebrated and now valuable signatures, bears William Ewart Gladstone's fine, bold signature, side by side with a Latin verse signed in John Henry Newman's clear, minute writing. A portrait of the German Emperor, with an affectionate autograph inscription in a characteristic hand, hangs in a place of honor on the archive walls in memory of his various visits here. It seems to me that William II. must always be at his best in Montecassino; not the Emperor, the politician, the fiery imperialist, but the real man and friend, the disciple in the royal path of learning which so many world-tired feet have gratefully trodden. An atmosphere of utter restfulness pervades this archive treasury, as if the mellowed knowledge of the ages concentrated here had laid the soothing hand of wisdom on humanity's shoulder to teach it the lesson of immortality. The air is redolent as with the breath of a forest from the cypress wood of the bookcases lining the walls, and outside the windows stretches an incomparable prospect of nature's loveliness. Remote on its mountain height from the noise of men, as if buried in a Libyan

desert, it is truly a temple of peace, where student and booklover dwell happily in literary fields elysian, where the golden apples of this stingless tree of knowledge hang ripe and ready to their gleaning hand.

As the shrine of St. Benedict is to the religious, so to the litterateur the archives are the crowning glory of Montecassino. He would fain stay his steps here, more than content to linger with his pilgrimage fulfilled; but the artist must still press onward to find his Parnassus in the Tower of St. Benedict, the sanctuary beautiful of the Beuron school of art. This most interesting spot within the cloister precincts, new in its decorations, is yet the oldest corner of Montecassino, for it is the site of the cell where St. Benedict lived his daily life in the sixth century, and forms a feature apart from the rest of the monastery, not only from the interest of its associations, but as a luminous example of the highest degree of spiritualized art ever attained by any modern school of painting. The famous German Art School of Beuron Abbey, whose talent has added so greatly to the beauty of Montecassino, caused a considerable interest in the world of contemporary art; but it was on the occasion of the fourteenth centenary of St. Benedict in 1880, when the Tower was excavated and restored, this band of artist-monks came from their German monastery to begin the noblest art work which will hand down their name to posterity so worthily. No description or preconceived opinion can convey any idea of the beauty of these glorious frescoes covering the walls of the inner house of St. Benedict's early dwelling. What renders the magnificent art-sequence so important is the fact that it presents a pictorial embodiment of the whole rule and spirit of the Benedictine Order, conceived and executed wholly by Benedictine hands, aided by the divine spark of genius with its infinite capacity for painstaking, yet energized by a love of the work only possible to those who live by the inner mainspring of St. Benedict's life.

The first impression on entering the Tower of St. Benedict is its aloofness, so to speak, from what has gone before. Throughout its vast extent Montecassino forms a mighty symphony, with the spirit of its founder's life-work running through it like the *leit motif*. In some parts of the composition, such as the Baroque decorations, it is almost overpoweringly insistent, in others weaving subtle art harmonies, florid and intricate; but here in the Tower of St. Benedict it breathes the inspiration of a living prayer. From the very threshold one is aware of entering on the study of a phase of art uncommon as it is beautiful. It might be said that the Beuron fresco work of Montecassino is too transcendentally ideal, too rigid in its forms to conform to the canons of modern art; yet it is

altogether appropriate in this place, the sublime idealism of its conception coming with absolute relief to the eye, jaded by the careless realism of the present-day impressionist school. There is undeniably a Byzantine, even an archaic element, in the frescoes of the Tower of St. Benedict—an endeavor to convey their lesson in as few lines and with the minimum amount of detail compatible with effect, also to remind the spectator that these are works of art as far removed from earthiness as it is given to human hands to make them. Nor are they contained in one separate sanctuary, but in a succession, leading one from another in a noblest sequence of interest and beauty, culminating in St. Benedict's cell. Each is replete with symbolism. No fresco but what has its part in the parable of the Benedictine founder's life work. The story of his life at Montecassino commences in the Atrium, told in a series of frescoes wrought as a frieze, in softly tender monochrome, wonderfully distinct from the dark wall background, like a bas-relief, so that each scene is indelibly impressed upon the mind. It is a story without words, requiring no key or explanation, even to the most careless observer. The attitude of perfunctory observation is rare, however, at Montecassino. Those who have tasted the beauty of the Inner House become for the time of its household, and every incident connected with it, the simplest as well as the most wonderful, is of strong living interest.

The series of frescoes is continued through another sanctuary, an ante-room, so to speak, to the presence chamber of St. Benedict's inner cell, dim and mystic in soft half-tones of coloring. Its very atmosphere is prayerful, from the majestic white-winged figures of contemplative angels on the walls to the marble doorway, representing in sculptured symbolism the attributes of a perfect prayer, the mainspring of St. Benedict's life work. As if to complete the prayerfulness of environment, the sun rays slant through the perspective of open doorway like a veritable Jacob's ladder leading from the cell. Inside that sunlit sanctuary the Beuron art school finds its highest inspiration. Around the walls of the choir still runs the wonderful minor sequence in "chiaroscuro," but in their midst for the first time comes a note of richest color, a royal figure crowned in "purple and fine linen." Every line of this fresco of the Psalmist David is replete with inspiration, for with consummate skill the Benedictine artists have environed it with the halo of the mystery of prophecy, so that it chains the eye by a curious inexplicable insistence. The fingers of the "royal prophet" touch the harp strings lightly till the melody seems almost audible. In his eyes lies the brooding insight of futurity. Instinctively one follows the direction of David's inspired gaze, to meet the frescoed revela-

tion of the Crucifixion, which covers the wall of the inner cell. The words of the prophetic psalm tremble on the air, as if sighing from that tremulously vibrating harp of prophecy. Never, perhaps, since Fra Angelico painted his meditation of the Passion on the cloisters of San Marco has Christian art embodied the Redemption mystery so vividly before the mind. Pathetic human figures stand depicted below the cross; yet we seem to realize but the One Presence hanging in high relief against the luridly darkening sky. Beside the compelling beauty of this masterpiece, radiating color like a living scene, all else seems dim and shadowy, even the white-robed Apocalyptic figures on the arches and the angels on the vaulting, who seem to brood over the spot with snowily-enveloping wings. Every wall has its story, culminating in that exquisitely spiritual fresco of the "Death of St. Benedict." Sombre in tone as contrasted with the mystic glory of the "Crucifixion," this closing scene in the life we have followed in the art-sequence forms an epic poem of Christian art, a subject upon which the Benedictine artists have wrought so lovingly that it stands out as a representative expression of their art. Inexpressibly pathetic is the central figure of the "Patriarch," carried by his last wish to die before the altar. The radiant beauty on the dying aged face is absolutely unearthly, and one seems to watch the dawn of some joy unspeakably wonderful slowly breaking over it. The mingled grief and triumph of the kneeling monks, who bear their founder up as if they could keep him with them by the strength and closeness of their pitiful human clasp, is almost shared by the spectators, so intensely vivid is its representation. A stairway leads down to the lower portion of the cell, beautified by striking wall frescoes, exemplifying the Benedictine rule in its every manifestation of work and prayer, especially interesting being those of monks engaged in the task whose perfection we see in Montecassino to-day—the beautifying of God's house. Another fresco, representing the Benedictine teaching the Christian faith to the pagans, is absolutely classical, more like a Grecian bas-relief than a modern fresco in the grouping of the figures of the listeners, who, dropping their daily tasks, drawn by the irresistible force of the strange new doctrines, stand raptly absorbed in the words of the teacher, each separate head a character study.

Endless is the interest and art value of these frescoed walls, but time inexorable draws us past them to the inner silence of the lower cell where St. Benedict actually lived. Archaic in its simplicity, not flooded by light and color, as is the upper sanctuary, yet this "heart" of Montecassino is the more impressive, where an impressively solemn sculptured figure of the Benedictine founder

dominates the dimly mystic environment. In the peacefulness of the atmosphere of contemplation engendered by the spot the mind goes back over the centuries to the life which was led within these walls, clothing them with the undying vitality left by a strong personality. It is with a sense of leaving the land of vision that we pass out from this tiny art kingdom of surpassing beauty. From the completeness of its art-sequence the traveler might be tempted to imagine that the zenith of Montecassino's decorations had been reached. Yet the realms of contemporary work remain to be penetrated to prove that true art carries within it the well-spring of inspiration. Only when one stands finally in the crypt of Montecassino's abbey church, where a soft glow of light reveals a vision of a "revelation city of jasper and amethyst," is it realized that to the twentieth century has been left the privilege of "painting for eternity" (as Michaelangelo defined mosaic work) the walls of this wonderful building. Its decoration, begun some years ago, originated altogether with the late Arch-abbot of Montecassino, and to the realization of the important art work he brought to bear tireless devotion and religious and artistic inspiration of the highest order, ably seconded by a band of talented religious, with that true artist, Dom Desiderius (the head of the Beuron school of art), as their chief. Under their able hands the crypt is growing daily into a thing of surpassing beauty that few modern art works can rival. The scheme in its entirety forms a triumph of artistic skill, one design and decoration leading into another by such skillful gradations that mosaics, bas-reliefs and marbles mingle in the finished whole, with no sudden contrasts or preponderance of one material or color to break the harmony or suggest overpowering richness. The primary tints of original mosaic work remain as the foundation—red, blue and that intense glowing virginal gold which radiates splendor like sun rays. Added to these come the softer tints of the latter-day mosaic worker's art, less vigorous perhaps than the *opus alexandrinum* of the Middle Ages, yet more æsthetic in nature's colorings of dawn and sunset. One chapel only, for instance, forms a sunset symphony, carried out in two tints—soft, cloudlike grays and amethysts, blended from the pallette of the evening sky when the glory of the setting sun has faded. One sees that these Benedictine artists who dwell with the Universal Mother in her sky-girt solitudes follow no set school, but study the splendor of earth and sky from their citadel on the Loggie del Paradiso, where even jealous nature lends them her secrets of color combinations.

Not to pass with too abrupt a transition from the florid architecture of the abbey church to the archaic severity of the crypt, its designers, with supreme artistic intuition, have skillfully fused the styles by covering the walls of the stairway leading from church to crypt by a series of bas-reliefs representing the faithful of all

ages coming in pilgrimage to St. Benedict's tomb. Wonderfully realistic is the effect of the descending figures, standing out in relief, mail-clad knights, kings, monks in flowing habits, the old and the young. It is as if the hard stone walls had miraculously taken life, the vigorous life of a mighty multitude, pressing on to their pilgrimage goal, while above stretch the vast skylike mosaic vaultings, glistening like starlight. One of the most interesting features in connection with the decoration of the crypt is a visit to the power-house, so to speak, of all the beauty upon which our eyes have feasted—the series of workrooms or studios where the valiant little band of Benedictine artists—sculptors, painters and mosaic workers—engaged in the work of the crypt, are originating, designing and executing their artistic work. It is with the feeling of stepping into another world that one finds oneself among the workers under whose skillful hands each separate part of the decorative scheme is nearing completion. An artist would long to paint the picture of this twentieth century Benedictine studio, with its sombre background of monasticism, peopled by black-robed artist-religious. What a departure it would make from the usual studio interiors seen in exhibitions! Here a bearded monk, with that curiously impersonal look of distant absorption often seen on the faces of artists, pauses momentarily from the figure he is sketching in with rapid, skillful touches to incline his head as we pass in courteous greeting. One need scarcely look at the spirited sketch to recognize the true artist, artistic to the finger-tips. Further on a group of religious are engaged in deep consultation over an intricate design for mosaic work, while in a tiny studio by the window—the most striking picture of all—a monk, whose tall figure seems to tower almost majestically in its black draperies against the strong window light, stands putting the finishing touches with his scalpel to the full-length bas-relief study of a crusader, a mailed knight in chain armor, probably one of the kings or emperors who came in pilgrimage to Montecassino. There is a strange contrast between the almost overpowering impression of physical strength in the fiure he is carving, and the intense spirituality on the gentle face of the religious who turns to greet the visitor gravely, then resumes his work. Yet the impression conveyed in some curiously convincing manner to the mind is that subject and artist are in utter sympathy, and in both monk and crusader—he of the twelfth and he of the twentieth century—exists the same hidden strength to make them kin, strong to fight the battles of the spirit. . . . This passing silhouette is worthy of being stowed away carefully in our mind-portfolio of Montecassino, together with many recollections of a memorable sojourn.

No matter how long their stay, one must always part reluctantly from Montecassino at last. In our all too brief visit we had but begun to realize the hidden treasure of the Inner House. There is so much to return to, to dwell upon. Each spot revisited means an ever-more appreciated delight, while around the great abbey, and mightily encompassing it, is the radiant, unspoiled face of nature, unveiled for the time to humanity's city-dimmed gaze. No one who has witnessed them can forget the dawnings over the plains from Montecassino or the sunsets from the Loggie del Paradiso, where all the beauty of earth and sky seem gathered into a vision of overwhelming splendor.

Memorable, too, were the evening strolls in the soft, gray twilight, when the Angelus bells were ringing from the monastery, reëchoed from the distant campagna, and the quiet passersby wished the wayfarer a felic notte, the whole scene forming another embodiment of the Benedictine Pax which greets the stranger so recurrently at Montecassino.

Then came nightfall, inexpressibly solemn on these mountain heights, enveloping the monastic kingdom in a veil of restful silence, till the stars twinkled out as from a new-made firmament over a far-distant, mysterious world, and one looked almost fearfully into the depths of abysmal deserts below. From beginning to end of our stay unfailing was the kindness and consideration we received from every member of the abbey with whom we came into contact; from the old Brother porter, lean and ascetic, who in his vaulted gateway has ever a cheery greeting for the passing guest, up to the Lord Abbot, that most venerable of figures who seemed as he gave us his parting blessing the living embodiment of the Patriarch of the Monks of the West.

One and all made us feel by their gracious Old World courtesy that we were for the time their honored guests, instead of wanderers from the outside world come to disturb their monastic peace. After all these centuries the worthiest sons of St. Benedict rise up and call him blessed in the blessing their busily peaceful life brings to a world whose war cry is restlessness and unrest, moral and physical.

Let those upon whom the wanderlust periodically descends, yet who are sated of ordinary travel, tired above all of the ever-increasing uniformity which renders the ends of the earth alike, go to Montecassino, to dwell for a while, bodily and spiritually, in the pure air of its mountain heights. It is no less a school of religion than of art and ancient learning—a liberal education for those who penetrate the mystic portals, where the lamp of art and learning is lifted high, fed by the white radiance of the flame of faith which

was kindled on these mountains to be a beacon to the ages. He who has studied Montecassino with thought carries its remembrance with him as a thing apart from the everyday world in which our daily lives are spent.

M. D. Walsh.

Rome, Italy.

THE CULT OF ST. COLUMBANUS.

INTEREST in the life and work of St. Columbanus is revived by the action of an American clerical admirer of his, who desires to remain incognito, in offering a thousand dollars for a satisfactory story of his life. It ought to be feasible to get the materials for such a biography. More marvelous than any wonders writ in the pages of romance were the deeds of those great monks who set forth from Ireland to "sell science and wisdom" in the market place to all comers, as the ancient chroniclers quaintly and not inaccurately put the case. It was a credulous age when these venders of knowledge startled the world by the offer of a new panacea. There was a thriving trade in chimeras and quackery. Sea captains used to sail up the Baltic and the Sound for the specific purpose of "buying winds" from reputable "witches" on the coast of Lapland. Other witches dealt in the same uncanny "futures" about the mouth of the Seine. The wind was wanted for some particular voyage when the mariner who needed it expected that in the ordinary course of things mundane his vessel would be becalmed in some stretch of the Indian Ocean or the South Seas. Witches, and male dealers in the uncanny, did, in fact, a thriving trade in the sale of winds and cauls and the casting of spells over men and women and cattle, for the gratification of malice or revenge. So that when strangers appeared on the European Continent proclaiming that their staple merchandise was wisdom and science, the antidotes for superstition and witchcraft, the inhabitants opened their eyes and began to wonder what was to be the outcome of so daring an innovation on the established order of things.

The "wisdom" which these singular merchants offered for sale was not merely worldly; it related to the soul and mind, and was a thing to be sown in the ground and cultivated as plants and flowers were. It was of a sort to change a desert into a garden and cause the savage rocks and sombre forests to disappear from the landscape and give place to the delights of a new Paradise.

Let us take an illustration. On the borderland between Wexford

and Waterford counties, in Ireland, there lay, something less than a century ago, a stretch of barren land at the foot of a range of low hills. It was no good for either man or beast, having no soil and yielding nothing but wild, rank weeds in the crevices of the stony waste. There arrived in the South of Ireland a band of the Monks of La Trappe, expelled from their fatherland, France, by the decree of the immitigable trinity which is styled "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." A kind-hearted landlord, in whose domain lay that stretch of worthless ground, offered it to the exiles, free of rent, if they wished to settle on it. They gratefully closed with the proposal, and the result is seen to-day in the shape of a spacious monastery and a great span of smiling fields with bountiful harvests, all the product of the energies of the men who devote their lives to the service of God in silent prayer and arduous physical labor. The Monks of Mount Melleray and their establishment are famous for their piety, and a hospitality to the wayfarer that never costs him a penny. And this was the sort of "wisdom" which the strangers from distant Ireland went forth into the cities of Europe to sell, in the reign of the great Emperor Charlemagne, who, although fond of having learned men about him, was unable to write his own name, like many of his nobles, until these wisdom merchants from Ireland arrived in his territories to teach them.

It is highly necessary that the story of the life of St. Columbanus be undertaken by competent hands. There is much obscurity as to his early life. His parents' names are not given in the "Lives of the Saints," nor is it stated whether they were "gentle or simple," free or bond. The locality in Ireland in which he first saw the light is not well known. We are merely told that he manifested with the first dawn of reason an inclination to virtue and a desire to acquire knowledge very unusual for his tender years. When he arrived at maturity he found himself exposed to temptations because of his comeliness as a man, and, in order to escape the attentions of some of the female sex, it is stated, he determined, for his soul's sake, to betake himself to a solitary life as a hermit or enter a monastery. He chose the latter course, and for several years studied theology and practiced the Christian virtues of sobriety, austerity and prayer. His probation ended, he resolved to go to France, in compliance with what he considered to be a Divine inspiration. His Abbot, we are told (his name is not given), though loth to part with him, encouraged him in the determination. So with twelve companions he departed for Gaul, and went to the court of the Merovingian princes. He was received by either Sigebert or Chilperic—it has not yet been decided which—cordially, and he and his companions were bidden to go look around and pick out

for themselves a locality wherein to set up their abode. In the depths of the forests at the foot of the Vosges Mountains in Lotharingia they found a spot that answered their ideals of the monastic needs. It was called Anegrai. Here Columbanus began the erection of a little church, which he dedicated to St. Peter; and around it the monks set up their separate huts or cells. The fame of their holy lives and their preaching to the peasantry spread quickly, and it was not long ere the little settlement demanded a more substantial lodgment than wattled huts to accommodate all who came to hear and profit by these saving teachings. The monastery was named Luxeu or Luxeuil.

Among the distinguished visitors who called to see him and his company was King Theodoric of Burgundy. He was leading a very evil life at the time. Columbanus, like St. John the Baptist, admonished him gently but firmly against continuance in such a course; but his words aroused Brunehault, the King's grandmother, to a fury. She maintained an evil influence over the weak monarch by the despicable course of ministering to his evil passions. It was not difficult for her to persuade the weak and dissolute Merovingian to proceed to harsh measures against the man who had the insolence to tell a King of the Franks that he must reform his way of life or pay the penalty. Columbanus had been for twenty years governing the monastery and converting the people around, and there was not an iota of a charge that could be advanced against him or his community. But this fact made no difference to the Herodias of the Merovingian court. Theodoric caused his soldiers to surround the monastery and expel the fearless Irish saint. Fearing that he might draw down the vengeance of the unspeakable Brunehault and her weakling grandson on the whole community, Columbanus went forth from Fountains, where he had lived so long in holy quiet, doing the work of Christ, and on foot made his way toward Lorraine, where ruled Clothaire, another of the descendants of Clovis. By Clothaire he was offered ground whereon to build a new monastery, but he declined the kindness, as he feared, should he accept it, he would expose himself to the fierce vengeance of the evil pair in Burgundy. He traveled along the route of the Rhine and on to the Swiss lakes, toward the city of Milan, where with some companions he preached successfully against the Arian heretics. There he learned of the existence of a church once famous, but then a ruin. Believing that this would be more convenient for a fresh start in the conventual line, he sought and obtained the consent of the King of the Lombards to the plan. This was the beginning of the renowned establishment at Bobbio. The ground was in a wild prairie condition when he

obtained possession of it, but it was not very long until he and his companions had reclaimed it from the abomination of desolation and made it, under the revivifying influence of a genial sky, resemble Paradise rather than Arabia Petrae.

In this connection, it ought to be a curious question for the speculators in possibilities in mundane affairs what must have been the fate of the European soil had not men like those human beavers and ants and bees, "the lazy monks," appeared in the wake of the Goths and Huns and Franks to rescue the deserts which these barbarians had called peace from the hand of decay and the plague. On the plains of Chalons alone, when the Visigoths had shattered the hosts of Attila, the burning of the horses killed in the frightful conflict was an operation that occupied five or six days, and the choking smoke of the holocaust darkened the skies as far as eye could see beyond the plains of blood. A great part of the European continent was, indeed, reduced to a howling wilderness by the marchings and conflagrations of the barbarians. That horrid scene of ruin was retrieved in time; but it was mainly by the patient and devout labor of the denizens of the monasteries that the salvage was ultimately accomplished. Any detailed chronicle of the life of Columbanus and his monastic company must necessarily present the whole picture of his times and the horrid barbarism which it was their lot to confront and overcome. Ireland was, fortunately, somewhat better situated when Patrick set forth on his task of conversion. A good many petty wars had laid waste portions of the island; but the awful Danes had not put in their appearance in any considerable strength. It was the fate of those who were to live a couple of centuries later to face that foe more terrible than even the Hun or Vandal. Had the mission of St. Patrick been postponed until the cycle of the Norsemen, the story of Ireland's conversion must certainly have been widely different from what it is as we know it now.

The case as we find it depicted by reliable writers presents some apparent anomalies. We have it on indubitable authority that Ireland, soon after Patrick's work was done, was honored with the description of the isle of saints and scholars. But for long afterward there existed in it a good many whose lives and works did not correspond to that description. The old druidism was a system that was very difficult to eradicate, and though the womankind of Ireland was, as a rule, all that Thomas Davis described them to be in his "Lament for the Milesians"—as fresh as the sea breeze and free from a soil—there were, we know from the ancient bards, a few that were not so. As the learned historian and inquirer found, when going back to the investigation of the

state of society in Ireland immediately before St. Patrick's advent and for some decades, perhaps generations after that event, it was by no means a complete surrender of the old deep-rooted paganism. The young, the pure, the gifted and the single-minded had come from every side to take up the light burden and the sweet yoke of the Saviour of mankind. Still, many of the princes of the land held out against the Divine invitation, preferring earthly ambition to a heavenly reward, and going in for a monopoly of evildoing. It was among the chieftains principally, almost entirely, that sin prevailed, the clan system, unfortunately, favoring deadly feuds. We may remark, appropriately, in this connection, that the horrid practice of admitting women to the ranks of fighters prevailed in Ireland down to a long period after Patrick's day. A special law had to be enacted to put an end to it when its horrid brutality was denounced by some of the Irish clergy after a great battle between two rival clans proved that the gentle sex were no gentler in war, when the Celtic blood was up, than the other kind.

We would fain trust that the investigators who shall deal with the life of Columbanus will deal with this unpleasant aspect of the early conditions in a perfectly impartial way, leaving no prejudices to obscure the truth of history, and while nothing extenuating, settling down nought in malice. We know only too well what such "impartial" witnesses as Gerald Cambrensis, Camden, Edmund Spenser and other apologists of English cruelty and plunder have sought to do, and we have evidence that their efforts to prove that the English had a sort of Divine right to go into Ireland and visit the sin of its unruly inhabitants on its inoffensive people and reduce the ancient monarchy to a position of vassalage were not, and are not entirely fruitless even now. A great deal is made of the alleged Bull of the Pope giving the murderer of Saint Thomas a'Becket the commission to go to Ireland and reform the manners and customs of the inhabitants, then relapsing into a state of barbarism, as Cambrensis and Henry II. pretended. The genuineness of the alleged Bull of Adrian has been very carefully and, we opine, successfully, challenged, by one of the most eminent professors of history in Chicago University; while the evidence on which it was said to be based is so notoriously trumped up that we doubt if any reader can at this time of day accept it. The Pope is excused for sending the Normans over to Ireland to "reclaim it"—as they reclaimed Saxon England, as the boa constrictor "reclaims" the buffalo he has squeezed to death. Cardinal Newman is appealed to in support of these strange theories of justification for monstrous moral wrong, the Geryons and Minotaurs of fable, in the mediæval period. With all his power of reasoning and

persuasion the inimitable Cardinal could never succeed in convincing any people conquered by brute force as the Irish were—if indeed they can be truly said to be conquered at all—that the conquest was justified by the existence of abuses. There was no freedom from abuses in any country of Europe at the time that the Normans made their descent on Ireland.

One of the legends connected with the sweetest of Ireland's saints, Brigid, is that she was tainted in the circumstances of her birth. A very beautiful monograph of the saint who won and deserved the description of "the Mary of Ireland," written by the elegant essayist, Mrs. Sarah Atkinson, rejects this ugly slur on evidence, because "it contradicts the positive statements of the earliest writers and is discarded by the highest authorities, Protestant and Catholic (Usher, Ware, Dr. Lanigan and Canon O'Hanlon)." Yet, strange, very strange, to say it is accepted without demur by so respectable an historian as the Abbé MacGeoghegan. From the earliest period of Norman aggression the cunning methods of those brutal adventurers were the same in general plan as those relied on to-day by some Orangemen of Ulster to retain their wicked predominance in the government of Ireland by stirring up hatred among the different classes and ranks of society and holding up the majority, who are Catholics, to the hatred of the outside world as persecutors for religion's sake.

There are pointed illustrations of the stupid malice that pervaded, down to a few years ago, the histories of Catholic nations as penned by Protestant historians. Those who wished to slander the Church and the early Churchmen often enacted the part of Sir Giles Overreach in the old play. A common slur on the early Church was the pretense that it prohibited the Scriptures to the people and purposely and of malice aforethought kept the common herd in a state of the densest ignorance. There is in existence a very respectable goody-goody kind of history of France, patterned on the fashion of Charles Dickens' *Child's History of England,* as to bigotry and wholesale misrepresentation. It is called Markham's *History of France,* but Jacob Abbott fathers it and lets Mrs. Markham tell the tale in her own way. At the end of each chapter is a dialogue between the pupils and the instructor (or writer) in which the various facts narrated are taken up seriatim, and commented on by the whole party. Some of these comments are really gems of ingenuous freshness in bilious anti-Catholic statement. For example, the lady has just stated that Latin was the only language employed by writers in the early days of the Gallic monarchy; but one of her young hopefuls corrects her by reminding her that she forgot she had previously told them of an old book,

the *Saxon Chronicle,* that was written in that tongue. Then the good lady bethinks her of another book written in the same language —a translation of the Gospels, written in the year 376 by Ulphilas, one of the early Christians in Gothland. This was found, she adds, "hidden in the library of a monastery in Germany." It was called "the silver book" from having some of the letters ornamented with silver. She may have deemed this a very ingenious way of concealing or disguising the fact that the monks of those early days employed their time and their learning in translating the Scriptures and the patristic works in order to carry on the work they were bidden to do—teaching the Gospel to all nations. They began it pretty early even in dark and remote Cimmerian snows, as the date of that particular "hidden" work shows. They executed it in secret and with holy diligence in a thousand cells all over Europe, in the nascent days of the Church, so that the Word of God should not perish from the earth; and the people who accuse the Church of having kept it from the people are obliged to prevaricate very clumsily when they desire to sustain the silly falsehood. Under the same author's treatment the characters of Clovis and his immediate successors do not appear to much advantage—as, indeed, they ought not to. But the religion that Clovis embraced is sought to be held accountable for their offenses against it—as though the doctrine of free will and the facts of an ingrained barbarism in the Frankish savages had no bearing in such a history. The same line of preposterous criticism is carried out in all the chapters dealing with the slow emergence of France from the ruin wrought by the devastating hordes who overran its surface from the Cæsarean epoch down to that of Charles Martel. King Pepin, who donated the "patrimony of the Church," is represented in a particularly repulsive light. There appears to be an entire absence of the sense of proportion in such critics and historians. No idea of the immensity of the task assigned to Christianity in the Divine dispensation seems to enter their contracted minds. No allowance is made for the almost universal spirit of militarism which permeated Europe in those ages of fierce struggle for power and the spirit of emulation which is the greatest factor in material progress. No; the Catholic Church has been a failure because it did not at one stroke change the whole current of human nature and transform myriads of sinners into saints. This book was published by the firm of Harper & Brothers in 1848, and must have had a large circulation because of the attractive style in which its poison was presented. It was written for the instruction of young people solely. The process of instilling calumny and distortion, as substitutes for the truth of history, began at a time most likely to

produce the effects which its designers hoped for. It was mainly by methods of malign wisdom, equally well calculated, that the propaganda of Islam was carried on in Europe until its blighting influence was felt all over its Eastern and Southern extent. To capture the youth of the Christian nations and train them up in the ideas and customs of the Moslems was for centuries the policy of the rulers at Constantinople, and it has only been too successful. A similar insidious process was for long put into practice by the English rulers of Ireland, in taking hostages from the leading houses, carrying them off to England, and holding them as securities for the loyalty of their parents, guardians and kindred. These in some cases learned at length to despise their own country, its manners and traditions, and became toadies and sycophants to their English patrons.

Ireland was not alone in being subjected to this particular form of martyrdom. Its tribulations were in large part of the very same sort that were visited upon the Welsh when Henry II., that murderous scourge of the Irish, set his heart upon the destruction of Welsh independence. Cambrensis, who wrote in a jaundiced way about what he found in Ireland when he went there to espy for Henry's advantage, took no small pains to show that, although his own countrymen, they were untamable barbarians. They were, as he wrote in his work on Wales, "so bold and ferocious that, when unarmed, they did not fear to encounter an armed force, being ready to shed their blood in defense of their country and to sacrifice their lives for renown; which is the more surprising, as the beasts of the field over the whole face of the island become gentle, but those desperate men could not be tamed. This bold calumny of Cambrensis did not pass unchallenged of lovers of the truth when it got publication. The French historian of the Norman Conquest remarked in regard to the calumny that "the Welsh nation was perhaps, in that age, of all others in Europe, that which least merited the designation of barbarians." Music and poetry are nature-tests of the difference between the humane and the savage. Both these qualities were possessed by the Irish Celts and the Cambrian ones. They both held many great assemblages of bards and poets at stated periods in the year, and the bard and the law-giver ranked next to royalty in their social constitution. Nothing of the kind was known among the Anglo-Saxons, or even the Anglo-Normans, who after some centuries developed some odd musical tastes in the shape of jongleur rhymes and jesters, ending in something more definite, the race of the peripatetic troubadours. The last of the Welsh kings, Griffith, ap Conan, was of Irish nativity and was a renowned patron of the liberal arts. He did more, the

chroniclers affirm, to promote the cultivation of music than any other of the Welsh monarchs. The genealogist, Yorke, on his work called *Royal Tribes of Wales,* says "he brought from Ireland, then the land of harps and harmony, our best tunes, better performers and a better order of instruments." The heroic but most tragic end of Griffith, it may be observed, is finely treated in Bulwer Lytton's *Harold, the Last of the Saxons.*

A widely-read New York publication some time ago created a sensation by giving space to a formal charge that representatives of the liquor interest deliberately lay themselves out to create an appetite for intoxicants in boys, and offering an affidavit as to the statement of one of the dealers in support of the charge. It is an odious charge, if true; but not more abhorrent than the plan adopted by writers of books for the young, in this country and in Great Britain, to poison the wells of history and offer the tainted water to the tender lips of youth, in the academies and colleges where the better classes had their children trained. The lessons thus imbibed, the writers fondly believed, would not only be indelible, but would be transmitted to succeeding generations. Those anticipations have been more than realized. Mrs. Markham's well-read book was not the only one that gave the impression that the descendants of Clovis were not only all wicked, but all physical decadents as well. A good many of them died at an early age, no doubt; but several of them, on the other hand, lived and reigned many years. Clothaire the First reigned for fifty years—nearly as good a record as that of the saint of British devotees like the authors of Abbott's book, Queen Elizabeth. Gontran, son of Clothaire, reigned thirty-two years. One of the race at least attained the highest canonical honors in the Church, St. Sigebert, son of Dagobert. Sigebert was educated by Pepin of Landen, founder of the family of Charlemagne and head of a race of saints. There were many other members of the Merovingian stock, men and women who devoted themselves to the service of God in religion; but this fact is of little moment in the minds of such Protestant historians, because religion meant in those ages the Catholic religion. But happily there have been other Protestant historians who formed a different conception of their responsibilities when they assumed the pen to trace the progress of civilization in the twilight period between the downfall of Paganism in Europe and the Renaissance—the span of time commonly referred to as "the dark ages," though the great stars who were to brighten the skies of time for future ages were, while these "dark" ones lasted, ascending to their respective pre-appointed heights of irradiating grace and glory. The Rev. S. Baring Gould, for instance, de-

scribing the reception of St. Fursey, the wonderful mystic who anticipated Dante in his spirit journeyings in the hidden world, tells how Sigebert, then King of Austrasia, went forth to meet and honor him when the saint was on the borders of his kingdom. The King dismounted from his horse, knelt to receive his blessing and conducted him, attended by his splendid cavalcade of warriors and courtiers, to his palace. He offered the saint magnificent presents; but these he declined. A small plot of ground on which to build a monastery he would only accept, and this was readily found.

"All the inhabitants, according to their means and opportunities, presented offerings to the servants of God for their immediate and future support. A church was also constructed, in a high style of art for the period, both internally and externally. To St. Fursey some gave village property, others offered woodlands, others again provided him with fish-abounding rivers, while from others he received flocks and herds, comprising different kinds of animals. Some grant him silk ornaments and materials, woven in various designs and wrought with gems and gold, others tender gold and silver vessels suitable for various offices of the Church; while some again assign their men and women serfs as heritages of the monastery; others resign themselves to the service of God, with all their possessions, having likewise assumed the religious habit."

Clovis II., brother of St. Sigebert, was King of Neustria, but was not distinguished for piety; yet he had a Queen who made up for any of his deficiencies in that way. Her name was Bathilde. She, after her husband's death, rebuilt the convent at Chelles, near Lagny, which St. Fursey had reared, on a piece of ground donated by her husband, and through reverence for St. Fursey, instituted there, after the fashion in Ireland, a double monastery for monks and nuns.

To understand the reason why those Irish saints who traversed Europe in those early days were so welcomed by rulers as well as ruled, it is well to recall with what enthusiasm the steam locomotive and the telegraph were hailed on their first introduction to the virgin soil of the American continent. Those Irish monks meant not only salvation of the soul wherever they went, but reclamation of the soil from the wilderness condition to which centuries of wars had reduced it. Where war had not devastated the face of the country, the virgin forest, never subdued by the woodsman's axe, covered immense tracts of land in Central Europe, stretching from the shores of the Baltic to the banks of the Danube. These gloomy regions not only prevented the sunlight from shedding its genial influence over the parts of the earth

they darkened, but gave shelter to hordes of savages who harassed the frontiers of the various States and robbed the traveling merchants as they went about their business from city to city and State to State. How much of the glory of rescuing the territory of Mid-Europe from that savage and dangerous condition belongs to the monks from Ireland can never be known. It can only be realized approximately by the processes of inference and the imagination. The American public can never gain the slightest knowledge on the subject if it be left to the pens of American and British writers of the partisan type to convey it.

In modern times, remarks Frederic Ozanam, it may seem an ordinary achievement to build churches and found religious houses. Not so, however, in the seventh century of the Christian era. To build a church in those days meant literally to plant the standard of Christ in a new territory, and to found a monastic settlement was to enlarge the frontiers of civilization. The abbeys of the seventh century, to quote a high authority, with their populations of three, four or five hundred monks, were so many fortresses, forming a barrier against the inroads of paganism. They were also securely-planted colonies, stationed in the midst of the fluctuating rural population. These religious societies were not subject to extinction by death, like the Bishops, nor could they abdicate their office. Neither were they capable of being led away in the retinue of kings. Consequently they were in a better position to oppose fraud and violence. Subject to obedience, leading chaste and laborious lives, these pious settlers astonished the barbarians, whom they attracted and retained by the benefits they conferred. In fact, they accomplished the first step toward civilization, fixing in a permanent abode the nomadic tribes. The abbeys were centres of science, sacred and secular, and at the same time schools of industry and agriculture. In their workshops all the arts of the antique world were taught, and from their cells went forth the men who opened up a way through the impenetrable forest with the indomitable perseverance of the ancient Romans.

One of the conditions for gaining the prize in tracing the life of St. Columbanus is that the historical background shall be presented in such manner as shall enable the task of St. Columbanus in his mission on the Continent of Europe to be duly appreciated and determined. The work will not be easy. If modern conditions in the United States can be not infelicitously described as a "melting pot," what must European society have been during the centuries which immediately succeeded the downfall of Paganism and the liberation of Christianity from the dark labyrinths of the Catacombs,

and when Goths and Huns and Vandals were thundering and firing all along the frontiers of the newly-liberated civilization?

The outward and visible proofs of the new power which the monks from Ireland brought into the service of mankind will not suffice in the presentation of the lives of any of its illustrious stars. The lives of saints, as presented to us in English literature, slur over the important part of such chronicles. The merest record of dry facts is presented. Little is shown to guide the reader as to the influences which concurred in bringing such aids to the work of God and the spread of civilization. Whence comes it that when anybody mentions "the lives of the saints" in ordinary conversation the remark is greeted with the shrug of the shoulders or the toss of the head that speaks more eloquently than words of the non-esteem in which such literature is held? In a very fine literary effort, *A Citizen Saint,* Mrs. Sarah Atkinson lays her finger on the weak spot in that department of our education. She has endeavored to point out how the fault may be corrected in laying down lines for an adequate life of St. Catherine of Siena.

"The order, the taste, the critical judgment required for writing the memoir of a soldier, a statesman, or an engineer; the skill expended as a matter of course on the biography of any one eminent in science or letters, appear to be disregarded when there is question of compiling the life of a saint. Edifying reading, no doubt, we have in these books. Sometimes we get a fair picture of the subject of the biography from one particular point of view taken or under the influence of a peculiar light. But seldom indeed is the life itself reproduced, with all its human interests as well as its supernatural adjuncts. The reader does not breathe the atmosphere in which those saintly fellow-creatures lived; does not see them in their daily life, meet the people they conversed with, hear what the townsfolk said of them. They are not individualized, and therefore are far less dear to us than the hero of a novel or a character on the stage. The life of a saint can no more be written by an uneducated pen, or by one careless of detail, than a portrait can be painted by an untrained, reckless hand. In fact, the saints we know best and love most have come down to us portrayed by the hand of genius itself—that is, by their own hand; or they had some loving, worshipful Boswell about them to gossip of their daily life, chronicle the little incidents that supply the essential, realistic cast, and preserve those precious personal traits that make the portrait lifelike. Thus we learn first to know and love the man, and then we understand the saint."

The great saints of the early Irish Church were fortunate in having each a Boswell, so to speak, to transmit to posterity the

record of his spiritual career—some more than one. Their faithful brethren loved to memorize their notable maxims and dwell on the beauties of their thoughts as they expatiated on the Divine attributes and the glories of the heaven which God ever held before their mind's eyes as an incentive to the highest reachings of their souls in the winning of more souls for Him. Patrick and Columba were especially fortunate in this regard. Irish hagiology in fact abounds with proofs of the keen interest with which the disciples everywhere hung upon the words of the beloved teachers and the fidelity with which they transmitted the record of their spiritual triumphs and the material fruits of their labors in the vineyard, in the erection of abbeys, churches, shrines and schools, as they moved along their appointed paths. The Four Masters noted everything, besides, in a general way. Those who went abroad to labor among the Franks and Germans, as Columbanus and Boniface and Gall, were not quite so fortunate. Yet there are enough materials to be found by the diligent searcher, in the libraries of Bobbio and St. Gall and others to furnish a satisfactory biography of Columbanus. The saint's own literary remains form a respectable library in themselves.

The personal character of Columbanus was preëminently Celtic, it would appear. He was, like Columba, high-strung and quick-tempered, a man with the courage and daring of an eagle and the tenderness of a dove. His love for God and the Blessed Virgin was truly Irish in its passionate depth and steadfastness. In his dealings with the fierce and haughty sensualists, Brunehault and Theodoric, he showed all the stern holiness of John the Baptist toward Herod and his wicked family. There will be no lack of spirit-stirring material in the chronicle. The scene amidst which the picture will be framed is wild and thrilling enough for the canvas of a Salvator Rosa or a Turner, yet the sober eyes of an historical student will regard them without excitement and only in the light of illustrations of the obstacles which Christianity had to wrestle with and conquer ere the ground was cleared in Europe for the triumph of the Cross. We believe that if a satisfactory work on Columbanus be the outcome of the contest, both as to historical worth and literary excellence consonant with the dignity of the theme, the guerdon offered will not be out of proportion to the service rendered the Church and the onerous character of the labor of research and verification its conscientious performance entailed. We might also venture the hope that some other lover of literature might provide a solatium for the losers in the competition, that the gall of Brennus may not be added to the pain of loss—the cruel words, "woe to the losers."

Philadelphia. JOHN J. O'SHEA.

Book Reviews

THE PRICE OF UNITY. By *B. W. Maturin.* London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1912. Pp. xxxi.+283. Price, 5 shillings.

This is an interesting and even a pathetic book, as well as a contribution to apologetic literature likely to produce good fruit, for Father Maturin gives us here what is evidently, to some extent, an *Apologia pro vita sua.* The personal note is sounding all through and awakens our sympathy. "The Price of Unity," for the writer of this work, as for many others—what was it? The leaving of home, of kith and kin, of friends, to enter, it is true, the Promised Land, yet at what a sacrifice, with what relinquishment of cherished ideals and plans, with what tearing up by the roots of old and dear associations! We are reminded in this account which Father Maturin gives of his leaving Anglicanism for the true Church of the "dying bed" of Newman as an Anglican. Father Maturin cannot understand, any more than Newman would have understood, the vulgar attitude of those who, as soon as they become Catholics, "speak with bitterness, still less with ridicule, of that which had once been their religious home. One of the Fathers speaks somewhere of Christianity giving a decent burial to Judaism. It was not to be huddled into the ground and heaped over with ridicule and contempt (pages 6 and 7). The parallel is hardly a just one as between Anglicanism and Catholicity, yet we cannot but sympathize with the author in deprecating the attitude of some converts who "speak with contempt and ridicule of their past beliefs and minimize or deny all the good that was in them and all that God had done for their souls. The moment they entered the Catholic Church was the beginning of their spiritual life; nothing that went before counts for anything. I am not, of course, speaking of those who really had no religious experience before, but of those who were religious and faithful according to their lights. They imagine that they have experienced a kind of religious revolution and passed from a state of things that was utterly corrupt and rotten to one that is full of light and peace. They will make merry over their efforts at what was good, and talk of what they once reverenced, and what at the time was to them intensely real, as ridiculous and absurd. Any approaches to truth that they experienced were simply caricatures, diabolical efforts to mislead. . . . I have met not a few converts to the Catholic Church who seem to think that all this kind of talk proves to the world what good

Catholics they are and helps to commend them as such to those whose lot has placed them in the Church from the first. They out-catholic Catholics, they run riot in their new home. . . . Such an attitude is, to say the least of it, utterly wanting not only in good taste, but in humility and sincerity, which are always the conditions of any real spiritual life, and I am sure fails in commending these people to those whose approval they desire." (Pages 4 and 6.)

And in the following passage we have one of those personal notes of which the book is full and which could not have been written but by one who had felt it all: "If the very serious crisis through which he has passed has meant to him all that it ought to mean, he must feel raw, wounded, bleeding at every pore. The wrench from old friends and associations, from the old round of his religious ways which had woven itself into his life and gone deep into his soul must surely leave him for a time crushed and humbled. The very feeling of being under the strong hand of God, who has given him grace to see and to do what is utterly beyond his own strength; the sense of the need of time, of prayer, of solitude, of deep thought, before he can focus his eyes to see things in their new relations and proportions, cries aloud to him to withdraw and be alone with God, and get as far as he can from the strife of tongues and the clash of controversy through which he had to pass to reach his haven of peace. Surely it is not the moment for a man grasping (sic—this must be a misprint for 'gasping') in the agonies of death to what he has broken from, and of new birth into a religious world upon which he has but just entered, to begin at once to show up the inconsistencies and anomalies of a system which he has only just left, and to sing the glories of that upon which he has, by the mercy of God, been allowed to enter, as the newest and youngest, and he must feel the most unworthy member. Such a light and airy way of meeting the most serious moment of his life does not beget confidence in the public mind, and betokens neither seriousness, sound judgment nor good taste."

The author pleads for "conservatism" under such circumstances; the recognition that the old Truth held before is still true, that God is to be thanked that there was so much of the Truth, and that while "all that cannot be reconciled with the new Truth must go," it should go, "so to speak, of itself—it is pushed quietly aside without much of a jerk or a jar, in the splendid synthesis by which all gathers around the new, central, all-combining truth and discloses its place and meaning." (Page 12.) There follows an able analysis of the process by which the old Truth—the Truth that was held "in all good conscience in a system that was only partially

true," and held with a mixture of certain traditional beliefs that were not true, destroys in a man's mind all that was untrue, and "fulfills and unfolds to its utmost capacities the more or less crude conceptions of truth that he already held." As an instance of this, take the following: "There is scarcely a doctrine of the Catholic Church, except the Papacy, which a modern advanced High Churchman does not already believe, so that in the mere matter of dogma he finds little difference. Yet there is a very decided difference in the *way* in which the doctrine is held. Of course, a High Churchman will say that he holds all that he believes in the authority of the Church. But the authority of a vague and shadowy Church of antiquity is a very different thing from a living, definite Church which speaks and commands here and now, and whose authority you feel acting upon you, disciplining you and keeping you in order. There is a sense of discipline, including all from the head to the lowliest members, that you feel as a living force. You are conscious of living in a body that is held together, not merely by the devotion and enthusiasm of its members, but by something objective, something stronger than the individual earnestness of any or all of its members. You are conscious not that you are helping the Church, but that it is helping you. You feel in one sense as you never felt before, of how very little importance you are. You are but a very humble and lowly member of a vast, world-wide kingdom, that has its own laws, and institutions, and traditions and ways of dealing with people, and that has been going on for ages. You came to it not primarily to give, but to receive, etc." (Page 17.)

Most pathetically is described the struggle to be gone through by one whose religious convictions in Anglicanism were deep and strong, and who gradually finds out that he had been loving an ideal which is not to be found in that religious body to which, believing it to be part of Christ's Church, he had heart and soul devoted himself and given the best energies of more than half a lifetime. "The shock is and must necessarily be tremendous, especially to any one to whom his religion had been a reality. Yet it need not make a wreck. It need not create cracks and fissures in the structure of the soul, which are afterwards hard to mend. Still less should there be anything like a jolting out of the old furniture and then an impossible effort to refurnish the soul anew. And so, to apply this to the work of Apologetics, "there is no need for a Catholic to exhibit any niggardliness in recognizing to the full and rejoicing in every grain of Truth he can find in any other system, however imperfect or corrupt. By laying hold of these truths we claim a point of contact and sympathy for ourselves,

and we find amidst the wood, hay, stubble, gold, silver and precious stones that lie about some solid basis upon which to build. Show a man how much he holds in common with Catholics; how much he must continue always to hold if he becomes a Catholic; how much more, in believing what he does, he implicitly believes, even though he does not know it, the reasonable and logical consequences that ought to follow, if he *will* be reasonable, and you begin from within rather than from without. You do not begin by ridiculing the absurdities of his position—principles accepted with their obvious conclusions denied—or by exposing the narrow and stifling atmosphere which he breathes, hemmed in by the high walls of prejudice; you put into his hands the tools with which he breaks down the walls and opens the unfinished roads for himself. You show him, believing as he does how much more he ought to believe, and you point him to that great objective vision of the perfect building, complete and developed in all its parts, the length, breadth and height of which are equal, where his crude and half-finished thoughts are pushed forward fearlessly to their issue, with much more added that falls in and takes its place, for its adornment and completion. Faith, imperfect and timid, it may be, begins the work, reason develops it, and perfect faith completes it." The rest of Father Maturin's book, that is, from Chapter II. onward, is an excellent piece of apologetic conducted on these sympathetic lines. Those who are inclined to despise the advanced movement in the Anglican body will find good reasons for modifying their opinion. Yet Father Maturin is quite free from any suspicion of unlawful concessions in matters of principle, and, with all his great sympathy for persons, and his belief that the "Catholic" movement is the work of the Holy Spirit in *individual hearts and minds,* he is himelf far too clear-minded not to be aware of the utter failure of the movement as a system to clear itself of its fatal connection with pure Protestantism. Kindly and gently, yet most keenly and thoroughly, he pierces through the fatal delusion that Anglicanism is Catholicity or ever can be. For priests who have to deal with Anglicans this book contains many a useful direction how to proceed; and we believe that great good will be done to any sincere Anglican who can be got to read it.

THE RATISBON "IDEAL BREVIARY." In four volumes, 8vo. French morocco, net, $14.00; Turkey morocco, net, $15.00; Russian leather, net, $18.50. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

This is the first complete Breviary that has come from the press since the new arrangement was made. Its early appearance is surprising until one learns that the publishers were preparing a

new edition of this size and had almost completed it when the changes were announced. With their usual promptness, they immediately discarded a large part of the printed sheets and substituted the new Psalter and Ordinary, at the same time making many other necessary changes. The result is the first complete Breviary in strict conformity with the newly prescribed rubrics.

It is called "Ideal" because of its compact size, its clear, legible print and because it has practically no references. This last feature is most desirable and most complete. It might be said that the book is Ideal also because it is suitable for use either at home or abroad, and because it is as small as it is possible to make the new Breviary for practical purposes. It is about the size of the larger votive office book in length, breadth and thickness, and therefore is thin enough to be carried in the coat pocket. The publishers remind us that as the book is imported from Europe and there is a great demand for it, early orders are necessary to ensure delivery before the new law becomes binding. They also warn us not to wait for other editions, larger or smaller, because a year at least is required in the making of a new edition, and the cost is so great that they are not prepared to announce any other edition now. Finally, for the benefit of the timorous, they quote Mgr. Piacenza, one of the leading members of the Commission for the Reform of the Breviary, who says: "Many years must pass before a complete reform of the Breviary will be accomplished."

THE STORY OF CECILIA. By *Katharine Tynan Hinkson.* 12mo., $1.25.
THE WARGRAVE TRUST. By *Christian Reid.* 12mo., $1.25.
AGATHA'S HARD SAYING. By *Rosa Mulholland.* 12mo., $1.25.
THE TEMPEST OF THE HEART. By *Mary Agatha Gray.* 12mo., $1.25.

This group of Catholic novels furnishes a striking illustration of the very commendable zeal of Benziger Brothers for the spread of good Catholic literature, and at the same time the excellence of the books gives the best proof that their zeal is wise. It seems only a short time since reviewers of Catholic stories generally began with an apology for the literary weakness of the book and begged the reader to accept it for its Catholicity. But that time is passed. The most exacting reviewer of this group of novels may commend them first for their literary value and then for their Catholicity, for they are not written to teach religion, and yet they teach it in the most effectual way by showing us how men and women who have the true faith act when confronted with the problems of life. Other things being equal, the Catholic novel ought to be the best, because while it may have all the interest of the best secular novel, it benefits the reader by holding up

before him the highest ideals and furnishes him with the correct answer to life's riddles. Catholics have bodies and souls like other men; they have the same tendencies, the same temptations; they occupy the same stations of life, and have figured in the history of the world since the time of Christ, side by side with their brothers of other faiths and no faith. Why should not their lives furnish as many and as interesting episodes and adventures as the lives of others. They do, and therefore the Catholic novel can be made just as interesting as the best secular novel. The great difference between them is this, that almost invariably at the present day the secular novel approves of conjugal infidelity or connives at it, introduces the divorce court to furnish legal justification of it and removes troublesome actors in the drama by the homicidal or suicidal weapon. The Catholic novel, on the contrary, teaches that marriage is God's holy institution and Christ's holy sacrament; that unfaithfulness is a horrible sin in itself, against the marital partner and against the community; that the marriage bond is the most solemn and most binding of all contracts between men, and that the words "for better or worse, richer or poorer, in sickness and in health, till death do us part," are not an empty form; that the remedy for family troubles is prayer, patience, good example and the carrying of the cross even unto death, if needs be, but never to the murderer's or suicide's grave.

The *Story of Cecilia* hinges on the breaking of an engagement by the supposed death of the man, the weakening of the woman's mind by the shock, his return after many years to meet the daughter of his betrothed and seek her hand in marriage, because her mother in the meantime had married some one else. The story, in its main incident, resembles closely a play produced by the Kendals with great success, called the *Weaker Sex*.

Critics agree that this is Katharine Tynan's best story. It has all the excellencies of her previous novels, and in addition it has that artistic finish which is due partly to the artistic inborn instinct, but also to experience, practical and mature judgment.

In the *Wargrave Trust* we have Christian Reid at her best. A declaration of this kind is not to be taken absolutely, because the question of best is subjective to a great extent. Tastes differ as to plots, but this Southern tale of high ideals and chivalry, made interesting by just enough doubt and uncertainty as to hold the interest of the reader until the end, is very charming.

Agatha's Hard Saying takes its author into a difficult field, and it required a great deal of courage. The manner in which the gifted author handles the theme fully justifies her venture. It deals with a lady who has secretly become the slave of intoxicants,

and whose huband, before he dies, makes his daughter Agatha promise not to marry and to use her influence over her sisters to the same end, lest the dreadful curse should be handed down to future generations.

A popular author in this country recently used a similar plot, and the contrast between the treatment of it by the Catholic and the non-Catholic author illustrates what has been said about the difference between the Catholic and the secular novel.

In *The Tempest of the Heart* we have another illustration of the same kind. It is the story of a young monk who has just finished his novitiate, but before making his final vows he leaves his monastery and goes into the world to give full play to his magnificent musical gifts. He is saved by the prayers of his devoted sister, and realizing that all his gifts are from God and can be used most perfectly in his service, returns to his monastery and corresponds with the vocation which God has given him. Is it possible to imagine any popular non-Catholic author of the present day ending this story in this way? Can we not recall without effort several popular stories of recent date and of similar plot ending in a directly opposite manner? Almost invariably when the monk or nun is tempted in the secular novel, he or she falls, whereas in true stories almost invariably they resist the temptation and are faithful. The Catholic novel therefore is not only as interesting as the secular novel, not only as literary, but it is far more instructive, more edifying and truer to nature.

CHRIST'S TEACHING CONCERNING DIVORCE. An Exegetical Study. By *Rev. Francis E. Gigot, D. D.*, Professor of Sacred Scripture in St. Joseph's Seminary, Yonkers, N. Y. 8vo., cloth, net, $1.50. New York: Benziger Brothers.

The present exegetical study was undertaken with the intimate conviction that a thorough investigation of the earliest documents of Christianity would supply a clear vindication of the indissoluble nature of Christian marriage as distinctly maintained by the living tradition of the Roman Catholic Church and solemnly proclaimed by the Council of Trent.

With this in view the author has examined the various passages of the sacred books of the New Testament which set forth Christ's teaching regarding divorce. He has pursued his study of these passages on strictly scientific lines, using every means at his disposal to ascertain the exact meaning of our Lord's words concerning the sacred character and binding force of the marriage tie.

The undoubted result of his inquiry is to the effect that Christ's law condemns an adulterous remarriage after separation of husband and wife who have consummated their valid conjugal union.

Some chapters of the book have already appeared in the *New York Review,* and are here reproduced with only such modification as was necessary to adapt them to the rest of the book. An important feature of the volume is an Introductory Chapter, in which is given a summary of the whole book. This enables one to get a grasp of the question at a glance. A copy of the Jewish bill of divorce and a complete bibliography add very much to the volume of the work.

The reader hardly needs any assurance that Dr. Gigot handles the subject well. It would be presumptuous to praise a work of this kind from the pen of a scholar of such standing. It may not be amiss, however, to call attention to the timeliness of the book. Divorce has multiplied so rapidly, has become so widespread, so fashionable, so respectable (?), that the arguments in favor of it convince almost the elect, if that were possible. At such a time every one should be well armed. This book furnishes the most powerful, the most effective weapon.

THROUGH THE DESERT. A Romance of the Time of the Mahdi. By *Henryk Sienkiewicz,* author of "Quo Vadis," "With Fire and Sword," "Pan Michael," etc. With ten full-page illustrations by P. Schwormstadt. 12mo., cloth, net, $1.35. New York: Benziger Brothers.

A splendid story in every respect. The author chooses for his hero and heroine two children, a boy of fourteen and a girl of eight. They are stolen from their parents in Northern Africa by the natives for political reasons, and their adventures in the Desert, until they are rescued, after long wanderings, through many dangers and with wonderful experiences, make a fascinating story.

It is clean, it is possible, it is true to nature, being entirely correct in geography and natural history. The manner in which the author introduces the different tribes of Africa, with their customs and superstitions, is very skillful, and the animals of the Desert are really made to live in the pages of the book. Although the story is especially interesting for children and very profitable, too, it is by no means a child's story.

It is not very long since the literary world was startled by the appearance of a story of the African Desert, which has since been dramatized and produced at enormous expense. And yet in that book the hero is a Trappist Monk who leaves his monastery, denies his faith, and attempts to marry a young woman, who does not know his previous history. After living together for some time, she learns his identity, and forces him to return to his monastery, which he reënters protesting his undying love for her. Another one of the characters is an educated Catholic gentleman who be-

comes a Mahommedan. Contrast his action with that of the boy of fourteen openly professing his faith in the presence of the Mahdi.

And yet the story of the African Desert by the non-Catholic author will probably have thousands of readers, while the more interesting, more edifying, truer and cleaner story will have only hundreds.

BACK TO THE WORLD. A new novel by *Champol.* Translated by L. M. Leggatt, with frontispiece of the author. 12mo., cloth, net, $1.35. Postage 15 cents extra. New York: Benziger Brothers.

As a psychological study, "Back to the World" is a powerful and moving tale of more than ordinary interest and significance. But as a narrative of conditions which obtain at the present day in France the author has outdone himself in his keen and sympathetic treatment of a subject which has become a momentous problem no less than a lamentable condition.

The graphic picture of the poor nuns driven forth from the quiet peace of cloistered walls into the brutal daylight of a jeering and unsympathetic world, is no more ably presented than the stirring recital of their experiences in a world to which they were as alien as the spirit of Christ Himself.

The character of Henriette is a masterpiece of drawing. Although her erstwhile remaining companions, Sister St. Louis and Mother St. Helene, pass through a fiery ordeal of bodily suffering whose end is the blessedness of a holy death, Henriette, the quondam Sister St. Gabriel, is tried in the furnace of a more subtle fire—the influence of a reawakened love—the importunities of a worldly, though devoted mother, and all the insidious temptations of an environment, the luxury of which is sapping at her spiritual strength, and almost stilling in her heart the faint and fainter echoes of her cloistered past. It must be noted, however, that the nun is not tempted to sin. She has been released from her vows, she is free to marry, her mother urges her to honorable marriage, and the conflict is between the good and the perfect.

ROUND THE WORLD. A Series of Interesting Articles on a Great Variety of Subjects. Vols. IX. and X. 12mo., pp. 222 each. General index. Profusely illustrated. $1.00 a volume. New York: Benziger Brothers.

The essays or descriptive articles in these volumes, and the same may be said of all the other volumes of the series, might be called moving pictures in print. They are so interesting, so well written, so becomingly illustrated and so varied that they remind one of the best class of moving-picture entertainment, in which the spectator is introduced to foreign cities, to the beauties and wonders of nature in various parts of the world, to great industries and to

scenes from history. The "Round the World" series presents an entertainment much like this: In Volume IX. we find "Training a Nation's Soldiers," "Talk-Lore of the Chinese," the "Madeira Islands," "Niagara in Winter," the "Smallest Profession in the World" and other interesting subjects. In Volume X. we have "In the Cotton Field," "Talk-Lore of the Land of the Fleur-de-lys," "New Year's Customs," "Poisonous Snakes," "World's Great Water Courses" and others equally attractive. The pictures are exceptionally good, and a better book of its kind for the home library, where young minds are being trained and taught, could not be found.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF CHRIST. By *Robert Hugh Benson.* 12mo., pp. 167. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

"The following pages contain in an abbreviated form sermons preached in Rome in the Church of St. Silvestro-in-Capite, during the year 1911. Some of them were also preached in the Carmelite Church in Kensington in 1910." They all treat of the friendship of Christ for man, and consider the various ways in which this friendship is shown. The book contains thirteen sermons altogether, which are divided into three parts: Christ in the Interior Soul, Christ in the Exterior and Christ in His Historical Life.

The first part contains two sermons on the Purgative Way and the Illuminative Way, in addition to two on the Friendship of Christ. The third part has two sermons on Christ our Friend Crucified and Christ our Friend Vindicated. The second part has seven sermons on Christ in the Eucharist, in the Church, in the Priest, in the Saint, in the Sinner, in the Average Man and in the Sufferer.

Monsignor Benson's sermons are rather cast in essay form, and lend themselves well to publication. It is true of some preachers that their sermons must be heard to be appreciated. Monsignor Benson is an exception, as was Cardinal Newman.

Their sermons have a literary form and value which give them a charm and a power outside of the pulpit. They may be taken in by the eyes as well as by the ears, and therefore they have a lasting value as well.

The sermons in this book have this quality and they are worth while.

WHEN "TODDLES" WAS SEVEN. By *Mrs. Hermann Bosch.* With frontispiece. Crown, 8vo., $1.00 net.
BIBLE STORIES TOLD TO "TODDLES." By the same. Crown, 8vo., $0.80, net. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

In these books the almost impossible task is accomplished of teaching serious lessons to small children in an interesting and

instructive manner. "Toddles" is an inquiring child of seven years, and its mother is the teacher. From the everyday happenings of a child's life the teacher takes occasion to give direction by drawing on the parables and on the Passion of Christ. To be able to do this successfully is almost an impossible task, but here it is done.

In the second volume the teacher sets before "Toddles" in the same skillful, interesting and comprehensive manner stories from the New Testament, dealing principally with the life of Christ, beginning with the Nativity. To these very interesting chapters have been added on *Toddles in the Presence of God* and *Why Toddles Should Not Be Afraid.* Many children between seven and ten can read these books without any help; but they will be most effectual in the hands of parents or other teachers.

PSALTERIUM ROMANUM Breviarii Romani cum Ordinario Divini Officii iussu SS. D. N. Pii PP. X. Novo Ordine Per Hebdomadam Dispositum et Editium. 48mo., 3x5 inches in cloth, $0.40; 48mo., 3x5 inches in mor., $0.85; 18mo., 4x6 inches in cloth, $0.50; 18mo., 4x6 inches in mor., $1.15. New York: Frederick Pustet & Co.

The new Psalter is appearing in new form every day, and even the most exacting demands may be satisfied. It is not surprising to find Pustet & Co. in the field early. The attractive and trustworthy breviaries which they have always published moved the clergy to look to them for the best in psalters. Nor were they disappointed. In the two editions before us we have all that could be desired in this respect. They are exact reproductions of the Vatican Version, with all the careful attention to detail in paper, printing and binding that has made the Ratisbon breviaries so distinctive. These editions are so compactly made that they can be easily attached to the breviary and carried with it.

The publishers ask for prompt orders, because the supply is limited and because it will not be renewed after new editions of the breviary are published with the psalter bound in.

CHRISTUS. Manuel d'Historie des Religions. Par *Joseph Huby.* 12mo., pp. 1,036. Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne et Cie.

We have here a history of the religions of the nations of the world, with a history of Christianity at the various periods of its existence. The different chapters are by different authors, and most of them have already appeared in the English Catholic Truth Society publications.

Each chapter is opened by a clear summary of its contents and closed by an excellent bibliography. They form a collection of treatises chosen because of their individual worth, and they form a combination that is most commendable.